THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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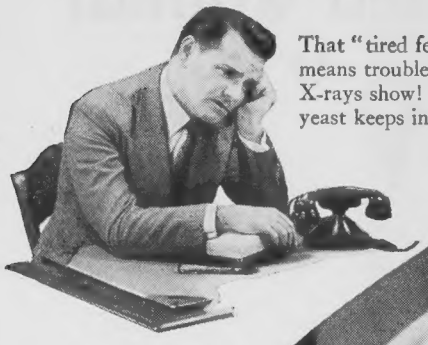

That "tired feeling" usually means trouble inside you, X-rays show! Read how yeast keeps intestines *clean.*

—states DR. GUTMANN, famous authority of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris

IT'S that old, familiar trouble. That commonplace evil. *Intestinal Fatigue!*

So many people today are missing perfect health because of sluggish intestines. If they only knew how easy it is to keep their bodies internally active and clean! *Listen* . . .

"I have had extraordinary success with the use of fresh yeast for patients suffering from what we call a 'fatigued intestine.' "

These are the words of a very well-known French physician and specialist in disorders of digestion . . . Dr. René Gutmann, Chef de Clinique of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. *He adds:*—

"Fresh yeast is a living food. It softens the waste residues in the intestines . . . cleanses . . . stimulates secretion of the intestinal glands.

"I advise it in place of habit-forming laxatives," he states.

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Thus poisons that were leading to headaches, listlessness, skin blemishes, etc., are promptly carried away. Appetite revives. Digestion responds. You sleep more soundly at night. And soon you notice that those draggy, pepless days no longer occur!

Try it! Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass). It's very rich in vitamins B, G and D.

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"What doctors say proved true"

"My experience certainly agrees with what famous doctors say about yeast," writes John Beaven, of Ottawa, Ont. "I had been working hard and felt pretty worn-out. Looked bad, too. Something had to be done.

"My mother's doctor had advised yeast for her. I tried it, too. Now I wish I had thought of it before! I feel ever so much better."

Read this actual Case Record!

DR. GUTMANN cites this case—typical of hundreds in files of eminent physicians showing effect of yeast:—

"A man, aged twenty-two, had had constipation since the age of twelve . . . Had skin trouble also. Suffered constantly. After treatment with fresh yeast, the constipation was overcome and his skin cleared right up. The patient now . . . is totally cured."

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VOLUME XXXIII WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 7

Two Conferences

THE people of Canada and, indeed, the people in all parts of the Empire are looking with varying degrees of hope to the conference that is to be held at Ottawa. There are some who predict complete failure, there are others who anticipate that the deliberations will be followed by a great economic revival. It would be well to recognize that the Conference is not a thing-in-itself. It links up with what has gone before, and must link up with what is to follow. The effect of decisions should be to rectify what is unjustifiable in the present order of things, because of mistaken policies or faulty practice, and to prepare the way for relationships in the Empire and the world that will be more righteous and more enduring.

The Principle at Stake

THERE are numberless proofs that a nation living in isolation cannot prosper nor fulfil its destiny as a helpful force in civilization. Nor will it be possible for the Empire, though it is composed of so many great and varied units, to live and thrive apart from the rest of the world. This is the fundamental thought that should govern the deliberations at the Conference. The first objective should be to ensure friendly and mutually profitable co-operation among the Dominions; the second should be to prepare the way for friendly co-operation with all the nations of the world. The first is the immediate, the second the ultimate objective. The realization of these in order will be possible, only if the delegates are prepared to give and take in the spirit of British-born gentlemen, and only if they have a vision of the miseries and sufferings in all lands.

Difficulties to be Surmounted

IT SHOULD not be difficult for representatives from the Dominions to arrive at a working arrangement, were they free to use their judgment. Each Dominion has some national or manufactured products that may be exchanged for others that can not be supplied at home. Canada, for example, has grain, live stock, fish, lumber, and she must import woollens, cotton, silks, and so on. Yet the representatives cannot agree upon an exchange on even terms, for certain interests wish to impose duties on imports in order to give infant home industries an opportunity to get a footing. Some industries have been in the infant stage for fifty years, and they are still crying for assistance. Whatever stand other Dominions take it is expected that Canada will first think of her basic industries—the chief of which is farming. In exchange for wheat she should be glad to get British textiles and corresponding wares from other Dominions. It is an unthinkably foolish policy to be selling wheat away below cost of production and to be buying woollen goods, for example, Axminster carpets, at 92 per cent above the cost in the Motherland. What Canada expects is that consumers will be protected from extortion, that markets will be found for products at all costs, so that there may be work for the unemployed in every section of the Dominion. Nor need Canada ask or demand favors if she is not willing to grant others equally great. The Conference in London broke down chiefly because each Dominion was set on its own policy. The watchword for this Conference is co-operation and not isolation.

Some Secondary Difficulties

TO ENCOURAGE exchange among the Dominions preferential tariffs must be arranged. To most people, at first blush, it seems to be a wonderful thought to have all parts of the Empire bound together for purposes of friendly trade. Mr. Hambley White, Editor of the Commerce of the Nation, has put the case in these words:

"There are over 450,000,000 people in this Commonwealth occupying approximately one-quarter of the globe. They live in the northern climes, the temperate zones and in the tropics. They produce practically every known form of natural wealth. They manufacture almost anything that is required in the daily life of men and women and for the productive purposes of business. Their commercial organizations and shipping services are renowned; their financial institutions are standards of integrity and success. The leadership and executive personnel are considered to have a flair for trade and a sound head for business. Is it any wonder that the British Commonwealth of Nations should seek closer economic relationships within itself when it can survey a market of 450,000,000 people scattered north, south, east and west; upon whom, it has been well said, the sun never sets?"

But as might be expected closer economic relationships might lead to complications. For example, Britain has about $2,500,000,000 of capital invested in Argentina. If an arrangement is made by Great Britain to take all wheat from the Dominions, the trade with the South American state will be sadly impaired. Nor is that all. Some other nations with very friendly feelings towards Britain may wish for reciprocity. If they are not most favored states they are nearly so. And as for nations outside of this circle, they must be regarded also. For purposes of trade the world is a unit. The London Times goes so far as to make this suggestion:

"Three rates of customs duty on all articles affected—the full preferential rate for Empire countries, an intermediate preferential rate for foreign states with which we may enter into special arrangements, and a general rate to apply to all other foreign countries."

So, at Ottawa, though the first care will be to arrange inter-Dominion trade on a mutually profitable basis, the larger world-problem must be in mind. The final solution of this problem must be settled by a World Economic Conference.

The Need of a World Conference

PROBABLY there is nothing that is doing more today to prevent world-unity and world-peace, nothing that is doing more to cause ill-will and suffering, than the excessive nationalism which insists upon erecting high tariff walls. It may be that the imposing of a tariff for revenue is the easiest way to secure national income. It is at least a comparatively painless way. People are taxed without being aware of it. Direct taxation, on the other hand, is so unpopular that few governments would dare to depend upon it altogether. When, however, tariff for protection is imposed humanity begins to rebel. First among the rebels are the consumers, who object to paying double prices in order that infant industries may be fostered, or that questionable industries may be set on foot. Then there are manufacturers or producers of raw material, who are unable to dispose of their goods. The home market is limited, the armies of the unemployed are unable to make purchases, and in a world of high tariffs exchange between nations is next to impossible. Hence, whatever benefits arise from the imposition of kiting tariffs, the result is ever the same—restriction of trade.

By degrees the nations of the world are beginning to perceive that high tariffs mean economic suicide. Were it not that an election is pending there would be, in the United States, a stirring demand for reduction of duties. Trade, in the end, must mean interchange of commodities. If there are no imports there can be no exports. Possibly the decision of Great Britain to impose a duty on foreign goods has done more to enlighten people than anything else that could have happened. Free trade as a principle is excellent if all nations play that game, and tariff for revenue may be excellent too, if all nations follow the same rule. But when any one nation raises a fence of exclusion it creates international ill-will and at the same time cripples home industry. So, if the proposed World Conference should be held, perhaps it can do more for the peace of the world than a dozen conferences on armament-reduction. In the end, it is economic troubles that lead to most warfare. When the basic needs of a people are met there is no great unrest, but when trade is strangled and unemployment is steadily mounting there is sure to be war—civil or international.

Is The Present Order Doomed?

IN THOSE wonderfully illuminating articles of Ralph Connor, which appeared in these columns during the last four issues, there stands out one sentence with startling clearness. Speaking of the United States, merely by way of illustration, he says, "One-tenth of one per cent of the population, or 120,000, have one-fifth of the national income." When one couples with this the fact that in the last five years wages have increased four per cent and profits fifty-one per cent, he can easily picture the time when a still smaller fraction of one per cent of the population will own practically everything, and the great mass of the people nothing. It is no wonder that the writer of the articles should conclude that its present social order is doomed.

As Canadians we sometimes console ourselves with the thought that there is no parallel to that condition with us. Should we think of wealth-control rather than of actual holdings, it is possible things are worse in Canada than in the United States. A very few men have a monopoly of power, and they use it in trade, in finance, in government and in every possible field. Nor is it too much to say that a monopoly of power is more to be feared in any country than a monopoly of wealth.

The most deplorable fact is not that some are living in affluence while others are in extreme poverty, that some are living as lords while others are in serfdom, but that a dehumanizing process is in steady operation. We see men who should be leaders in church and state hob-nobbing with the wealthy and forgetting the claims of those they should serve, and we find those who possess wealth and exercise control becoming disgustingly self-important, while the poor and the unfavored are growing restless, revengeful, distrustful. It is the breaking down of confidence and character that a nation has to fear.

It is not too late yet to save the day. There are forces at work in many homes, schools and churches, that are making for righteousness. The common people are sober-minded, reliable, loyal. But there is a limit beyond which avarice and ambition dare not go, without creating a grievance that will demand proper redress. Bertrand Russell, who makes no pretention to orthodoxy, declares that the only way out of present troubles is the Christian way. When Canadians, in business, in politics, in domestic and social relations accept that way, there will no longer be need to talk of the country's doom, for pride and greed will be dethroned, and righteousness and peace will reign. The new day will come when we wish it to come. Even now the dawn is breaking. People are beginning to think. The Saturday Evening Post puts it this way: "We are rubbing our eyes and coming to our senses. We are living more soberly and sanely than we have lived since the war. We are beginning to think things out and ask questions of our leaders and rulers to which they must give the right answers, no matter how hard they may squirm around in their swivel chairs and try to evade them."

The Farmer

THE more one sees of farming in this country the more he has to admire the men and women who are engaged in the industry. They surely live the life of faith. With the certainty that the price they will receive for their products will not pay the costs incurred, they go cheerfully about their work. They take all manner of risks—drought, hail, frost, grasshoppers, rust, soil-depletion; they sell eggs sometimes at four cents a dozen, and butter sometimes at twelve cents a pound, with other products at equally low prices—and yet they remain optimistic, do their best to keep churches and schools open, and pay their debts in kind when they have the opportunity. These are the people who deserve encouragement. Fortunately the conviction is growing that the welfare of all Canada depends upon the prosperity of the farmer, particularly the farmers on the great plains.

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OF COURSE, you want your baby to be a rosy, healthy baby . . . taking his food contentedly . . . putting on his ounces regularly . . . going to sleep like a cherub . . .

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Send for new booklet "Baby's Welfare," containing feeding schedules and general instructions. And we'll furnish your physician with report of above test.

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Illustrated by Ralph C. Smith

She nodded in her quick way, "You're inclined to be safe and sure, aren't you—too safe to be sure, maybe? Well, good land, get a little reckless for a change."

Trouble's End

By EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

Author of "The Lone Star," "Castaway's Island," "The Transformation of Krag," Etc.

HE WAS on his way to his new job. He was on his way to trouble. They were equivalent, and Kit Plummer knew it. His old job was buying peanuts for J. B. Cottrell & Brother in the peaceful home territory around the city. In his new job he would still be buying peanuts for J. B. Cottrell & Brother, but in hostile territory controlled by a firmly established combine of buyers. And the combine wasn't all. There was his immediate overlord, Ed Cottrell, the boss' nephew. Speculating in peanuts, Ed had drawn out all of his dead father's interest in the firm, so that as manager of the Blandtown Branch he was only an employee. Yet even so, no field man had been able to get along with him.

"Just bear in mind," old Jake Cottrell, the boss, had said anxiously to Kit, "that poor Eddie has got to have the general disposition of a mule's hind laig to hold his own again them Blandtown pirates." He looked at Kit and sighed. "If you only just had some brutal instincts," he sighed wistfully. Nevertheless, the young man was now on his way.

In the dirty, dusty little office Kit found Ed Cottrell alone, feet on desk, moodily chewing tobacco. He was big and large-boned, like all the Cottrell breed; about forty, full-blooded, the breath in him steaming stertorously like a great bellows, sleeves dragged up on hairy forearms, collar dragged open, bristly hair ruffled by the breeze that was given ull play between door and window.

Ed Cottrell's look of contemptuous favor on the new buyer was born patently of relief. Kit uneasily sensed that the man was sizing him up as a slow, earnest, anxious-to-please young fellow easy to manage, who wouldn't have to be manhandled and sent back at all.

"H'm'ph, glad you come. Dry fall. Threshin' already started. Factory empty as a garret. Reckon you'll jump right in and buy us fuller'n a rick."

Kit winced. He felt the sneer. "Could you suggest—" he began.

"Sure I could. You're wantin' to pick a soft prospect, first off."

"Not necessarily, but if you could suggest some farmer who is not only a big peanut grower himself, which would make time spent on him worth while, but whose example might make it easier to get some of his neighbors afterwards—"

Ed Cottrell slapped his leg. "There now, you've the same as named Mr. Beauregard Gatte. That you have! He's your man, Bub. He is so."

"Mr. Beauregard—"

"Ye-ah, old Gatte. Biggest farmer on the plank road, but the toughest prospect in three counties. Fattest, though," Ed added insinuatingly, "once you landed him. You maybe noticed the house, passing? End of long avenue of big cherry trees leading off the road."

AT HIS hotel next morning Kit had a call put through to the Gatte homestead. It was all too obviously a party line. He heard receivers stealthily lifted from hooks. Faint and clear, a rooster crowed. Somewhere else a baby cried. A kettle was singing on a kitchen stove. The countryside was listening in. "Hello—Hello!" he said to the rooster and the kettle, and the baby, and after a while a far-away girl's voice, cool and silvery, said this was Gatte's and what did he wish? He tried to tell her, but she asked him to wait a moment, and then she spoke broadcast:

"If you will all please hang up your receivers until I can hear myself what this man has to say, then I promise to repeat it every word. There—that's the dears!"

There were indignant clicks as receivers—some of them—went back on their hooks.

"Now Mr.——" prompted the cool, silvery voice.

"Plummer" Kit began again.

"Mr. Kit Plummer!" cried the girl's voice.

He knew no girl around Blandtown. "Who—who is this?" But she laughed. What was it he wished? He wished to know when it might be convenient for Mr. Gatte to see him. She laughed again.

"You certainly must be a stranger among us, Mr. Plummer. Don't you know there's a sale, an auction, today? You'll not find him home until the sale is over, towards teatime."

"Hold on a minute. I'd like to know who—"

Laughter, silvery mockery, and she hung up.

Most of that day he spent on the country roads. Wherever he saw a farmer getting in corn or puttering around the barn lot, he turned in and visited a while. They all grew peanuts, but they showed little interest in selling any of them to J. B. Cottrell & Brother. No, they reckoned they'd sell same as usual to—always a name in the combine was mentioned. Kit could guess why. Likely the combine held the farmer's notes—advances for supplies, labor, fertilizer. One way or another the combine had these fellows sewed up tight.

But Mr. Beauregard Gatte wouldn't be sewed up tight, he reflected when late in the afternoon he turned into the avenue between the cherry trees. He had been informing himself. A creditor concern was Mr. Beauregard Gatte, and going good. Eighty acres in peanuts alone. Here at last was a man free to sell his product in the highest market.

The old brick farmhouse at the head of the cherry-tree avenue had windows with green shutters and double front doors doubly shaded by a deep porch and a matted arch of wistaria between the porch columns. An elderly woman, Mrs. Gatte herself, answered Kit's knock. She was more chatelaine than farmer's wife, with an atmosphere of crisp executive competence about her.

"Well, howdy, young man, and what can I do for you today, do you suppose?" Voice and eyes were cool, quizzical, appraising. "Sakes, no—Mr. Gatte isn't home," she answered his inquiry. "But won't you step in?"

Explaining that Mr. Gatte was away at a sale, she affected a patient woman's air of resignation, but her eyes were snapping.

"He declared he wasn't studying about buying anything," she said, "but you wait and see. Just you—"

Kit waited and saw. Driving two sleek bays to a creaking buggy, Mr. Gatte pulled up before the porch. Long legs were canted out on one side. Between seat and dash was a junkman's treasure of rusty plowspoints, ax heads, mowing-machine blades, handleless hoes and pitchforks, and a combination vise and anvil. The body of the vehicle sagged on its springs.

"Figured I might's well bring these few little things along with me," he said as he tenderly hoisted himself overboard.

Mrs. Gatte flung up both hands.

"Now, now, Melia," protested Mr. Gatte, "you wait till you hear what scand'lous bargains—"

"Another sewing machine!" Mrs. Gatte had recognized an object roped to the back of the buggy. "And I've got two up in the attic now."

"Now, Melia—"

She cut him short. "This gentleman has been waiting to see you, Mr. Gatte."

"Eh?—Who?—Oh!" said Mr. Gatte, at last perceiving Kit in the shadow of the porch. "Come right in, sir. Come right on in."

Mr. Beauregard Gatte was long and spare, and gnarled and leathery. His wiry body teemed with energy, and his stubborn head with enthusiasm and adamantine notions. Folks spoke of him fondly, with a smile. Full of hickory knots and hard

common sense. And temper? Whew! He had one. Kit presently gathered that Ed Cottrell had been malignantly sending each new man to Mr. Gatte until trying to talk J. B. Cottrell & Brother to Mr. Gatte had become a hazardous occupation.

"No! By heaven and once for all—no! Stay to tea!" said Mr. Gatte, and he decisively meant both.

Kit found it hard not to stay to tea, otherwise supper. But he finally got away. No use in staying. He had the sense to perceive that another word aimed at the Gatte peanuts would be pure idiocy. Something had to be changed in the situation first, but what? He didn't know. It was a stony blank wall to Kit. His meditations were drilling at it hard as his car went scuttling down the avenue. As he neared the turn a heavy, shabby seven-passenger touring car came snorting into the avenue off the plank road. Bark was sliced off big cherry trees as brakes choked each car to a quivering halt.

"Well!" chirruped a girl's voice. "Well, let's not be discouraged. We'll run across each other yet, Mr. Kit Plummer." For they had met first in much this way.

Kit stared. Bab Sommerfield. The girl of the lost mesh bag—the girl for whom he'd fought a fight back in Blandtown, and got into no end of trouble. Of course it hadn't been entirely due to her carelessness with her possessions, and the fact that she was so darned—well, irresistible. There were elements in himself, he admitted, capable of starting trouble and seeing it through.

In the city she was an exquisite little hoyden expensively turned out, cutting corners in gleaming sport roadster or royal sedan, but as likely as not she might be thus inadvertently encountered on dusty country road in this leviathan of a car, as rough and ready as a camper, yet somehow chic and modish, too. She was in gaberdine now, with stout little brogans laced high, scuffed gauntlets, blouse, red bandanna knotted loosely, and shapeless Boy Scout hat jammed tight on soft, brown, tousled hair. So here she was again, alone and far from home, but demurely quite at home.

"Aren't—aren't you a good ways off your beat?"

"I don't see why," she replied, shaking hands. "When we first—so to speak—met, I was just getting back from a visit up here to Aunt Melia."

"Aunt—Aunt—"

"Yes, slow-poke. My Aunt Amelia Sommerfield Gatte."

"Oh," said Kit intelligently, "then you're the girl of the telephone!"

"Won-derful child! And did you have a nice invigorating call on dear Uncle Beauregard?"

"I like him," he said gravely.

She gave him a startled, searching glance, then laughed with sheer delight. But her eyes grew kind.

"It's true—you mean it!" she said wonderingly.

"But I'd like to cave in his obstinate old bean," Kit added just as sincerely.

"An open competitive fight I wouldn't mind. But there's something in the dark—something framed against my firm. Looks like I'm licked before I start."

She pushed back her hat and looked at him straight. "What's that got to do with it? The thing is—will you be licked when you finish? Or—do you mean that you are finished now?"

Kit meant nothing of the kind, but darn the girl, she had a way of making a fellow conscious of flaws all over him that he had overlooked.

She had started her engine. "So glad to have met you again," she said ironically. But she did not throw in the clutch. If it amused her to knock this earnest young man off center, she also could not resist waiting to see him recover. He was too solid to be toppled completely over, which naturally intrigued an adept like herself. The slow flush that was characteristic of him had mounted to his temples, but then, as slowly, his eyes widened with kindling anger that was yet half humorous. She nodded approvingly.

"That's better!" she said, her smile tantalizing.

He gave up and laughed—at himself.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

He warmed to her tone. It was of pure comradeship now. The impulse to tell her of his problem was the instinct to comfort.

"I don't know," he said. "Trouble is, I don't see how I can get my finger into the mess anywhere at all. The whole proposition has set like a block of concrete."

She nodded in her quick way. "Too much *status quo*, as it were. Sort of froze on you. Well, good land, break it up! You're inclined to be safe and sure, aren't you—too safe to be sure, maybe? Well, good land, get a little reckless for a change. Get up into the ozone with the gods. Take a hammer with you." She checked the exordium. He had shifted restlessly. There was warning, withdrawal, in the glint of his eyes. Miss Sommerfield desisted right there. Couldn't toll him by an apron string. She was better pleased.

"'By," she said, and started to leave.

"Wait!" He held her wrist. "How about—I want—when can I see you again?"

She flashed him a radiance of teasing mischief, but stowed that and became serious.

"I—well, you see, there's Uncle," she said dubiously. "He wouldn't—"

"You don't mean he wouldn't let me call?"

"Silly! But Uncle Beauregard's judgment of a man goes big with me, and you have just been telling me yourself that he turned you down. Naturally, so long as you stay turned down he—I—"

Kit stepped back, letting go her hand.

"'By," he said, but she marked his flushed set face, and the teasing mischief was in her laugh as she threw in the clutch.

NEXT day Kit heard of another auction sale and hunted up the place. There was a good attendance, and Kit recognized Mr. Beauregard Gatte's lank frame and rusted derby in the tight inner fringe around the auctioneer. At the moment a cutaway disc harrow, held together in its vital parts by baling wire, was being sold.

"Go-ing—go-ing—at one-eighty five—" chanted the auctioneer, but paused and looked reproachfully at Mr. Gatte. Not an auctioneer in seven counties but knew Mr. Gatte. "At one-eighty—"

"By heaven," exploded Mr. Gatte, interrupting a determined remark to a neighbor that he wasn't studying buying anything, "that's too almighty cheap! Two dollars!"

"Two dol-lars!—Thank you! Two and half—who'll gimme the half?"

The auctioneer's ham-like hand was waving in air when an idea popped into Kit Plummer's head.

"And a half!" spoke Kit Plummer.

Mr. Gatte's head went up. He identified Kit. "Three dollars, sir!" he shouted. "And a half," said Kit.

The crowd shifted to the other foot. Light of battle awoke in Mr. Gatte's eyes.

"What in time you want a disc harrer for, I don't know," he shouted to Kit, "but you'll not get this one. Four dollars!"

"And two bits," said Kit.

"And a half."

"Six bits."

"Five dollars."

"Eight dollars," said Kit.

"Ten."

"Fifteen."

"Twenty."

"Twenty-five," said Kit.

"Good gosh, you can get a new one for less'n that! — Thirty dollars, sir!"

Kit gulped and said "Forty dollars!"

"By heaven, fifty!" bellowed Mr. Gatte.

"Seventy-five."

"Seventy-five dollars for that mess of rusty iron?" cried Mr. Gatte. "You're a blamed fool, sir!—Eighty dollars!"

"A hundred," said Kit.

Mr. Gatte's mouth opened wordlessly. Suddenly he jerked the old derby tight over his eyes and turned away. "Let him have it!" he muttered in disgust, but at the thunderclap of laughter he turned round again.

"Two hundred dollars!" he roared.

In vain, then, did the auctioneer turn to Kit. Kit smiled and shook his head. It was the withdrawal courteous before a better man than he. But Mr. Gatte looked uncertain. The congratulations were almost too joyous. Two hundred dollars for that old disc harrow! 'Twas a famous victor-ee!

"Care to talk peanuts, Mr. Gatte?" Kit asked him pleasantly, finding opportunity to do so shortly afterwards.

Mr. Gatte stared. "You go to grass!" he snorted.

"By heaven," ejaculated Mr. Gatte, growing interested, "looks like the man was scared o' business coming his way! And how does he know about me?"

THAT was a golden season for auctions, when the days were clear and the farmers had to wait for their sodden fields to dry before they could begin threshing. They flocked to watch old Beauregard Gatte and young Kit Plummer compete for fool stuff that neither had the slightest known use for. Back in town Ed Cottrell was puzzled and sullen.

"You come here to buy peanuts, and this is what you buy!" he fumed, while yet another truckload of Kit's purchases was being stored in the factory's empty sheds.

Finally there was an auction when Mr. Gatte did not come alone. Miss Barbara Sommerfield sat beside him in the creaky buggy. Her rough homespun topcoat with huge lapels flaring might have been fashioned for a lumber-jack. But that was the idea. The incongruity of the girl in it was marvelously alluring. And, speaking of ideas, Miss Sommerfield asked about his.

"I'm not sure in my own mind," Kit replied doubtfully, "If it is one."

"Auntie isn't either," said Bab. "To her it's an atrocity. Uncle has been bringing home musty, crumby old furniture until Auntie is an overwrought woman. And Uncle isn't what you might call lighthearted and merry either."

This day there was what the auctioneer called a grand job-lot that had to go at one sacrificial swoop. In the massed jumble every activity of rural and domestic life had at least a fragmentary representation.

The bids soared, but—"Sold to Mr. Beauregard Gatte!" was the end of it. Kit had deftly let go in time.

Barbara Sommerfield, standing beside him, choked. Kit turned to her in alarm.

"Now you have done it!" she gasped. "All that—rubbish—Aunt Melia sent here. She gave it to these people to sell. It's some of the plunder that Uncle Beauregard has been buying for years past. And he never recognized a stick of it. He—he's bought it all back again!"

"As for this contract—" with a seething hatred grotesque in the circumstances, Cottrell tore the paper across.

On the road back to town Kit had to turn out for a threshing machine and a stationary engine being cumbrously drawn by horses. He wondered when Mr. Gatte would thresh. Mr. Gatte did not hire a custom thresher, but owned his own outfit. He had his own labor, too — negro tenants that he called on when gang work was needed. These facts were not particularly relevant to Kit Plummer, but he began idlymarshaling them into various formations. Finally he got one arrangement that—

"Pshaw," he muttered, sitting up as though he had been prodded, "that's too darned gorgeous!"

But late every afternoon for three days he drove past the Gatte place, and the third afternoon, which was a Saturday, he observed a certain significant activity in the Gatte barnlot. Monday morning Mr. Gatte meant to start threshing his peanuts.

Monday morning at sun-up Kit Plummer hurried to the factory. But, strangely and mysteriously, hosts of colored people were already gathering there.

Unlocking the office door, he went in, called up the county telephone exchange, and asked to talk with Mr. Gatte. Waiting, he heard the Gatte ring—short, long, two shorts—and heard receivers lifted from hooks.

"Morning, Bab," said Kit. Well, why not? Listen, Bab," he hurried on, "do you happen to notice any labor problem out your way this morning?"

"Labor problem? Kit Plummer, there isn't a darky left on the place. Maybe you can hear Uncle raving, out at the barn. But Kit, how—"

"You might tell Uncle," said Kit, "that every smoke from twenty miles round is mobilizing into a beautiful black cloud outside the factory this minute. Might tell him the way not to lose time is to hurry."

He saw that by now the whites were also coming to his party. Farmers were jumping out of flivvers or dismounting from lathered horseflesh, and were shouldering themselves into the dark concourse. What in time was the meaning of this here? One old darky's explanation drifted up to Kit.

"Gwine have a rafful, boss. Cap'um Plummuh, he gwine have a rafful."

"Raffle, you ol' fool! What's that got to do with you all hopping your job? What raffle?"

"Yah-suh, rafful. Jes' a sto'-house plum' full ob dis here stuff that Cap'um Plummah done bought at sales—it's all in one heap, boss, and only two bits a chancet."

"Wait till I see this Plummer!"

Kit drew a long breath, then pushed up the dusty window. "Right here, gentlemen."

The tanned white faces on the sea of black ones were irate. Coax away a man's labor would he? Threshing time, too! No white man—

Kit raised his hand. They jostled nearer to hear him.

"I bought some goods," said Kit, rendering them a plain statement, "and I have a right to sell them. A raffle looked like a pretty good way, and dodgers advertising the raffle, limited to colored people only, were distributed in town here. However," said Kit, smiling a little, "the news seems to have spread out into the country."

Well he knew it would!

"Say, honest now," complained one of the whites, "ain't this a fine, proper way to treat your customers?"

"Customers?" repeated Kit. "Customers?" and he waited to let that sink in.

They looked at one another. This young stranger, what chance had they given him? And why should he date his raffles with reference to their convenience? It sank in nicely.

"Now say, Mr. Plummer, I'd as lief sell you my peas, maybe ruther, only us little fellers we don't dast, leastwise not till we see you are here to stay. Now say, if you could git one or two of the big uns a sellin' to you, then we'd fell safe and pretty."

Then Mr. Beauregard Gatte arrived, the hottest and maddest there. Miss Sommerfield, ridiculous little lumber-jack in the big coat, the frost of the morning tinting her cheeks, demure as a madcap princess at choir practice, was with him.

"What do you mean by this, sir!" he stormed, brandishing fist and buggy whip. "What do you mean by this?"

"Morning, Mr. Gatte," said Kit, with a fleeting smile for Bab. "No, I don't mind telling you. All this"—he waved a hand broadly over the colored population which shifted and shuffled yet waited submissively while white folks confabbed—"all this is a little idea of mine, Mr. Gatte, to get you here to talk peanuts."

"What—wheedled every nigger in the country here—"

"That was the general idea. We'll talk five minutes, you and I. Then we'll hold the raffle."

"Raffle?" Mr. Gatte half forgot his wrath. "Why not an auction?"

"No," Kit announced stoutly. "I'm done with auctions," and it was as a pledge to his often-beaten adversary.

"Go on, Beauregard, talk with him! Get it over with!" shouted an old neighbor. "Yah, suh, please, suh, Mr. Gatte," his own negroes urged him. And Kit held open the office door.

"Now talk! Git goin'!" he ordered. "But I won't sell you nary a peanut."

"That's all I want to know, Mr. Gatte. Why won't you?"

"What good will knowing do you?"

"It might help me to figure on what to do next."

"Next?" shouted Mr. Gatte in manifest alarm. Hadn't the young fellow already stopped every wheel in the county? "Let me tell you, sir, you're a highbinder, sir! If you think you can blackjack me into telling what's my own business—"

"I don't. I'll not hold your negroes. And of course, if there's any reason why you shouldn't tell—"

"Why I shouldn't—By heaven, sir, there's no skullduggery in happening to own a little interest in Carter & Arbuthnot!"

"Thank you, Mr. Gatte. I was wondering if that might not be it. So you are one of the combine yourself?"

"Why not? A silent partner in a reputable business, sir—"

"Well, sir, that's all—unless you care to sell me two peanuts at the market." [Continued on page 39]

The Triple Triumph

By Ronald Tuckwell

Illustrated by L. V. Chambers

"Madeline!" he gasped. "So you did get here after all?"

"BUT, Dad—*Why?*" queried "Bud" Silver. A half-rebellious look settled on the finely-featured face of the slim, clean-cut youth. Then it fled. Jerking back his head, Bud's white teeth flashed as he confronted his father frankly. "Just whatever you say, Dad!" he grinned.

The short, stocky man's seamed, weather-beaten face softened slightly. His small, steely eyes glinted as he gazed in proud appraisal at the boy.

"Some day, son, I'll tell you," he said quietly. "You'll not regret it . . . well"—he pointed to the padded gymnasium running track—"once more around—hit it hard!"

The youngster did regret it though, many times. Particularly when, taking a stroll with Madeline, she suddenly jumped ahead and laughingly challenged him to a race.

He allowed her to get a long start—then without effort he breezed along to pass her with a stride that seemed not only tireless but capable of tremendous power.

She pouted. "Oh, it's not fair! You're a real runner, and I didn't know!"

He grinned appeasingly. "Shoot—a girl can't expect to beat a man running . . . "

"Is that so?" she retorted indignantly. "Well, smarty, you're not a man. Anyway, I've often beaten Eddie Fraser, and he's the best runner on the school track team!"

Then she turned and stared curiously at him. "Why," she demanded, "are you holding out on the school? You should be running in the meets. It isn't fair of your father to . . . "

He colored. "I've promised Dad—there's some reason . . . " He stopped, mumbling in confusion. Then he pleaded, "Madeline, don't say anything about this, will you? Dad hasn't told me, yet, just why."

"Well, I think it's mean of him, keeping you out of the sports!" She tossed her head indignantly.

"Perhaps," he agreed quietly. "But—he's asked it—and I'd do anything to please old Dad!"

Her eyes softened, then.

Two years fled. Years in which young "Bud" Silver, still training before and after regular gym hours under his father's watchful eye, was rebellious and resigned in turn, as, true to his promise, he kept out of all competitive running. Rebellious, as he saw the school lose meet after meet when he might have won valuable points; even more rebellious as he suffered in silence the rebukes of Madeline, who knew and kept his secret, yet chided him for keeping away from the track team. Resigned, as he listened to his father's repeated urging to do his bidding—knowing that, in so doing, he gave some little joy to the stern, lonely man whose good opinion he valued above all else.

Madeline's family left the small Western city. Socially prominent, they knew nothing of the youngster who, in lieu of tuition fees, assisted his father in caretaking at the school. But Madeline, true blue, promised to remember their boy-and-girl sweetheart pledges.

"If," she qualified her promise, "you get over that dumb idea of hiding your light under a bushel, and step out on the open track and *do* something, I want to hear from you. Unless you do . . . well, Ottawa's a long way from here, Bud!"

After that Bud spoke to his father again about the promise.

"I'm growing up, Dad!" he protested., "I'd like to take a shot at some of these stars—to see how good they are. You used to run, Dad," he urged, "and you know how it is. Look at those medals you won, and those photos of the Salford Harriers . . . Gosh!—I'd like to be a winner!"

A long minute his father stared at him. Then, his eyes glinting strangely, he grated, "You will be, son!" Turning, he strode from the room, beckoning Bud to follow.

In the small room in their living quarters used as a den the father motioned the son to a seat. The boy lounged into a big arm-chair, above which hung a large group photo of the Salford Harriers.

Silver, senior, eyed that photo for some minutes. Then he looked searchingly into his sons eyes.

"Bud," he said, "you are growing up. Close to six feet, now, and—let's see—nineteen next month, isn't it? Be through here—then what do you want to do?"

"I I'd like to study law, Dad . . . but of course that means money . . . "

His father nodded, smiling. "Good," he chuckled, "you shall." Then a cloud settled over his face, making it incredibly sad. Haltingly, as though in pain, he addressed his boy.

"Son," he said, "I know it's been a trial, and it must have seemed unfair to you—but I want you to know I'm grateful, and I'm thanking you for doing as I asked. If you had fallen down—it, well, it would have spoiled everything!"

Bud stared in surprise. Impulsively he started to speak—choked.

"When your mother died, son," the quiet voice was thick with suppressed emotion, "I had just one thing to live for—you, and my plans for you."

He paused—gripped himself—then continued, "She came of fine family, lad, your mother. Used her shabbily, they did, when she wed me—a commoner, who wasn't much. You-you're very like her—tall and fine. She was one of the sporting fraternity among the gentry—bit of an athlete herself—attended all the big sports meets. I had quite a run of luck, about then, at meets—it was mostly my success with the Harriers that won her for me . . .

"Funny, the men folks on her side were a different lot—they were all great boasters, and a bit wild. And . . . now I'm going to tell you why I've wanted to keep you out of things, here . . . "

Bud, deeply touched by his father's manner, interposed quickly, "No, don't mind, Dad, if it hurts . . . it's all right."

"Yes," his father muttered, a far-away, hurt look flitting across his face and deep, unhealing pain reflected in his sombre eyes, "you're very like . . . her, Bud . . . considerate."

Suddenly he jerked himself erect. "You know, of course," he said briskly, "that you can run. I kept you out of this local tin-pot stuff because I didn't want to take the risk of you getting swell-headed, son! You could trim everything around here, easy!"

Bud colored. "Well, I don't know, Dad," he protested, "there's Fraser—he's inter-school champion, and Blythe, he's cleaned up a lot of prizes—"

"Heh—listen!—they wouldn't *see* you, son, in a quarter mile! You've been a good pupil—I'm going to give you a chance, now, to show just how good!"

He reached into a drawer and took out a paper. Bud's eyes widened as he glimpsed the big headlines.

"Next month," said his father, "they're holding Provincial Trials for the Canadian team to take part in the British Empire Meet at Hamilton. You're going to enter the quarter!"

"But, Dad . . . " Bud's jaw dropped.

"I'm expecting you to win—make the team—and win at Hamilton!" added Silver, senior, tersely.

Reaching again into the drawer he took out his treasure-box. Rummaging a while in it, he held up a small gold-and-enamel button.

"Salford Harriers' Life Membership Badge," he said. "So far's I know, only two of these ever were given." A dreamy look came again into his eyes.

Again he jerked sharply erect. "The Provincial Tests will be along soon," he said. "No time to waste—tomorrow we start outside training. Then, later on, I've some more to tell you, son."

YOUNG "Bud" Silver, surprise sensation of the Provincial Tests, eyed his father as the two sat again in the den. It was the eve of his departure for Hamilton and the Empire Meet.

"When you get on the train," Silver, senior, held out a parcel, "open this. Among other things, there's an address, in there, of a dear friend of mine, who'll be at Hamilton. If you think you need help, or if the going gets hard, or trouble develops—any kind, son—I want you to look him up. Promise?"

"Sure!" Bud grinned. Then, coloring, he added, "You seem pretty sure I'll make it, dad?"

"You make it?—heh!" snorted his father. "I see my training is showing up son—you ain't a bit swell-headed! Listen—there'll not be anything at Hamilton to stop you!"

WITH singing heart the youngster boarded the Eastbound. Tingling, yet, from the warm handgrip of his dad, and renewed expression of utter confidence in his success, he was suffused with a warm, happy glow as he thought of the message that had come from Madeline, just prior to train-time. Ottawa papers had published a C.P.A. dispatch telling about the young Western sensation—and Madeline had written to say her folks expected to go to Hamilton, and she hoped to see him at the Stadium.

With such incentive, both behind and ahead of him, how could a fellow fail, he muttered as he slumped into a seat and waved a cheery farewell to his father.

As soon as the train pulled out Bud opened the parcel. It contained a number of small parcels. One, the largest, he unwrapped—then gave a joyous whoop.

"Good old dad!" he yelped, oblivious to amused glances all around the car. A pair of the finest running shoes ever made reposed in that parcel. Of beautiful cut, soft pliable leather of the finest, comfortably lined, the vicious-looking spikes seemed out of place on such handiwork.

"I'll bet they fit like a glove," muttered Bud admiringly, "Dad would see to that!"

He found the sealed letter—placed it, unopened, in his breast pocket. Found, also, the tiny Salford Harriers' badge, to which was fastened a slip of paper bearing the terse legend, "Luck!" A pair of faded old running trunks, for training mascot, and a letter addressed to himself in his father's fine handwriting, completed the contents list.

For several minutes, after eagerly reading that letter, Bud sat there, sternly endeavoring to force back tears. In characteristic terms was a more complete account of the story his father had told him. Reserve had prevented his voicing much of what he now told in writing—the Englishman seldom carries his heart on his sleeve. In conclusion he told of plans for Bud's future—after he returned with an Empire Olympian crown. "Some money saved up," he wrote tersely, "it will see you established in law, son."

There was a postscript. Bud glued his eyes to it—and then sat back in his seat, a far-away look on his face.

"Remember," stated the postscript, "you're always in a race until someone's busted the tape!"

Pinned to the note was a bank draft; to it, in turn, was pinned another slip—"Wire if you need more."

Tears filled Bud's eyes, despite his efforts to restrain his feelings. As he thought of the kindly, grim-faced, quiet-voiced man back there, waiting, a great determination flooded his spirit—a resolve to win, if only for his father's sake.

AT THE great Hamilton Stadium Bud rubbed shoulders with world-famous athletes, gathered together from all parts of the globe to carry the colors of the lands of their birth at the British Empire Games.

Great Britain's team—including Olympic champions whose names were household words—quite evidently feared most the Canadians. Percy Williams and others had proven the quality of Maple Leaf track men at the last Olympics—it was generally conceded that the sprints would see the Canadian pennant topping the pole. London, the great colored British star, the South African sprinter, and others of lesser fame, all would make it a battle, of course—but Williams' impressive "double" at Amsterdam was still fresh in mind!

Other distances, though—Canada had no particular edge in them! Ball might have won at Amsterdam, of course . . . in fact, it was thought then, and still believed, that only vile luck prevented Jimmy wearing the quarter-mile crown. But representatives of other countries were sublimely confident of victory, at this Meet! This young Silver? Sensation at the Trials? Perhaps—but untried in real tests—likely go to pieces against their great four-forty men.

Bud heard lots of comments of this kind. In the Canadian camp the respective chances of each individual entry received plenty of discussion. Friendly discussion—but, underlying, a grimly-keen weighing of each man's abilities. Bud learned that the best that was expected of him was to place second.

He grinned proudly when he first pulled on his jersey with the name, "CANADA" emblazoned across the breast. Some of these fellows were due for a big surprise—no second for *him!*

He knew a great disappointment in that he had not seen, or heard further, from Madeline. He had been looking forward with great anticipation to again meeting her. After a day or two of anxious search of the crowded Stadium, and occasional quick check-up of hotel guest lists, without avail, he concluded that something had prevented her coming. In the press of workouts and other interests, he suppressed his disappointment, and concentrated his thoughts on the races.

THIS story is not concerned with what happened in the sprints and other track and field events. Newspapers covered these fully. Plenty was told, too, of the quarter-mile, that most gruelling of all races—but some details in connection with that memorable event were not made public. Few knew how, to one or two individuals particularly,

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Suddenly Bud's head cleared slightly. The track in front was clear—now no broad backs and flashing heels loomed ahead.

Will Canadian Oarsmen Win at the Olympiad?

By FRANK ADAMS

BEFORE the Olympic games in 1928, Percy Williams was comparatively unknown and unheralded, yet he came out of the West to dazzle the sporting world with his meteoric speed, and with the next World Meet at Los Angeles a few weeks away, Vancouver has in Noel de Mille and Ned Pratt Canada's only likely first-place winner in the rowing events to be held on the specially-built million dollar course at Long Beach.

Although Canada has great all-round rowing strength and should place in several events, the odds are very much against her taking first places in the various races. It is freely conceded by the majority of the leading experts in the East that there is not a first-class eight in the country. At the Canadian Championships at St. Catharines last summer the Pennsylvania Athletic Club crew stroked by the former Toronto sculler, "Chet" Turner, made a procession of the race for the Hanlan Memorial Trophy.

All Canada's leading clubs were represented save Winnipeg, which has a great eight in the making although it was organized only last summer. They need a couple of seasons together, there being a few comparatively green men in the boat, before they will be in the class of the sensational Argonaut and Winnipeg crews of 1928.

The Argonauts, by calling out the remnants of their last Olympic eight and adding stalwarts like the world-famous Joe Wright and Jack Guest, may develop a very fast boat but it will be very much of a surprise if in one short season they attain the co-ordination and thus the speed to defeat the English and American crews that have been preparing for this regatta for years.

With Bobby Pearce, undefeated and holder of all the world's sculling titles, preparing for the meet, Canada's chances for a win in the single sculls event are very slim. The powerful Australian, although now domiciled in Hamilton, Ont., represented the Kangaroo Continent at the last Olympics and by the rules that govern the Olympiad has to represent the same country this summer. His easy victories over the leading Canadian scullers this last season lend weight to the above argument.

Canada, in latter years, has not gone in for pair-oared rowing and that leaves only fours and doubles. It is a recognized fact among students of rowing that it takes several years to develop a fast crew and today there are no fours in the country that have conscientiously pointed for the regatta at the Games. England is always very strong in fours as are Germany and the U.S.A. There really hasn't been a four of world's championship calibre in Canada since Vancouver sent Colin Finlayson to stroke Archie Black, George MacKay and Bill Wood at Paris in 1924. They justified their selection by coming within a split second of defeating England's great Third Trinity quartette in the final and set a world's record in the semi-final.

Four-oared rowing in the East is only a secondary consideration, the eights receiving first attention. Vancouver, Victoria and Halifax are the only cities that specialize in this event. Halifax and Vancouver have excellent chances of producing a four strong enough to win Canadian representation, but a victory at the Games could not be expected of them.

Ken Myers (top) and Garrett Gilmore (left) appear to be America's hope in the double sculling.

Bobby Pearce, undefeated and holder of all the world's sculling titles, will represent the Kangaroo Continent.

Noel de Mille (left) and Ned Pratt (right) of Vancouver with their coach "Bob" Johnston (centre).

A VERY fair idea of what can be expected can be got by taking San Diego's experience in 1928. For three seasons the four Californian giants won every race they entered on the coast and were considered almost as fast as Vancouver's Paris crew and certainly faster than any four on the Coast today. After training all winter the Southerners journeyed to Philadelphia for the American Trials and were there defeated by a fair margin in the semi-finals. Entered in their race were fours from famous rowing colleges such as Harvard which, not having eights strong enough to stand a chance to win, made up powerful combinations by boating their four best men. These oarsmen being the finest developed from the hundreds of candidates that yearly turn out for crew and having rowed for eight months out of twelve for the previous four years produced competition against which a small club has to develop a miracle crew to stand a chance of winning.

In the doubles, however, the Vancouver entry should have an excellent chance of taking first place. There are no doubles with great records in Canada today. It is true that scullers with fine records will probably team up this summer, but just because they are individually very fast it does not follow that teamed together they will attain a comparative speed. This was clearly demonstrated at the last Games which were held in Holland on the Sloten Canal when Joe Wright, Jr. and Jack Guest, both individually good enough to win the historic Diamond Sculls and the fastest scullers developed in

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The Tenth Olympiad

An aerial view of Los Angeles, showing Olympic Park and the massive Olympic Stadium where Canada's athletes will compete for world honors, July 30th to August 14th.

And What We Can Expect of Canada

By Fred Beck

CAN Canada hope to see the Maple Leaf held high among the emblems of fifty nations, when two thousand athletes meet in combat on a modern Plains of Elis in Los Angeles for the games of the Tenth Olympiad?

And the answer, despite the gloomy forecasts of Canadian sports writers, is unquestionably and undeniably "YES!" Canada's representation at Los Angeles, July 30 to August 14, will be worthy of carrying the banner of the Dominion—worthy not because we can hope for more than a modest share of first and second places but because the young manhood and young womanhood representing Canada are entering the tourneys, in competition with the pick of the world's athletes, in the right spirit. The main issue is not the victory but the fight. The essential is not to have won but to have fought well. Regardless of score boards and laurel wreaths Canadians can take pride in the show of sportsmanship that will be made by the Dominion's representation.

Of the competition in one hundred and thirty-five fields of sport Canada is represented in every major activity, sending teams of reasonable promise in both field and aquatic sports.

One of the high spots of the sixteen days and nights of competition, an event which perhaps holds as much world interest as any other incident of the crowded program, is a lacrosse tournament in which Canada, Great Britain and the United States compete. Interest is the keener because of a controversy which has been waged since 1928. The world's championship title is at stake. Teams from the same three countries fought to what was adjudged a tie at Amsterdam. A dispute, as friendly as it was spirited, arose over the question of the title—each team claiming it. With the controversy still at white-hot pitch the United States proposed a play-off on the spot. Canada enthusiastically accepted but Great Britain was unable to accept the challenge and all three teams sailed homeward without an agreement having been reached. Such is one of the outstanding memories of the last Olympiad. And now the question is to be settled. Canada, with a team considered at least the equal of our 1928 line-up, has an excellent chance to win this important event. Because Canadian Olympic Try-outs will not be completed until what is virtually the eve of the impressive opening ceremonies it is impossible to go into, with utter accuracy, the question of the personalities that will comprise the Canadian representation. It is not unlikely but that

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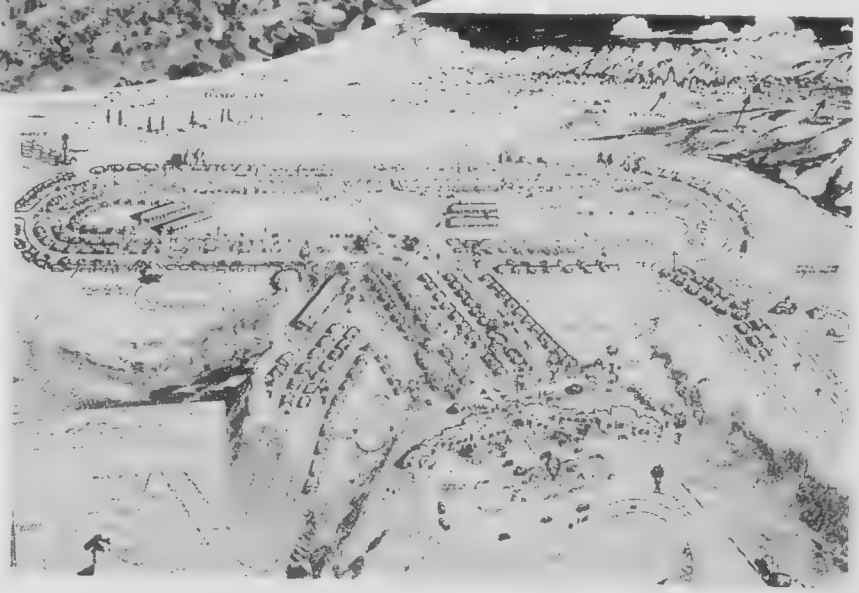


Day is turned into night in the immense amphitheatre around which revolves all Olympic Games activity in Los Angeles. 125,000 people will watch Canadian youth in its effort to hold its own in competition with the pick of the world's athletes.

The drawing gives an impression of Olympic Village, where Canadian athletes will live during the Tenth Olympiad, with the athletes of fifty nations for their neighbors.

Through the curtain of snow she saw a big blur resolve itself into a man carrying a woman in his arms. Nancy plunged knee-deep through the drifts to meet him.

Out of the Woods

By John Middleton Ellis

Illustrations by A. C. Valentine

WHEN fire destroyed their mill in a sequestered valley of the Adirondacks, Clem Bowditch, junior partner in Leith and Bowditch, and self-appointed protector of the interests of "Pop" Leith and his daughter Nancy, took the advice of "Con" Kelly and departed for the big city to make his fortune with his fists. Soon he realized that he had unknowingly become involved in the activities of a gang of racketeers headed by "Quint" Mangan, his manager. Kitty Fallon, Quint's ward, urged Clem to get out of the city, but he, determined to stay until he had earned enough money to fix things up back home, denounced Mangan, and started out to look for another manager. At first he met with nothing but failure, for all were afraid of Mangan, but eventually Nick the Greek matched him against Slugger Mandell for a purse of five thousand dollars. Again Kitty phoned and frantically urged him to "beat it out of town." "You haven't a chance, Kid," she insisted. 'Slugger' "Mandell is Quint's man, and he's a killer. Quint hired him to poleaxe you and foul you until you are pulp. It's murder, straight out; and a murder that no one could ever prove."

Part III

IF CLEM'S spirit quailed a bit the next morning, there was plenty of reason for it. Slugger Mandell had a wicked reputation. He was one of the two men who had put a haymaker on Con Kelly the year preceding, and would have been in line for the light-heavy championship but for the fact that by his foul infighting, he had twice lost his chance before an honest Commission to enter the ranks of contenders. It was only that fact that had dropped him to this level. Now his slugging was murderous, and when he was hard-driven he recognized no rules.

Clem knew too well how one man can beat another to pulp with the four-ounce gloves; he knew that the purse was really blood money paid to the slugger for just that purpose. It was like charging into a machine-gun nest.

Yet he couldn't sidestep it now. He had promised the money to Pop Leith. More even than that, he had to regain his self-respect. He'd meet Quint Mangan at his own game, and beat him.

The morning brought a letter from Nancy, in answer to his telegram.

"Dear Clem:

"You are a peach to do this for us. I've got Pop to promise that he won't sign the lease. I only hope he holds out on his promise.

"You know more than most folks do. If only I had listened to you from the start, maybe I wouldn't be feeling so unworthy of you now. I can't help wondering whether you'll like me now as well as you used to. Oh, Clem, how I miss you. I do want to see you, and tell you things that I can't tell in a letter.

"Your unhappy but very fond friend,

"Nancy."

Clem read the letter a second time, to get all the meaning there was in it, and he found plenty; then, with a tremor of happiness which he hadn't known in weeks, he tucked it caressingly into his pocket. Who wouldn't fight any man alive after a letter like that?

CLEM bought privileges to train in a midtown gymnasium that was a palace as compared with Quint's place. He got his road work morning and evening around the Park Reservoir, and spent the greater part of his days in the gym, shadow boxing, ripping covers off punching bags, and lifting the sandbag to the ceiling with short-arm jabs. He tried to find an adequate sparring partner, but no one worth his salt would stand up against him. Clem was playing a lone hand in a big game—very much the lone hand. He didn't even see much of his manager, Nick the Greek. He didn't want to, knowing what he did now of the swarthy little man's deceit. If it hadn't been for the fact that the Commission demanded managers, he would have kicked him out altogether.

He had no further word from Kitty Fallon, and was surprised to find how sharply he missed her. It was partly because of his loneliness, partly from

a desire to know whether she was safe. A hundred times in those few days of his training for the bout, he was on the point of telephoning Quint's office, in the hope of finding her there alone; but discretion won. They couldn't have talked freely even if she had answered him. He was a little hurt that she made no attempt to telephone to him, and twice a day asked his landlady if any telephone calls had come for him. No one would have telephoned him but Kitty. Every night and every morning, too, he scanned the paper fearfully for an account of the discovery of her bullet-ridden body in some dark sequestered road.

So the days dragged on to Friday. At two o'clock, Nick the Greek took him again to the Commission offices, where he weighed in, where for the first time he saw Slugger Mandell stripped. And a splendid specimen of a man he was, with slender legs and thighs that could dance like a ballet girl's, with a deep chest that betokened marvelous endurance, with huge shoulders and tremendous arms that could slug like a post-maul. Save for a scar over one eye that had ripped out part of his eyebrow, he was not unpleasant to look at, with clear blue eyes and a heavy chin. But there was a savage look about his thin-lipped mouth, and his high cheek-bones that made his smile seem always to be a sneer.

"Undertaker comin' here for you, Battler, or do you want to be shipped home to the sticks?" he greeted Clem at the scales.

"It'll be a good many years before I have to decide that, Slugger," Clem returned cheerfully.

"Battler, eh? Geez, that makes me laugh," was Slugger's repartee, as he looked scornfully up and down Clem's axe-hardened frame. "Why, you're so muscle-bound from pitchin' hay that you can't scratch your own ear."

"I might scratch somebody else's, though."

And those were Clem's last words to him until he entered the ring. But much happened before that.

At about nine, Clem went to the Sporting Club, an old transformed warehouse on the East side in the Thirties. The main bout was called at ten-thirty. He found but one dressing-room, and that he had to share with the prelim fighters and their handlers. Nick was there waiting for him, and Nick had so far executed his duty as manager as to bring a rubber for him, a big smoke whom he called Jap.

Clem stripped, warmed himself up by rope-skipping and shadow boxing for a sharp two rounds in the crowded quarters, until Nick ordered him to the rubbing bench. Clem lay down for the negro's ministrations, senses alert for signs that the negro might be tying his muscles up instead of loosening them. But Jap seemed to be on the level, and Clem surrendered to relaxation with a deep sense of gratitude for this much at least, upon the eve of his lone fight.

He closed his eyes under the spell of physical luxury derived from the grateful sting of witch-hazel, and relaxed for a moment's rest. He heard the door open and close, and when he looked, he found Nick the Greek reading a sheet of notepaper. Nick caught Clem's eyes upon him.

"Note for you, Battler," Nick said suavely. "I was just looking it over before I gave it to you, for fear it might upset you before the fight." Nick's eyes wandered back to the letter.

"Let's have it," Clem said, turning over and sitting bolt upright.

Nick waddled toward him, still reading. His lips twitched under his smudge of black mustache. He gave it to Clem, and his little eyes watched Clem as he read:

"Dear Clem:

"Don't go on with Slugger tonight, if you want to go back to Nancy outside of a pine box. You haven't got a chance. He's out to kill. Do this last favor for me, and beat it while you can.

"Kitty."

Clem looked up at Nick, and their eyes clashed. Kitty was betrayed! There was no keeping secret now the fact that she had sold out to Clem. Nick knew it, and gloated over it; and Nick was Quint's man, there was no doubt about that.

"How'd this letter come?" he demanded of Nick.

"Just as it is. A messenger brought it."

"Like this? Wasn't it sealed?" Clem persisted.

"No."

"You lie. There's the envelope on the floor there where you threw it.' Clem saw it clearly now, half hidden by a bench. Of course, Kitty wouldn't send it unsealed.

Two or three other occupants of the room had gathered about Nick, their demeanors casual, their eyes alert.

"What th' hell of it?" Nick blustered. "Letter from a frail — no account," he said.

Again Clem saw himself checkmated. Usually a letter from a girl friend wasn't anything to raise a row about. If he made too much fuss over this, it would only increase the importance of it. "I ought to break your neck for opening my letters," he said, "and after this mill I shall."

He had to be content with that. Even if Quint had not before known the game that Kitty was playing, he would know it now. Nothing short of murdering Nick where he stood could keep the matter from Mangan's hearing. But much could happen before Mangan could do anything about it.

He took the letter from Nick and, striking a match, burned it to a crisp in the sight of all of them.

"I won't have a lot of bums reading my girl's letters," he said pleasantly, and the crowd dispersed.

VERY soon thereafter came the call to the ring. Clem looked to his shoestrings, and watched carefully the lacing on of his gloves. Then he dashed down the crowded aisle and climbed over the ropes to the canvas. Nick the Greek, and Jap, bearing towels and a pail of water, climbed up after him. His entry was greeted by desultory hand-clapping from various parts of the crowded house.

The Slugger hadn't entered the ring yet. Clem sat down on the little folding seat in his corner, and looked around at the sea of faces, vaguely veiled by waves of tobacco smoke. He scanned the reporters' row, and the ringside seats, without seeing a single familiar face.

Oh, yes! Over there, on the Slugger's side of the ring, sat Quint Mangan, smiling and expansive and resplendent in a tuxedo that yawned gleaming white across his great chest. Their eyes met and clashed. Quint had apparently been waiting for this recognition. He waved a fat hand, between the fingers of which was clutched a fat cigar.

"Atta boy, Battler," Quint called loudly. "My pile's on you."

That, Clem guessed, was for public consumption. "Then you'll win!" he shouted back at Mangan.

Quint's great body hunched around sideways, purposely to reveal to Clem the one who sat beside him, who till now had been apparently shrinking back to hide behind Quint. Quint grinned, and jerked his head about, so that Clem might not miss her.

Kitty Fallon! Kitty, gay in a red dancing frock and a snowy ermine wrap, with a sheath of orchids trembling under her white chin. How could she be there, knowing what she did, Clem asked himself in amazement? Then he recalled how she had shrunk behind Quint, and how Quint had gone out of his way to make Clem see her.

Now Clem realized that under her vivid makeup, she was pale and distraught. When she could no longer avoid being seen, she met Clem's eyes straight but without a smile—tense-lipped and entreating. Then Clem understood. Quint had forced her to come! Quint knew what had been between them!

He waved a cheerful greeting to her, but she merely shook her yellow head, all but imperceptibly.

The Slugger pranced down the aisle from the other side of the arena, and vaulted over the ropes to the canvas. He got a hand that rocked the rafters. Fans were always sure of slaughter when Slugger Mandell was on the bill; and your average fan is as bloodthirsty as Nero. Slugger rose and bowed with a self-satisfied smirk to all parts of the house in response to his acclaim.

Clem barely heard the announcer's megaphone: "In this corner Battler Bowditch wearing purple trunks—" and in another instant Clem was in the middle of the ring, going through the sham of shaking hands with the Slugger.

That first round was a wary one. Clem sensed that the Slugger was trying to draw him out, and refused to be drawn. He wanted to get the feel of Mandell's style and discover his weaknesses if he had any. But the round was enough to tell Clem that he had never before boxed against faster feet or more skillful science. And when, just before the gong, Clem saw an opening to drive a right through to the face, he learned that the Slugger could stand punishment. For the Slugger came back with a sneer and smashed in one, two, three to Clem's head till the ring rocked around him, and he fell into a clinch.

Fully recovered by the time the gong rang for the second round, Clem took the aggressive from the start. He jumped in with a left to Slugger's chin, and sent him reeling. For an instant it looked as if the Slugger was flat, but he leaped up from his stumble, and laced into Clem like the killer he was. With eyes on fire and sneering lips drawn back, he wasted himself on Clem's impenetrable guard until Clem was backed against the ropes by sheer weight of blows. And as Clem wriggled out, the Slugger caught him below the heart with a body blow that sent Clem cringing to the floor. The count started. Clem took it, grateful for the short rest that might stop the fearful nausea he felt from the agony in his side. Then he scrambled to his knees, and was on his feet dancing. Slugger rushed him, and Clem drilled a left and a right and a left to that blond head that made the Slugger shake it dizzily.

During the minute's rest, Clem held the pain in his side with a free hand, and looked down at Quint. Quint's eyes seemed bloodshot with their tenseness, and his lips were drawn tight until he saw Clem looking at him; then they relaxed into a smile, and his fat hands clapped acclaim. Beyond him, Kitty was leaning forward, breathless, white-lipped. She shook her head in a tragic little gesture to Clem, but he smiled reassurance at her.

The next round Clem took easier. His skill was equal to Slugger's, on defense; but what could you do with a man who shed wallops as a duck sheds rain. He'd let Slugger tire himself, now that Slugger's blood was up.

But the Slugger meant to kill. He knew Clem's battered side, and at first directed his attack chiefly against it. Then, when Clem lowered his guard to it, he changed his tactics swiftly, and led for the chin. Clem ducked the blow, but Mandell's glove grazed his eyes and tore the forehead till a stream of blood rushed down to blind him. In and in the Slugger bored, until Clem saw an opening made carelessly by the very lust to kill, and he flattened Mandell for a count of nine. Mandell was dizzy when he got up. He fell into a clinch, and jabbed in short wallops to that agonized side of Clem's while he rested. And Clem went back to his corner faint and sick again.

Thank God Nancy Leith wasn't there to see him now—his battered body and gory face. Nick only half sponged the blood from Clem's eye. Clem caught the sponge and did a better job.

"Tape it, damn you!" Clem snarled to Nick, and again the gong rang out.

Mandell met Clem over half way, coming in like a hurricane. Clem couldn't guard, and took the blow on the head. Clem caught him with a short left under the breast bone before he could jump out of reach, and was gratified to hear Mandell's gasp. If only he had caught him coming on instead of going away, he might have flattened him. But that light tap did show Clem the Slugger's weakness. He forgot to protect himself from body blows.

But the tap only served to enrage the Slugger. He rushed in again. This time Clem stood toe to toe with him, looking for [Continued on page 29]

SHIPS

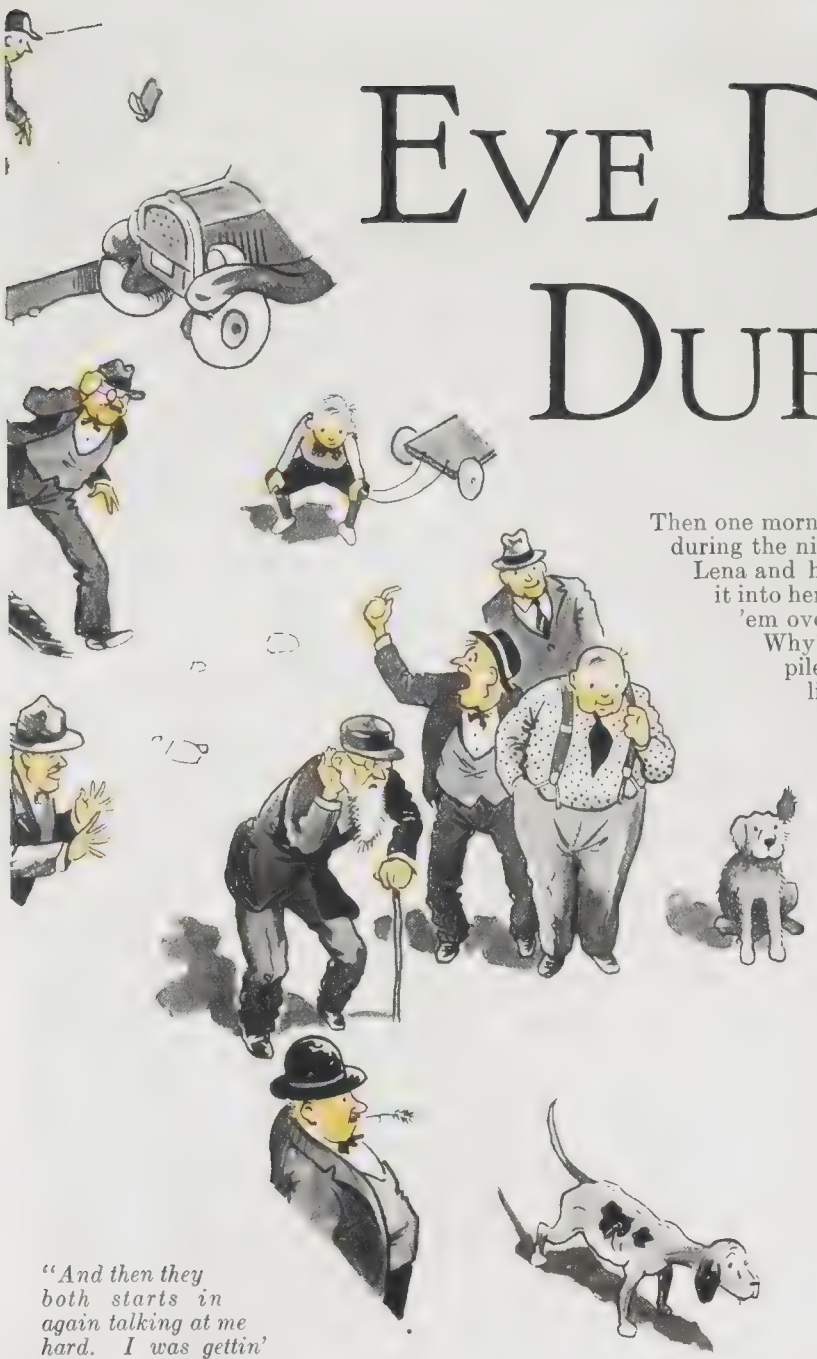
By H. REGINALD HARDY

Our lives are like ships on a restless sea,
With Fate at the helm to point the way;
What ports we shall touch is a mystery . . .
For the winds drive fast, and we cannot stay!

In many a harbor we yearn to rest,
To ride in peace by the friendly quay;
But the Helmsman holds to his secret quest
And our ship must turn as the winds decree.

Eve Does Her Durndest

By Roderick Stuart Kennedy



"And then they both starts in again talking at me hard. I was gettin' plumb tired of the whole dumbfounded business so I walks across to that rail fence, sets down comfortable and lights my pipe."

"DULL!" Buck Harbottle tilted his chair back against old man Gunter's store, and laughed loudly and long—and very theatrically. It was a most expressive laugh. It expressed derision at the young Toronto salesman who claimed that Jonesville was dull, profound knowledge of things too deep to be told—and a lively willingness to tell them, if pressed.

"Dull!" Out of the corner of his eye he could see sufficient interest in young Mooney's expression to justify a telling of those deep things.

The salesman's interest was not entirely feigned. He had finished his monthly call on Gunter and had two hours to wait for his train, and past experience told him that though Buck Harbottle toiled not he did spin—a good yarn.

"Shoot!" he said, making himself comfortable on the gallery steps.

"You've always got some joke about this town being dull, young feller, but if you lived here, same as me, you'd mighty soon find there's plenty doing! Just lately we've had more trouble and excitement with two respectable farmers than I'll bet you'd see in a month of Sundays in Toronto—that is if you ain't given up Sundays altogether in the city, and if you like I'll tell you how it wuz."

It started nearly three years ago between old Lake Turnberry and Bob Smith, that has the two farms opposite each other about a mile down the Alcott road. They wuz always good friends up to then, and I liked 'em both. Luke was a steady church goer, and though Bob weren't strong on religion, he wuz straight. The two of them would argue on theology by the hour and never get no forrader. They wuz agreed about Hell but couldn't come to terms about Heaven. Bob said he'd ruther go to Hell in the next world than to church in this, and Luke, he allowed that it 'ud probably suit all parties best that way; but Bob weren't so easy about letting Luke get to Heaven, and that wuz where the argument always got round to in the end; Luke quoting the Bible, and Bob saying he doubted there weren't no Heaven—and if there was it wouldn't make no difference to Luke.

Well, about three years ago each of 'em had a few scrub cows that they'd had bred to Doc Moseley's red, pedigree Shorthorn bull, and some of 'em wuz about due to calve. Bob kept his in his barnyard, but Luke let his run in a field close by. Folks said they even had a bet on whose cows would have the first calf. Luke wouldn't really bet of course, but if he lost he wuz to read a book by Darwin that Bob set a lot of store by, while if he won Bob wuz to go to church regular for two months.

Then one morning when Bob went out to his yard he found that there wuz two cows in there had calved during the night, one wuz his own but the other one wuz an old black cow of Luke's. She wuz called Lena and had quite a reputation as a jumper and wuz always gettin' loose, and this time she'd taken it into her head to get out of Luke's pasture and wander across to Bob's yard. While he was looking 'em over Luke comes hiking across lookin' for his cow, and then the trouble started.

Why? Well now! Didn't I tell you? Haw! Haw! I sure did leave the nigger out of the wood pile then. The trouble wuz this. One of them new born calves wuz dead—born dead most like, and both the old cows wuz trying to mother the one that wuz left. Luke's cow wuz mostly black, and Bob's mostly yaller but the live calf wuz red all over like its Pa, so they couldn't tell whether it wuz Luke's cow or Bob's that wuz really its mother. No Sir! The dead calf didn't throw no light on it neither, for though it weren't all red, it wuz so mixed you couldn't tell what color it was. Whatever way you looked at it you couldn't possibly tell from their looks which calf belonged to which cow.

Bob and Luke argued and argued and argued, but naturally couldn't come to no agreement, as each wuz perfectly certain that the live calf belonged to his own cow. But as the calf wuz in Bob's yard it ended with Luke having to beat it with his cow and leave the calf to Bob for the time being.

There wuz considerable ill feeling between Bob and Luke, though it didn't spread to their families at first, but things got more and more strained owing to Bob bein' too fond of his joke. He took to quotin' Scripture about and telling the town it wuz an act o' Providence that Luke's cow should come across the road and have her calf at the same time as his'n. Luke's jest a little inclined to considering Providence a special friend of his so he wuz pretty mad and forbid his Ruth seeing Teddy Smith at all, though they'd been going together for some time. Ruth being a bit mad at the way Bob wuz talking didn't take much persuading.

Ted went over and tried to make 'em change their mind, but he only made things worse, becuz Luke hinted that if he'd bring over the calf sometime and let on it had strayed across, it 'ud fix things nicely. That made Ted hot, and he said he weren't going to sell his birthright for no fatted calf, and that Luke's Bible that he set such store by ought to have taught him better. But Luke couldn't be downed when it came to quotin' Scripture.

Illustrated by J. Graham Hunter

He showed Ted the door right quick, and told him he wuz ready to stick fast to the teaching of the old Book, and would be glad to welcome Ted back like the prodigal son—purviding there wuz a fatted calf round according to rule.

We wuz some amused when the story got to town, but while we allowed that Luke had got the best of the argument, it sure looked as though Bob had the best of the bargain—meanin' the calf.

For a long time nothin' much happened, and it looked as if things were going to settle down the way they wuz, though I had an idea we might hear more of it owing to something I came across accidental. Late one night I wuz driving in from Alcott I saw a lantern moving about the road a mile out from Bob's place, and when I came up I found Bob leading home that same red calf which was growing to be a fine heifer by now. He said she wuz gettin' to be a regular steeple-chaser and wuz always gettin' into the grain, and this time she had jumped the wire fence into the road. About a week later I came on Ted puttin' a padlock on his yard gate. I told him it seemed a fool thing to do as there wuz a good latch and anybody could climb over if they wanted to; but he explained it had a way of blowing open at nights. Well, it wuz a sure thing that with that latch the gate couldn't ha' blown open; so to get a rise out of him I sez, "It must be the hand of Providence, Ted, seein' as how you always keep your red heifer in that yard."

"Hand of Providence nothing!" sez Ted. "The hand of Providence doesn't worry me. It's the feet of Providence that I'm worrying about; and when it comes to the skirts of Providence, I've got sense enough to take precautions." And he shows me the tracks in the mud and the strip of gingham he'd found on a nail in the gate post.

Now I don't claim to be no Shylock Holmes, but it had been raining purty hard till after twelve the night before and them footprints showed up clear—and they weren't no number twelves neither; so I deducted what had happened without getting no headache. I just grinned and as I drove off I sez, "I always thought from the cussed way she acted that Providence wuz a girl, Ted, and you and your Pa sure are up agin' it if she's sticking her hand in the business."

It wuz lucky for old Luke that padlock wuz put on, becuz a few nights later, durned if that red heifer didn't jump a fence again and wander into one of Luke's fields. Bob was mad as heck and wanted to have Luke up for stealing it, but Ted prevented it as it wuz easy seen where it had got over and there weren't no signs of the hand o' Providence, nor the feet neither. Luke was pleased as he could be and threw out hints to Ted about the Prodigal son, but now that the Smiths were on the losing end of the game Teddy wasn't feeling so easy about it. The more forgiving Luke talked the madder Teddy got, and one day when Luke wuz inside Gunter's store Ted started talking to me out here and said good and loud so that Luke could hear, that if the prodigal son's old man wuz like some old hypocrites he could name that prodigal must have been dumb not to prefer snoopin' round with the swine. Luke strolls out just then and he looks innocent at me, right through Ted, and sez, "Buck," he sez, "I'm more and more convinced of the wisdom of Providence every day. It's been wisely arranged for us so as we all want different things in this world and the next, and that way there's plenty to go round. Some of us likes bacon," he sez, "and some of us likes veal—and we're all happy."

He starts off chuckling. Then he stops as if he'd just thought of something and calls back. "Say, Buck, have you ever read about the Origin of Species, by a young feller called Darwin?"

I sez I ain't exactly read it but I got the hang of it from Bob Smith.

"Well, you ain't missed much," he sez, "fer it's a godless book; but it shows a glimmer of the truth now and then. Maybe you heard about that red heifer I wuz robbed of about a year ago and that took to jumping fences. Well, that heifer's mother wuz my old black cow Lena, as you and every sensible body in the town knows; but this feller shows just why this heifer took to jumping. Lena's the champion jumper in Bate's county and her daughter's took after her. That's heredity," he sez, "and maybe them as scorns the revealed word will take a proof from Darwin." And he drives off laughin' fit to bust.

The joke was sure on Bob, and fer nea-ly a year Luke didn't give the town a chance to forget it neither. Then, in spite of all the care he took, that durned heifer got out into the road and strolled into town where big Tom Robertson, the constable, came across her and put her in the pound. I'm pound master here and usually the job's a nice little cenotaph for me, but next morning when Tom told me what had happened, I sure scented trouble. Of course, it don't take much proof as a rule for a man to get his property out of the pound, but this time I could see that the proofs were goin' to be rather too various to suit me.

LUKE TURNBERRY wuz first in town, and he asked me cool like to let him have a red heifer of his that he'd heard wuz in the pound. He weren't as cool as he tried to make out though, and he didn't look me in the face when he spoke. I didn't know what to say. I'd have been glad enough to give her to Luke or Bob—whichever asked first—and get her off'n my hands, but I'm supposed to make sure of ownership before delivering, and if I gave her to either of them the other wuz sure to raise Cain. I humm'd and haw'd and I watched all the dum fool loafers in town grinning round, and I scratched my head and I couldn't see no way out till, suddenly, Bob drives up in an almighty hurry.

"Hey Buck!" he hollers, "I want you to—"

Then he sees Luke and gives me a glare that ought to hev' wilted me—but it didn't—becuz I was feelin' too durned relieved and cheerful. Two parties to a scrap is all that can be used convenient and fer a minute it had looked as if I wuz going to be one of them, but now I could see an opening for a real benevolent nootral. I applied for the job and took myself on right smart. However it struck me pretty soon that the benevolent part of it weren't practical and I had to change it right there to the armed variety. Bob and Luke never looked at each other but went right after me, telling me strenuous to let 'em have their heifer and pretty darned quick too. It wuz plain common sense that I couldn't give it to both of them.

The way they talked made me tired and I told 'em straight what I thought of them.

"Look here friends, I ain't no speaking toob, nor no telephone neither; why don't you fellers talk to each other and let me be. I'm ready to do my dooty as pound master just as soon as you two can settle what it is." But would them gushers listen to sense? No Siree! They kep' right after me louder than ever.

At last I gets an idee. I don't claim to be no Solomon, but what wuz good enough fer him wuz good enough fer me, and I thought I saw light. "Well I tell you what I'll do," I sez. "If you can't settle it sensible between you, I'll take that heifer down to Sam's and have him turn her into butcher's meat and I'll give you each a side."

All the boys laughed fit to kill themselves and I sure thought it wuz a pretty smart idea myself—till I saw Luke and Bob edging in at me and not laughing either—so you'd notice it!

"Buck, sez Luke, "if you have that heifer killed I'll have you jailed, if it takes my last cent to do it."

"If you touch a hair of my heifer," shouts Bob, "I'll break every bone in your body."

Well, I ain't no historian but it dawns on me that things must have changed some since Solomon, and not being no ructionary, I drops the point.

"Look 'ee Buck," sez Luke, more friendly, "You know that heifer came into town from my farm, and that I've had her there fer most a year, that her mother Lena wuz a jumper and that this heifer's a jumper too. Ain't it clear to anybody but a bone-headed atheist that she's mine?"

"Well Luke, it does seem that way—"

"Buck Harbottle," interrupts Bob, "Wuz that heifer born on my farm or wuz it not?"

"It wuz," I sez.

"And did it jump my fence 'bout a year ago and get away?"

"It did," I sez.

"Well then, don't it seem as plain as day that it's my heifer?"

"Well," I sez, "it sort of looks that way to me."

"You bet it does, Buck, and it 'ud look that way to anybody but a blamed two-by-four dyed-in-the-wool Pharisee."

And then they both starts in again talking at me hard. I was gettin' plumb tired of the whole dumb-founded business so I walks across to that rail fence, sets down comfortable and lights my pipe.

"That durned heifer got out into the road and strolled into town where big Tom Robertson, the constable, came across her."

Then I gave 'em my last word: "If you fellers won't listen to argument perhaps you'll hear reason. You know a fence when you see one and you know me. Well, I'm on the fence as far as yer blamed heifer's concerned, and by Crikey I'll stay there!" And I did too.

THE whole town took sides in that quarrel at one time or another. At first they divided more or less politically, as Bob was a Liberal and Luke a Conservative, but later it got round to being a religious controversy, the Modernists siding with Bob Smith, and the Fundamentalists with Luke Turnberry. It caused a lot of ill feeling because them that wuz Fundamentalists in religion and Liberals in politics, wuz bound to be called traitors to the great cause, whichever side they planked for in the heifer controversy. The Modernist Conservatives wuz in the same fix. Me, I wuz worse off than any of them becus I dassen't open my mouth on politics or religion without being accused of favoring Bob or Luke when I ought to have kept nootral.

Of course I weren't going to feed that heifer out of my own pocket and I talked some of selling her by auction for her keep; but Bob took me aside one day and sez: "That there heifer's mine, Buck, and I'll get her some day so I don't want her sold. Here's four dollars; that'll pay her board fer a month, and I'll go on giving you the same till I get my rights." Just after that Luke, he comes along and makes the same proposition. Being a nootral, it wouldn't hev been fair fer me to favor either of them—so Eve lived high for a time. Yes, that's what we all called the heifer, having christened her that way on account of her creating so much discord.

Doc Moseley, the Vet, wuz one of many that wanted to get things settled comfortable. He wuz one of them poor Fundamental Liberals and thought it would be the safest thing not to take either side in the heifer controversy, with the result he got in wrong with both and lost business. He came and aired his troubles to me sometimes.

"The trouble is, there ain't no facts to go on," he sez. "I've studied the heifer and I've studied both her mothers and I defy anybody to get anything definite from them. That darned heifer takes after my bull and nothing else; and it 'ud serve 'em both right if I took her myself." [Continued on page 28]

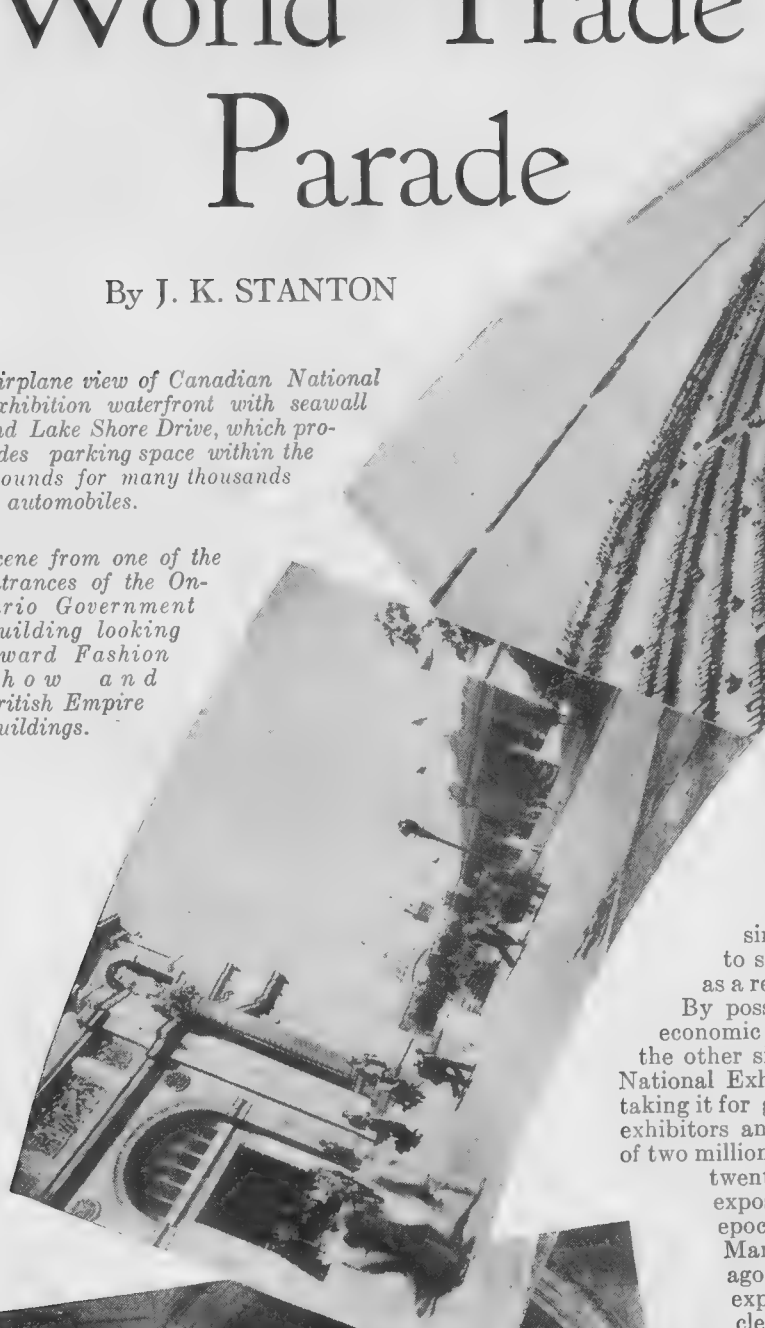
The World Trade Parade

By J. K. STANTON

The monument is the site of old Fort Rouille, where Toronto was born.

Airplane view of Canadian National Exhibition waterfront with seawall and Lake Shore Drive, which provides parking space within the grounds for many thousands of automobiles.

Scene from one of the entrances of the Ontario Government Building looking toward Fashion Show and British Empire Buildings.



Vista of main entrance Electrical and Engineering Building seen through main arch of Princes' Gates.

AFTER much effort and experiment, a British cabinet-maker, in 1928, created an improved model of the dinner wagon. He was also successful in facilitating the operation of collapsible card tables. He built a better dinner wagon and a better folding table, but he did not wait for the world to beat any paths to his door. He was not flush with capital but he had enough to make a number of examples of each piece of furniture. Then, according to the viewpoint of his immediate circle of acquaintances, he did a crazy thing. He took his dinner wagons, his collapsible tables, some more money and left for Canada.

His goal was the Canadian National Exhibition. There, he showed his works. He sold them all en bloc for delivery at the conclusion of the exposition. He also sold the rights to manufacture in the United States to an acute gentleman from Grand Rapids who happened to be there looking around for just that sort of thing. He was negotiating similar Dominion rights when the final days of the exhibition rolled around and he was heard to say that he had thus put himself on his business feet. Sufficient backing had accumulated as a result of his brief Canadian display to enable him to go back and launch production in Britain.

By possessing the largest annual exposition on the face of the globe, Canadians have a potent economic force with a wider international influence. This somewhat obscure furniture creator on the other side of the Atlantic knew it. He saw it as a personal route to success. But the Canadian National Exhibition has been flourishing and growing on our doorstep for so long that we have been taking it for granted. That it should be the largest affair of its kind in existence, that it should draw exhibitors and visitors from all continents, that the yearly attendance should reach the neighbourhood of two millions in fourteen days, that the land and edifices of Exhibition City are valued at more than twenty millions, that executives of the coming World's Fair should drop over to the Canadian exposition as the logical place to get advice, ideas and inspiration for an event that is to be epochal, all these are matters which are accepted as nothing particularly out of the ordinary. Many of the present-day crop of grandfathers toddled into this same native fiesta, decades ago, to sip their first pink lemonade. Old inhabitants remember it as always successful, always expanding. As a result, those Canadians who are closest to it are apt to be most in need of a clear appreciation of what has been going on.

In the interests of a proper perspective on one of our own important institutions, it might be well to withdraw, metaphorically speaking, to a great distance and gaze at ourselves through the eyes of foreigners, fellow-Britishers from elsewhere and American neighbours.

In mid-summer, the Imperial Conference will be in session at Ottawa. The interval between the opening of this momentous gathering and the opening of the exposition at Toronto is a matter of days only. Economic conditions have tossed trade into the forefront of hot news topics and splashed it over front pages everywhere. The man on the street has been caught in a welter of statistics on international business. Even the weather has been superseded as the leading topic of casual conversation. In this atmosphere, the world prepares to watch the Canadian capital.

The statesmen of the Empire meet behind closed doors on Parliament Hill in discussions which may shift world trends, speed up the sluggish streams of commerce and possibly shift the courses of these same streams materially. Only a few hours away, in August, world trade goes on parade and the most comprehensive cross-section of commerce which can be viewed anywhere this year will go on display. It is the dramatization of the subjects which head the agenda of the Conference.

Long ago, the fact that these two events would practically coincide was duly noted in London. For years, the Empire Marketing Board, the Federation of British Industries and individual leaders of the Old Land have given this Canadian show window of international commerce the most detailed attention. In the report of the mission headed by Sir James Lithgow which the Federation sent to the Dominion, one of the major recommendations was to call the attention of British business to "the importance of the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto." Impressive as these evidences of previous interest may be, they are mild compared with the concern which is currently manifest in these same quarters.

That the Canadian National Exhibition will be, in its trade show aspects, a species of mirror reflecting the deliberations at the Capital, that the aims and objects of the Conference will colour the whole range of exposition activities in 1932 and that chief actors in the first will, in all probability, move across the scene of the second are items which have been widely observed. Among the milling crowds this year it will, as a result, be possible to note numbers of serious-minded men who have cast themselves in the roles of lynx-eyed observers and are present from a variety of different places for that purpose.

Aside from the particular events which give a greater significance to the affair during the present season, the annual panorama of art, industry and enjoyment has been growing increasingly international for a decade and more.

The Largest Annual Exposition on the Face of the Globe

More than two hundred thousand spectators watch the marathon swims.

Princes' Boulevard with Princes' Gates, opened by Prince of Wales, and Prince George; in distance. Automotive Building on right, Electric and Engineering on left.

Four hundred marathon swimmers from all parts of the world plunge into Lake Ontario for fifteen mile race and rich cash prizes. Automotive Building in background.

IN SIERRA LEONE, Sessional Paper No. 1 was recently devoted to the matter and to the advantages which accrued to that distant sector of the Empire from participation in the festivities. Detailed reports have also been considered by the legislative heads of the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Australia, New Zealand, Tobago, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Bermuda, British West Africa, India and other nations including Mexico, Italy, France and Cuba.

In some cases, commissioners have arrived in charge of Empire exhibits armed with appointments made by special acts of Parliament. They present their credentials with all the formality and aplomb of ambassadors making their debuts in new posts. These proceedings, however, rarely receive much public notice. The reception of official visiting dignitaries has become almost a matter of routine.

With the exposition in full swing, these national displays become open forums of trade. The important activities which are going on are not visible to the casual spectator trooping past the shows. They do not show on the surface. While arranging to increase the trade with Canada in cocoa, goat skins and certain fine leathers as well as other products of the so-called dark continent, commissioners from British Africa were also opening home markets in canned goods, rubber footwear, building materials, and electrical goods to Canadian exporters.

In one Sierra Leone show, certain bristly reeds with unpronounceable names were included. A Dutchman who had recently immigrated to Canada saw these while on a holiday trip to the exposition. In Holland, he had been a brush-maker and these reeds were familiar material to him. He stopped and began to ask questions. Canada, he found, imported none. Therefore, he reasoned, Canada must be importing the specialized types of brushes for which this odd vegetation was required. He made further inquiries about the price at which he could purchase the stuff in Sierra Leone and whether he could have the shipment on display for his experiments. The net result was a new, though small, brush-making business and some new, though small, export trade for Sierra Leone.

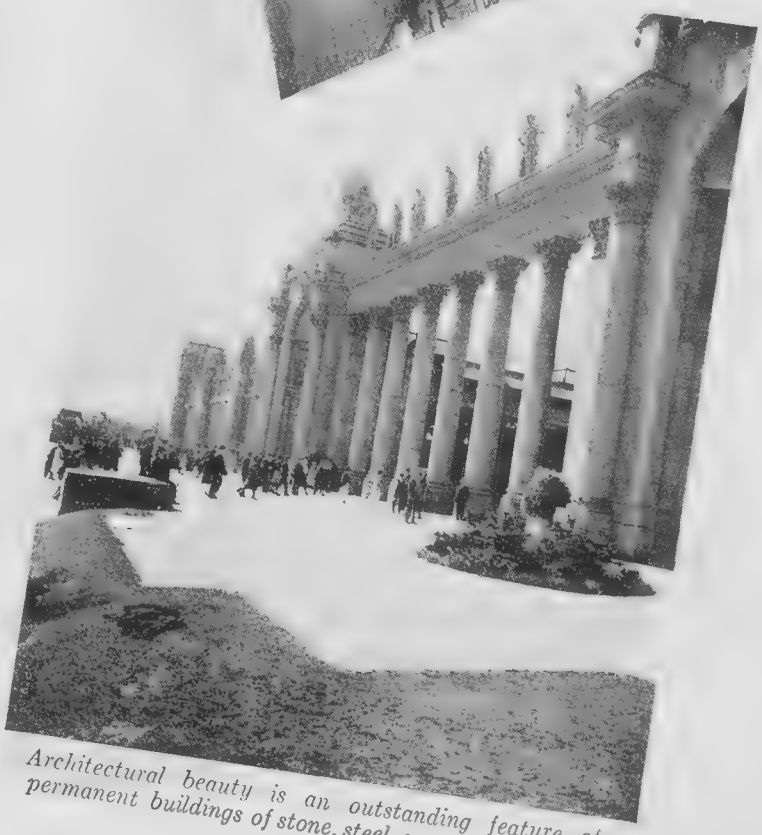
LAST season, a coterie of British business men came over to see this Exhibition thoroughly. They explained that the idea had originated with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales who had suggested first-hand knowledge of Canadian conditions in the course of a public address. Not only has the Prince seen the Canadian institution in action but he has also been a strong supporter of its underlying objects and a firm believer in its possibilities as a medium for the strengthening of Empire ties.

When a certain Cuban official studied the event, he returned and raised a large amount of conversation about it in the capital of that Latin country. Shortly thereafter, a Cuban battleship steamed up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario to present the respects of that nation to Canadians at a succeeding show. Spokesmen for the government have since asserted that, as soon as financial conditions make it feasible, a Cuban building will be erected at Exhibition City.

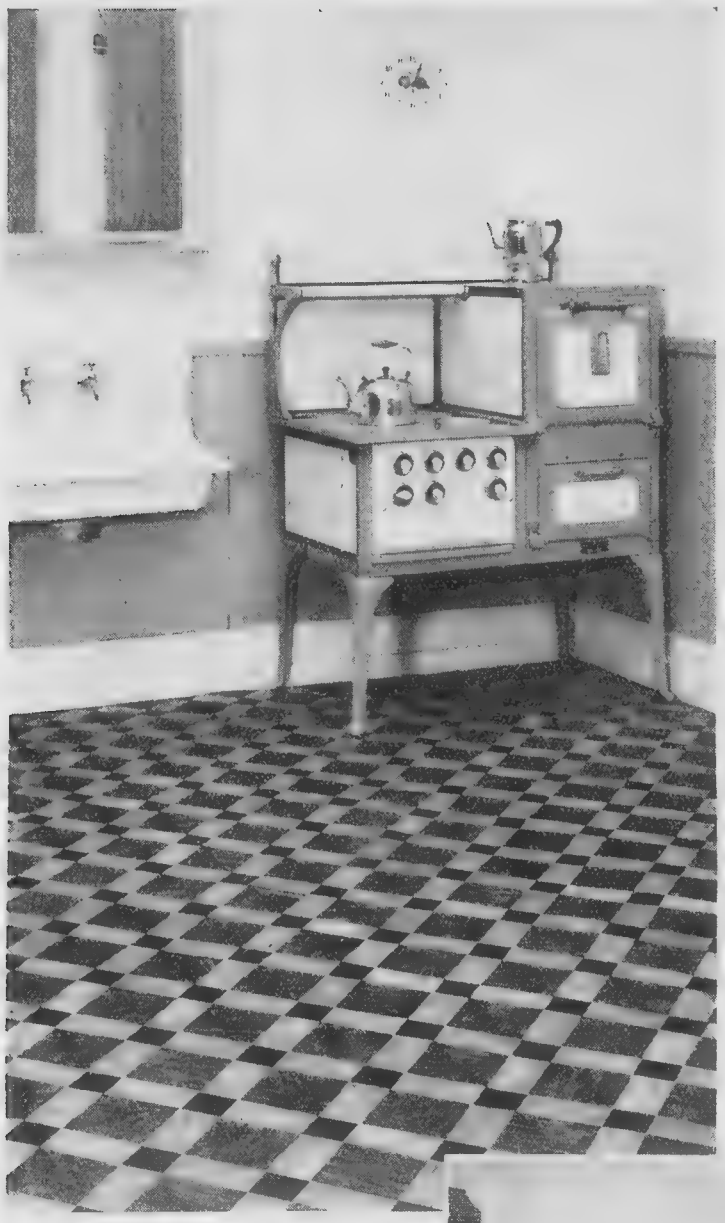
In the guest enclosure at one of the world title marathon swims, an Egyptian and a furrier from Western Canada were to be seen engaged in earnest conversation, quite oblivious of the struggling athletes in the water-course. They had met while looking at a gorilla which was on view in another section of the park and were discussing the price of leopard skins. The Egyptian was in a position to lay his hands on an enormous consignment which was, at the moment, in Khartoum. The Canadian was fully aware of the advantages he could secure by buying this somewhat odd commodity direct instead of through dealers in New York and was endeavouring to estimate what the viewpoint of Dame Fashion would be towards spotted furs in a year's time.

Near them was the swarthy staff writer of a Brazil periodical. He had come to do a series of articles on the Dominion and found this to be a concentrated source of material. He was only one of a multitude of correspondents on hand for that particular celebration. Their writings percolate to the four corners of the two hemispheres carrying, at least, new impressions of Canadian aggressiveness, progress and importance. In a water-front hotel at Hamburg, Germany, a Canadian traveller found clippings describing an Exhibition athletic event. In the bulletins of a Viennese financial house, there were trade comments based on the trends which this huge congregation of people and products revealed. The Syrian rug interests were informed of the buyer's attitude as indicated by this same set of circumstances. Similar information was sought by shippers of currants and raisins in Greece. The nightly blaze of fireworks was painstakingly reported, with photographs, for a native Chinese periodical.

To say that, a few years ago, the ideas, if any, which were generally in vogue abroad concerning Canada were vague, is to be excessively polite about it. We accumulated our full share of erroneous impressions. As the little fellow in the backyard of Uncle Sam, we were known by those who considered themselves well informed, to possess wheat, cheese, ice, snow, mountains and whiskey. But facts which approach accuracy are now beginning to be noised about and one [Continued on page 53]



Architectural beauty is an outstanding feature of permanent buildings of stone, steel, concrete and brick.



Courtesy The T. Eaton Company Limited.

The use of linoleum in kitchens is strongly advised. Easy to clean; quiet colorful and long wearing, its many good qualities render it invaluable to the housekeeper.

Smart *and* Practical Floor Coverings

By Emma Dean

THE fundamental consideration in every successful room is the floor treatment. When choosing a floor covering, four problems are brought up immediately: appearance, wearing quality, price and the labor involved in cleaning. These problems apply equally to carpets and rugs, oilcloth and linoleum and floor finishes.

In houses where hardwood prevails and scatter rugs are universally used, floor treatment is simple. Wax and polish keep hardwood in good condition, so the problem resolves itself into the type of rug suitable for the furnishings or the style of interior, and the proper color.

Simple, cottage interiors demand unpretentious colors and patterns and designs. Not for them are the rich Orientals or domestic Orientals, nor the lustrous, deep pile, silky carpets of luxurious type. Handwoven, homespun or rag rugs are charming in such rooms. Handicraft products show to great advantage in cottage interiors. Plain, self tone rugs which cover the entire floor are in keeping, too, or the ever popular oilcloth or linoleum.

On every floor there should be a covering which is deeper in tone than any other element in the room. The color should shade from the rug, through furniture covers and draperies, ornaments and accessories, to the ceiling, where the palest tint in the whole room should be used. There is one, and only one, exception to this: in homes where the ceilings are so high that the room looks and feels like a cavernous barn or deserted church, the ceiling should be made darker than the walls. This reduces the apparent height of the room and brings the ceiling down to livable proportions.

The floor may be the background for the furniture and draperies, or it may constitute the centre of the picture. Some very handsome rugs which have beautiful patterns and interesting color combinations may well be the main interest in the room. In such a case, the draperies and walls and furniture coverings should be plain or, at the very least, of unobtrusive pattern. Nothing is more disturbing than a room which has too many clashing colors or too many patterns fighting for mastery. Therefore, remember that the floor must either precede everything else in interest, with other things subordinated, or the floor must be the background against which every other element will be at its decorative best.

If the floor is to be plain it may be covered with a self-tone carpet; it may be painted some desired color and then treated so that it will be permanent; it may be covered with plain-colored linoleum or oilcloth; or it may be a composition floor, cork or some one of the new and durable composition floorings.

When the floor is covered entirely, up to the skirting board, two advantages are apparent. The room looks much larger, so this treatment is excellent for small rooms; and the room is much quieter, which makes this type of treatment desirable in bedrooms.

In the very small house where the living-room, dining-room and entrance hall open together and where the three rooms are really small for the amount of furniture they must accommodate, it is a good idea to cover the entire floor space with carpet. Broadloom is splendid for this purpose; it wears like iron, can be bought by the yard and therefore fitted into corners and around stairways, and it looks well. With the advent of vacuum sweepers the problem of sweeping such an expanse [Continued on page 26]

Courtesy Robert Simpson Company Limited.

An attractive corner showing to advantage how an Oriental rug can be used. The design is particularly good with the Jacobean atmosphere of the room.

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MRS JOHN DAVIS LODGE

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"But the skin needs *stimulating*, too. At least if you want to keep it looking fresh and young —and don't we all? Pat, pat with Pond's Skin Freshener. To refine pores—pep up your color.

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"Pond's Vanishing Cream gives just this necessary protection against wind and sun. Invisibly! It gives the loveliest peach-bloom finish, and you needn't powder again for hours.

"That's all. Just powder and lipstick . . . There! I'm beautiful? Ah, you're too kind. People say flattering things—but the credit is Pond's. All I do is—never neglect this simple routine. And always repeat it after exposure.

"AND, of course, at bedtime! That's a special ritual. Cleansing always with Cold Cream and Tissues. Then smooth in fresh Cold Cream to soften and *lubricate*. Leave on overnight.

"You see, the skin needs four things to keep it lovely— Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting. Just these four preparations are all you need. It's so easy—just in your own home!"

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MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE, AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT *Photographs by Nickolas Muray*

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Criticisms: Favourable *and* Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

Greta Garbo in "As You Desire Me."

THE plays of Luigi Pirandello, the famous Sicilian dramatist, have not been so popular in America as they are all over Europe, but last year one of his most recent plays, "As You Desire Me," was given a stage production in New York. It ran for some time there, and later, with the beautiful and talented Judith Anderson in the leading role, it was played successfully in several Eastern cities.

Although "As You Desire Me" is not one of Pirandello's best plays, it is an unusually good vehicle for a clever actress, as its chief part has a splendid emotional range. For this reason it was probably chosen for Greta Garbo who gives a fine performance in the leading role. The American stage version of the Italian play was an adaptation as well as a translation; and the film version, an adaptation of an adaptation, wanders still farther from the Pirandello original. Still, it is interesting to see the cinema dealing with the ideas—however diluted—of this celebrated European writer. The beautiful young bride of an Italian nobleman, so the plot of the play goes, has disappeared during the war when the country surrounding her home was cut off from the rest of Italy by the enemy advance. Years later one of her husband's friends, an artist who had painted her portrait, finds her—as he firmly believes—in Berlin, living as the notorious mistress of an even more notorious debauchee. Her life and character are entirely dissimilar to that of the missing woman, yet when she returns to her Italian family she fits into their mode of living and into their old idea of her character, as if the dissolute Berlin interlude had never occurred. Then comes another woman who claims to be the missing wife. The first woman looks like the missing wife and is, or has become, the wife in character. The second woman is prematurely old, but she has proofs of her identity that seem authentic. Which woman is the right one? Pirandello leaves it to us to decide.

"As You Desire Me" is a typical Pirandello theme in its thesis of the disintegration and reintegration of the individual in the flux of life. The individual never really exists as an independent entity; he is different with every circumstance and from every point of view. "What is truth? What is reality? What are facts?" Pirandello asks, and answers by way of one of his own characters: "Facts! Facts! My dear sir, facts are as they are assumed to be. Besides, for the spirit there are no facts. Only life as it appears this way or that way . . . " And again: "There is no man who differs more from any other than he does from himself through the passage and succession of time." And in yet another of his famous comedies, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," he re-affirms this belief: "Your reality is a mere transitory and fleeting illusion, taking this form today and that tomorrow, according to the condition, according to your will, your sentiments which in turn are controlled by an intellect that shows them to you today in one manner and tomorrow . . . who knows how? . . . "

It is this metaphysical theme, in many variations, which is the basis of practically all Pirandello's plays and which makes them unique and mentally stimulating. Such themes, however, are difficult to handle, and it is proof of Pirandello's skill as a dramatist that his plays hold our interest. He is master of tense scenes and sharp, unexpected twists in the plot.

As I had seen and enjoyed many fine productions of Pirandello's plays in France and Italy, as well as in America, I was particularly interested to see his work on the screen. Any film featuring Great Garbo is bound to attract large audiences, and "As You Desire Me" should make an added appeal to those who are interested in the contemporary dramatic literature of Europe.

Helen Twelvetrees and John Barrymore in "State's Attorney."

"State's Attorney"

After "Arrowsmith," "Alias the Doctor," "Impatient Maiden," etc., Hollywood has apparently decided to give the medical profession a rest and has turned its attention to the law and the agents of the law. Well, at least it is a change from hard-boiled racketeers, hard-boiled marines, hard-boiled reporters and hard-boiled aviators. Not that the cinema lawyers are not hard-boiled, but, judging from the latest films, most of them, however sharp and shady, manage to have a heart of gold hidden somewhere about them.

The first of these "legal" pictures was "The Mouthpiece" with Warren Williams giving a fine performance as a blackleg member of the bar. The story was not pleasant but the directing and acting were excellent. Edmund Lowe came next, in a swift-moving melodrama of prosecution and defence. And now we have John Barrymore in "State's Attorney."

In this film Barrymore plays the part [Continued on page 45]

Buck Jones and Mona Maris in "South of the Rio Grande."

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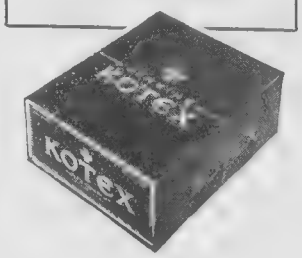

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THE TRAP

By Mary Shannon

THE port was all agog with the news that Captain Dare was fitting up his brave ship, the Golden Wing, and would sail north to found a new colony. No one was more interested than Dick. Young and slender, with a shrunken limb that kept him from play with other boys, Dick lived in a land of dreams, where adventure followed adventure and courage reigned supreme. When the Golden Wing sailed north Dick found his fondest dreams coming true, for at the last minute one of the chosen crew refused to go and Dick volunteered and was accepted as cabin boy.

Far north the ship sailed, in among the islands, until the fatal day on which it approached the Trap, a narrow gorge with the water rushing through in a boiling torrent, and the crew narrowly escaped death by running the ship on the shore, where it quickly broke up. Captain Dare saw his dream of a new colony fade into the future, and the crew was glad to be rescued by a ship which had followed the Golden Wing in the belief that it was on the track of a hidden treasure or a "seal's paradise."

As the rescuing boat pulled away from the rocks Dick leaped from it and made his way to the land. Here he set to work. He had plenty of tools and there was driftwood in abundance. By nightfall he was exhausted, but the cargo was safe under a rude shelter.

PART II

HE WOKE next morning with the patter of rain upon his face. He started up bewildered, then cowered back among the blankets. The vast loneliness rushed at him, overpowering him, crushing him. But the cold misty morning roused him to the need of shelter for himself. A cabin of some sort he must have. What did he know of building a cabin? But necessity drove him with a hard hand. Perhaps he had never accomplished so much in his life. There was no one to blame and curse his blundering efforts. Slowly, inevitably, he learned from his mistakes. Freed from comparison with others, beyond sight of all critical eyes, his limping carriage gained assurance, he walked like a king among the wild life.

He was inordinately proud of the cabin as it grew under his hands. It was the veriest makeshift, the crudest of shelters. But when it was finished he stood within it, touching the walls, the roof, the door, with wondering pride. He seemed to have reached up, up, to be touching a height. He had done this, he had done it all with his own hands!

He moved the cargo into the cabin. He came upon the flag and reverently laid it by. As he was handling the bags of seed he lifted a small coarse sack, torn open by the gulls. He knew what the brown seeds were. Broom. He knew about broom too, that it grew where it fell, among tares, on stony places. His eyes went to the cliffs, and a vision came to him, dazzling, breathtaking. He closed his eyes upon the exotic sweep of it. "Broom on the hills!" He saw the cliffs all golden with the yellow glory of broom. A daring thought tingled through him like the exhilaration of wine.

All that day he walked bareheaded on the cliffs and flung the seed upon the ground, thin layers between the rocks, but the rain would fall upon it and fold it to the heart of the shallow soil. Higher and higher he crept, a wraith of a man at that far height, yet strong to sow the seeds of the future. When it seemed he could climb no higher he straightened and paused for breath. It was a wild and beautiful land he looked down upon, a glitter of sea-channels, islands green and craggy, a world so immense it seemed bounded only by the sky. He peered wistfully into the far reaches of the north, into that north where one grew rich in a season. The shortening days must surely bring the Captain back. But how was he to know the island? How was he to know just where lay the treacherous Trap?

With hand on the highest crag the answer came to Dick like a pledge. The flag! The flag should float here to point the way. Fatigue fell away from him before this new resolve. With his axe he fashioned a flag-pole, stout beams for supports. To the highest crag he carried them, toiling, resting. Hard gruelling work, but he drove himself to it. He was days erecting the pole, making it firm to stand against the wildest wind. Failures could not daunt him. He knew he could not fail. And when at last he stood, swaying and dizzy with fatigue, but with that streaming flag above him, he seemed to stand amid the plaudits of thousands! He had raised the flag, the Captain's flag, in this new land, and the Captain, returning, should see it!

Now there was only to watch and wait. He sat in the cabin door, eyes lifted to the flag, high, high, like a fluttering star against the sky. Through wind and rain it was never still. He had done well, he had done well, he told himself proudly. So long as it waved the world should know that this land belonged. No thought of Indians troubled the long still days. Mysteriously he had made friends with the solitude. Occasionally he saw the bull stalking the rim of some far hill in savage freedom. He began to watch the channel wistfully. All hope in life lay there. And one day quite suddenly the thought came to him of the months, the years of waiting that might elapse, that if the flag should be torn down . . .

He was stricken with black terror, a conviction of the frailty of life, of all things. If the flag should be torn down, what then? What mark would there be upon this land? Ah, there should be something, some sign or record that would survive all time. A panic of hurry seized him, he selected tools, climbed the cliffs. On the flat face of the rock beneath the flag he poised his tools. He would carve there something that would last as long as the rock itself!

What should he carve? His hand hovered. Phrases recurred from burning patriotic orations. One after the other he discarded. As if in response to his need came a vision of the Captain waving his arm toward the miles of trees on the new shores: "Our Country!"

Dick fell to work. Slowly, painfully, the letters grew in the rock. Occasionally he roused to fire a shot at the troublesome birds. Hours, days, slipped by as one. He finished at last in a flaring yellow sunset. He moved back. From the crooked letters a glow, a transport, caught him up. It was as though a spirit ringed the lone island, encircling it in the far-reaching embrace of a mighty land!

But the glow passed. He bent his head wistfully. He was not yet satisfied. Something more was needed. He laughed exultantly in the stillness. Only one name on that rock could satisfy his need, a name which the country should honor forever, a brave and adventurous spirit whose thought it had been to carry the flag north!

His tools struck the rock in a quiver of haste. If something should happen before he had finished, before he had done this for his beloved Captain! The first letter. A second. He blinked frowningly, glanced up. Already dusk was upon him. He worked until darkness fell, then went down to his cabin. He would finish tomorrow.

The sun was shining full in his face when he woke. He thrilled at sight of the flying flag. Some sense of fate sent him hurriedly up the cliffs. His eyes went from the proud flag to the lettering below. He must finish the name today, whatever happened. His glance swept out over the gleam of waterways and islands. Then his hands were clutching the flagpole, his eyes dilating. Far below, in the narrow channel, he saw four long canoes, dark with people. They loitered there, eyes lifted to the flag. They were no white men. Indians! The Indians had come!

Sea, rocks, and sky, swayed and stood still. Indians! The suddenness of it struck him like an overpowering blow. Rigidly he watched the loaded canoes, saw them slip one behind the other into a long line of caution that crept along the sinuosities of the bank. Stealthily as a gliding snake they rounded the island, seeking a landing-place. He watched with hushed breath. Now they had turned the last bend. Ahead of them the Trap waited, rippling, glistening, that moment of sinister gentleness before it struck. The Indians, with eyes only for the flag, drifted with lifted paddles. Then it was as though a great white champing beast tore through the Trap, flung the sea in monstrous whirlpools and funnels and foaming waves, seized in fierce talons the first canoe, whirled it, plunged it, and hid it forever!

A terrible cry rose from the other canoes. For the first canoe had borne their chief. The men backed hard on their paddles, fought and strained their way out of reach of those treacherous waves. There was a time of frightful confusion, of lamentation. Some of them wailed, beat their heads, gesticulated fiercely at the Trap, subsiding slowly to its interval of calm. At a safe distance the canoes drew together. Dick cowered behind a rock. His very terror grew into a sort of divination that interpreted their every move. He saw them stand, and with wild gesticulations denounce the Trap, the flag!

Their canoes made for shore. They sprang out and moved with cunning stealthiness upon the cliffs. Their intent was plain—to capture the flag, tear it down, perhaps destroy it in their rage. Dick started up, grasping his gun. A thought sent him cowering back to shelter. His gun was empty. He remembered firing the last shot yesterday. The terrible thudding of his heart shook him to his finger-tips. Indians would pursue their horrible instincts. What might they do to him? He could see the creeping forms, blankets belted in for war, their spears and arrows! He was afraid, afraid as he had never been afraid before!

He looked up at the streaming colors, a prayer in his heart. How proud and high floated the flag, beckoning a welcome to the gallant adventurer from the north! And from that north an echo of song, a ring of laughter, swept by him on the wind. A high courage infused his thin body, a courage that lifted him far far above all fear!

Grasping his gun he sprang from behind the rock. The Indians halted, struck to immobility. They still feared the white man's gun. Some startled word passed down the line. For a space they stood in silence, then the leader made the sign of peace.

By tone and gesture he made clear that it was the flag they wanted. At Dick's motion of emphatic dissent his eyes flashed, he broke into violent declamation against the flag, the Trap! From the long harangue there dawned upon Dick the conviction that the moving force of their anger and fear was superstition. The flag was an evil that had destroyed their chief. [Continued on page 24]

LOYALTY

BY JESSICA E. MONEY

Not to be blind to the wrongs there be,
Not just waving a Flag;
But gently, with courage, eagerly see
That doing one's best
Is Loyalty.

If we see one wrong, then do one right;
From deepest gloom must follow light.
To examine one's Soul, to examine one's Friends,
To examine one's Country, these be the ends
Of Loyalty.

So, let's vault to the Stars,
Just you and I,
And when we return to Earth,
We two shall see quite clearly
What to do.

May we purge our Hearts,
May we help our Friends,
May we lead our Country
To honoured ends,
With Loyalty.

Ethyl

ADDS TO GASOLINE *what* *chocolate* ADDS *to* MILK

MILK is a nourishing food drink alone, but the addition of chocolate syrup makes it more appetizing—and almost doubles its energy value.

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1867...FROM SEA TO SEA .1932

CANADIAN 'PATENTS PENDING'

① Note scientifically proportioned nose

② Note scientifically proportioned neck

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THE TRAP

Continued from page 22

He noted the line of dark faces. Fierce, murderous-looking wretches they were, with flashing eyes and convulsively gripping hands. He could see their broad chests panting, the quiver of their violently dilated nostrils. And in his hands he held an empty gun! He could not reason. All power of thought was lost in the grim determination to stand his ground.

When again the leader was silent Dick made answer with yet more emphatic refusal. Rigid and unyielding, he met the fierce gaze. The man turned to his followers with a burst of dangerous and artful eloquence. Fearful rage, wild passion, shook the blanketed forms. They gnashed their teeth, vented their feelings in yells, beat the air as frantically as if the object of their resentment were suffering their blows!

Dick's knees shook. His breath grew cold. Some power seemed to bear him up. The din of frenzy rounded off, died away. He could feel a tension pass down the line. He divined instantly that they were going to rush him, overcome him, seize the flag. His courage surged into desperate resolve. At the first stealthy step his gun sprang to his shoulder. The Indians recoiled, wavered. It seemed to Dick an eternity that he stood there, looking over that levelled barrel. He had time to marvel at his own coolness. How long that deadlock of wills lasted he never knew. Only when he saw the Indians turn, retreat sullenly down the trail, did his nerve desert him. His hands shook so that he feared the gun would slip from his grasp.

The warriors withdrew from the cliffs into a wood along the shore. Quiet fell upon the land. The canoes lay upon the beach. The cabin had not been touched. But some secret sinister intent hung over the screening trees. The Indians were biding their time.

DICK watched with an intensity that brought a glaze to his vision. What plotting went on under those trees? What could he do? Night was coming on, and then . . . Memories recurred in shudderings of horror, stories he had heard of scalping, torture, witchcraft. He waited, tense, watchful, through the hours. At times there came to him a vivid consciousness of the radiant beauty of the day. Incredible that the birds were skimming the waves, that the cattle browsed in the far meadows.

The sun dropped below the horizon. Dick's gaze focused in sudden alertness. Forms skulked like shadows from the trees. An Indian stole out to his cabin. Then a flame shot upward from it, and all in a moment the blaze was darting toward the sky. Into its glare a warrior moved, encircling the fire with measured step. One after the other the Indians joined him, raising their voices in the wild irregular chant of the war-song, war-whoops, all the frightful sounds of battle. To the weird incantations was added the monotonous beat of a sort of drum.

Dick's nerves jerked with every beat of that hideous drum. His senses grew vivid as he felt the tightening of the strain. He seemed to be looking on the flaming walls of the world. His mind leaped from past to present. Pictures of his childhood recurred vividly, and he heard the Captain singing clearly, "La Belle Rose."

The tumult broke. In the midst of a breathing stillness he listened with painful intentness. Suddenly the leader struck with his spear, a signal that roused all the passions to fresh frenzy. The dance was growing in brutal triumph, with gleams of ungovernable ferocity. Dick felt that it was the hour of crisis. What did he hope for, what deliverance? His was the calm of one who has already resigned himself to death.

The flames burst out afresh. The spectacle became wildly terrific. It seemed as though the demons of hell possessed the air, and it seemed to Dick that he could bear it no longer. A thousand howling wolves might have been turned loose on that island, blood-curdling, cruel, and murderous. The gun began to twitch in his fingers. Self-control was writhing at his nerves.

Then a roll of thunder caught the shrill incantations in deep-throated rage. Dick's riveted gaze tore itself free, darted inquiringly. Across the meadow, a tornado of roaring fury and lowered horns, dashed the red bull. All the solitude rang to that terrible roaring. The incantations broke like screeching wires. A scream cut the air, a scream of stark mad terror. The bull charged, all his fierce blood in his tremendous horns. He flung the first Indian into the air so that the life snapped in him before he struck the rocks and quivered into insensibility. Another he sent crashing to his death, and just as his horns felt the weight of a third the Indians turned and fled.

They leaped into their canoes, overturning them, scrambling, fighting, struggling, drowning. The first canoe shot triumphantly into the channel, only to be caught in the reaching fury of the Trap and buried forever beneath the white foam. One canoe managed to escape. It had all happened in a flash, in a breath, it seemed to Dick. He saw the red bull swinging victoriously back to the herd. Presently the wailing keening cry from the departing canoe floated up to him. He leaned out over the cliffs. How slowly it moved in the channel below. The hiss of an arrow, the sting of pain in his breast! And it came to him, clear as the message of a bell, that it was *his* death-cry that died among the cliffs!

He staggered, went down. But his hands clutched at his tools. He must finish that name on the rock! He must finish that name before . . . Sometimes in a spurt of strength a chip flew before his knife. Sometimes it was a mere tracery of lines that he left.

The carving ceased. The knife slipped from his hand. He lay with his head against the rock, and the scent of dying leaves filled his nostrils like the breath of incense. Somewhere on the faint far limits of the world the wind cried, "La longue traverse!" He surrendered the island to the keeping of stars and sea.

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter. The cycle of seasons rolled into years, bringing naught to the island but the fog, and the mystery of tides, and the lonely cry of seagulls. Over the meadows the cattle roamed, flourished, multiplied, grew fat. And deep in its granite walls the Trap waited, waited with the patience of years.

And the years brought them at last —wild-eyed men drifting in a battered broken ship through fog and treacherous waterways. At the helm stood Captain Dare, dauntlessly holding the ship on its doubtful way. The walls of the channel drew close, fell away. Suddenly the mist was pungent with strange odors of bloom, and in the foam of the boat's prow, like flecks

[Continued on page 26]

A

CORNER STONE
OF
CANADIAN UNITY

A group of leaders, sixty-five years ago this month, realized in Confederation their dream of a United Canada. Today Canada stands among the great trading nations of the world, with a population of over ten million, with a natural wealth of over twenty-seven billion dollars.

In January of this year another dream was realized. The Trans-Canada Telephone System was completed. For the first time in history, direct, all-Canada telephone circuits extend from Atlantic to Pacific, binding East and West more closely together, giving inter-provincial trade and national progress the greatest impetus in years.

Whether you use long distance for business, for social calls or for communicating with your people, The Trans-Canada Telephone System offers you instantaneous communication from coast to coast and between all intermediate points. Low rates make calls inexpensive. Incessant vigilance by seven systems, over every mile of wire ensures you uninterrupted service.

Now is your opportunity to use long distance more and more in developing your business, in preserving friendly relations, in keeping touch with associates in any part of the Dominion.

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● Day rates as quoted apply on "anyone" calls from 4.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Lower rates apply after 7 p.m.

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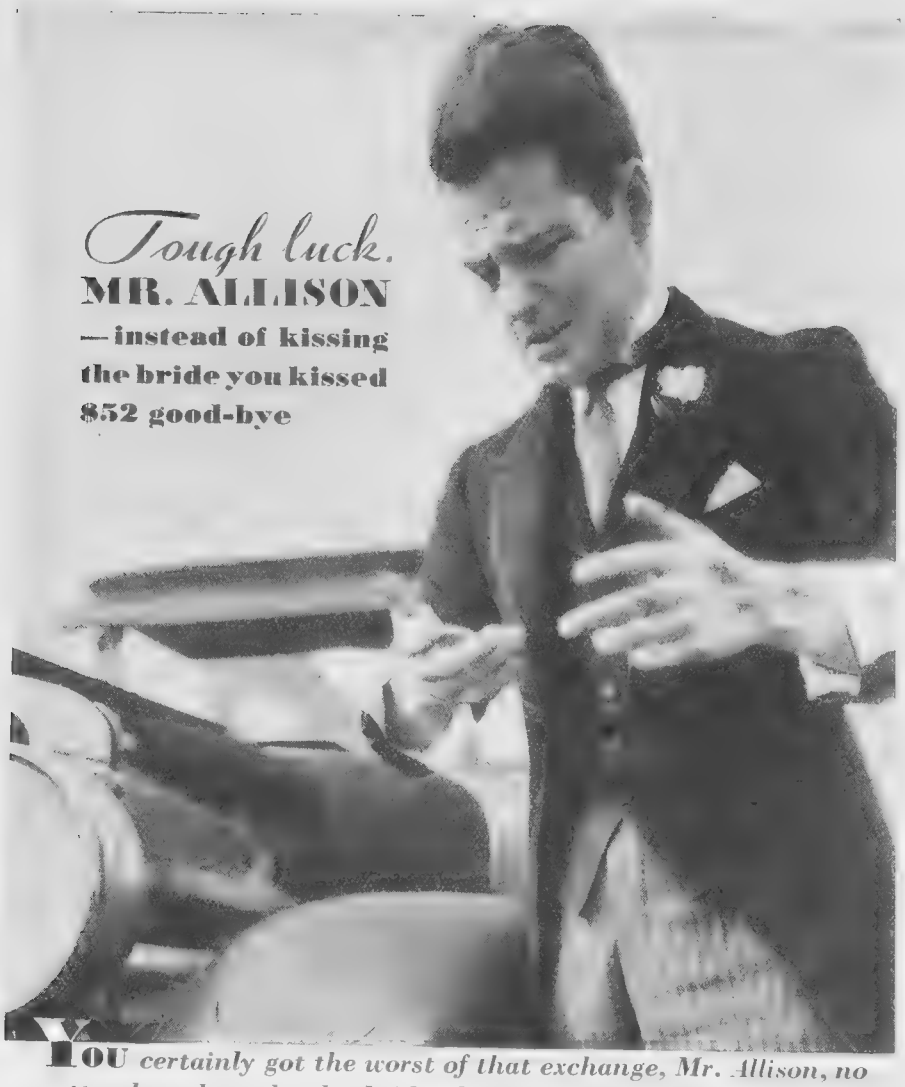
" Toronto - - 7.75	" Montreal - 7.00	" Saint John 6.75	" Saint John - 5.50	" Halifax - - 3.50	" Halifax - - - 2.40	" Winnipeg 5.50	" Winnipeg 6.25

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!



YOU certainly got the worst of that exchange, Mr. Allison, no matter how homely the bride. Suppose it had been your own wedding you were going to! Dry, poorly lubricated bearings are no respecters of persons, or the urgency of occasions. They fail without warning. Next time you grab a gardenia and strike out for a nuptial, be prepared as this advertisement recommends—

TRYING to "get by" with less-than-best lubrication means to flirt with repair bills. Last year motorists spent millions of dollars on avoidable bearing repairs and replacements.

Be safe; be sure. Now you can choose lubrication with confidence certainly oils and greases good enough to *insure* are best for your car.

Discriminating motorists now rely on Quaker State Motor Oil and Greases and refuse others. Why? Because Quaker State *alone* backs its claims to superiority with a bona-fide guarantee, insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Now motorists can be free from expense of burned out bearings—Quaker State's Insured Guarantee protects them.

Don't you believe that Quaker State's impressive confidence in its oils and greases deserves *your* patronage?

Adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication—the *right* lubricant at the *right* time, in the *right* places. Equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at a cost of $3.50 and receive *free* the Insured Guarantee. "Roll-o-Miles" is a unique lubrication diagram and Chek-Chart of your car. It enables any Quaker State dealer to serve you with Insured Lubrication!

Why be satisfied with lesser lubrication when you can so easily insist on the best—the oil with "the extra quart of lubrication in every gallon?"

Look for the Quaker State green-and-white service station sign. There is one near you.

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Name.....Date.....

Address.....

City.....Province.....

Make of Car.....Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.....

Brand of oil I am now using.....

THE TRAP

Continued from page 24

of gold, floated familiar yellow blossoms. With a shock of warning the Captain held the ship still. A dull roar rose weirdly in the muffled stillness. The sweat started out on his body. Some instinct, God-given or evil, had guided them into the Trap!

But memory led him to safe anchorage. They went ashore, passed through the fog as through a door and halted, transfixed and thrilling. Above them the cliffs hung, a glittering and wondrous gold. It was as though a million golden butterflies quivered in winged loveliness there, as though a cloud of gold floated in that blue Spring sky. Hushed and wondering they moved toward it.

"It is broom," breathed the Captain, touching the soft yellow bloom reverently.

Silently one pointed to the weathered flagpole. They climbed the trail, blurred by the years, and stood beneath the battered remnant of a flag. Their eyes found the carving on the rock and a hush fell upon them. For beneath the rock, among the gold of the broom he had sown, lay the misshapen framework of a man. For a space no one spoke. But the Captain, with some strange intuition, slipped to his knees. An old man pointed to the meadows where longhorned cattle grazed:

"There is a story here, a brave and beautiful story," he whispered softly. "Listen! Almost you can hear it on the wind!"

"Our Country," read the Captain aloud, then stumbled over the fragments of letters never finished.

"What country, I wonder?"

"What flag flew here?"

"What land was his, brave man?"

"It matters not what land, what flag," the old man replied. "His spirit, his service, was of the world."

But down on his knees, with bent head and misted eyes, the Captain could not speak. From those letters that were never finished, from that misshapen framework, the truth came to him like some divine message, a legend of days long past. The glory he had longed for all his days—the flower of chivalry, the cross of deathless fealty—flooded him for an immortal moment. It was as though he touched hands with a great and noble spirit. Naught was left of that shrunken body but a peal of bugles, a gleam of swords. Gently he broke a sprig of broom.

SMART AND PRACTICAL FLOOR COVERINGS

Continued from page 18

of carpeting has been reduced appreciably. Incidentally, there is no floor space to be polished.

It is well to consider, when building, just what kind of floor is desired. Much expense can be saved if the type of flooring is written into the building specifications. Linoleum floors, for example, can be laid and cemented in place when the building is going on and the floor can be prepared. Similarly, if the whole lower floor is covered in carpeting, a much less expensive flooring can be used.

Some of the plain carpets have borders which can be put around the edges by way of decoration. The maple leaf is a popular border; the Greek key another; and the old fashioned floral motif is coming back. Such borders may be selected in harmonizing or contrasting colors and brighten up a room wonderfully.

One of the most popular colors this year is egg plant, a dark plum. This makes a good background for almost any color scheme; orange and yellow look charming against it; green contrasts well, certain shades of blue can be used discreetly.

Tobacco brown, copper, taupe and dull blue are all good background tones. Green is an old favorite—another color which associates well with practically every shade in the spectrum.

IN HOUSES where hardwood is preferred, large or small rugs answer the floor problem. The domestic Oriental is exceedingly popular on hardwood floors. These rugs are made in Canadian factories from the patterns of some of the most beautiful of the Oriental rugs. Persian, Indian, Turkish and Chinese patterns supply designs for most of the domestic Orientals.

A new feature of these domestic Orientals is "washing," which means that the surface is chemically treated to give the undulating lights and mellow appearance of a genuine Oriental which was woven by hand many centuries ago.

Domestic Orientals outwear the cheap imported Oriental rug many, many times. They are less expensive and much more beautiful.

Hand-made Canadian rugs, hooked and rag rugs, are eagerly sought by visitors. The increasing demand for hooked rugs has resulted in machine-made carpetings of excellent quality which reproduce the old designs. The Canadian rag carpeting is similar in feeling and effect and suitable for Colonial or French Provincial or cottage interiors. The latter are made by hand, and only in Canada. The plaids and stripes in cotton or linen mixtures are typical designs.

In planning the expenditure for the floor covering, the usual allowance is twenty per cent of the total amount spent on the room. If this rule is followed, a very good balance is maintained between the rugs and the other furnishings.

Special care should be taken in laying carpets and in caring for them. Carpet cushions, hair-felt cushions or inexpensive cotton-filled padding, beneath the rug, no only increase the lifetime of the carpet, but give a feeling of luxury and comfort. These cushions act as shock absorbers between the carpet and the floor and save the carpet from being pounded beneath heavy heels and the effect of furniture being dragged about over it. These cushions are moth proof and fireproof.

To protect the carpet, all furniture should have castors proportionate to the size and weight of each piece. The legs of chairs and tables tear out tiny tufts of wool which eventually harm the carpet very much.

A vacuum sweeper is the best method of cleaning a rug for every day use. If there are stains which must be washed out, put a saucer underneath the spot to absorb the moisture and leave until the spot is thoroughly dried. Some rugs have a foundation of jute, which is vegetable fibre, and this will rot if the dampness soaks through and lingers for any length of time.

Never put your rugs on the line and beat them. This breaks the fibres and causes the rug to wear out in a short

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SMART AND PRACTICAL FLOOR COVERINGS

Continued from page 26

time, and is, besides, a very unsanitary practice. And don't try to clean your rugs at home. It is far better to send them to rug cleaners who have experts to take out every type of stain and to use the proper cleaning agents.

IF YOU are going to paint your floor and use rugs or linoleum over it, or if you are going to use the floor "as is," this is the proper treatment. Put plenty of paint on the floor, several coats. If the floor is new, put on a priming coat first. Let each coat dry thoroughly before putting on another. When you have finished painting, varnish (not shellac as it cracks) and dry, then go over it with wax, and put just as much wax on as the floor will absorb. Then the floor should wear and wear and wear.

There are so many places in a house where quiet floorings are actually a necessity. How many families have shuddered downstairs beneath the pounding of children's feet in the upstairs hall! How many parents have nursed aching heads while heedless children tramped about from one bedroom to another, dropping things with a clatter and then scuffling and scrambling together! In such homes, composition floors are a blessing.

There are cork and rubber tiles which can be laid in patterns, much like real tiling. Cork and rubber tiling wear well and give good service. They give quiet, well insulated floors, sanitary and easy to keep clean. There is a wide range of colors and patterns so that practically every taste may be gratified.

Composition floors are ideal for entrance halls where mud is often tracked in; for nurseries and playrooms where the floor must be kept clean; for upstairs rooms where quiet is essential; for the sunroom, the veranda, the bathroom and the kitchen. Composition are not out of place in the living-room, certainly not in the dining-room. With growing children, easily cleaned floors are preferable for dining-rooms.

Linoleum is less expensive than cork or rubber tiling and is perhaps more widely used. Good linoleum is easy to lay and to keep clean; it is warm in winter and looks cool in summer; it deadens sound and if laid over concrete, and cemented (as it should be) it is fireproof.

Linoleum is printed or inlaid. It is made of linseed oil—hence the name—and cork. Then the composition is put on burlap, which is strong and flexible and not easily torn, or, in the cheaper grades, on felt paper.

The difference between printed and inlaid linoleum is that in the former the pattern is merely printed or stamped on the surface after it has been applied to the burlap, while the design goes all the way through in the inlaid. The inlaid wears far longer and, though the initial cost is greater, the investment is wiser. It keeps its design and colors through years of wear and hard usage.

When linoleum is laid, the flooring should be in good condition. All cracks should be filled with cement or filler, tacks and nails removed, and a layer of felt pasted to the floor and the linoleum cemented to that. If the quarter-round molding at the baseboard is removed so that the linoleum can be slipped under that, there will be no edges beneath which the water or dirt may creep.

If printed linoleum is used, a coat of varnish should be applied to protect the surface. When that has dried, wax should be rubbed in. This makes it grease-proof and water-proof. The more expensive linoleums do not require this treatment as they have been well prepared by the manufacturer.

Linoleum art squares are being widely used in practically every room in the house. Pads should be put underneath these, similar to those used under carpets, to protect the surface. This makes the floor much quieter, too. These squares come in standard sizes. The effect is much like that from Axminsters or figured rugs.

NOVELTY rugs are making their appearance on the market. Many woven rugs of rayon mixtures are used in bathroom where their pastel colorings and high sheen are charming to see. They are washable, too. Even the most delicate tints are practically fadeless. Designs are mostly aquatic in character: water lilies, dolphins, ships and other marine scenes.

The Numdah rug is versatile in its uses. This rug comes from India where it is made of beaten wool. The natives take the wool and beat it and beat it until it is flat. Then each rug is embroidered in some floral design. As these rugs are washable, they can be used almost anywhere, and are excellent in summer cottages. They are seen in vivid colors and give a lovely splash of color over neutral floors. The black ones, and the white ones, too, are embroidered in the gayest tints of the spectrum: turquoise or peacock blue, apricot, flame, moss green, violet and so on.

People who are "going Modernist" will appreciate the new geometric patterns which are being shown now. These patterns are obtainable in practically every kind of carpet, and linoleum, too. People with Modernistic tastes and tendencies find the Canadian rag rug, with its plaids and gay colors, the answer to the problem of an inexpensive, durable yet highly modern floor covering.

THWARTED AMBITION

By Edna Plunkett

I've written words, I've written rhymes,
And sent them out such countless times.
I've raved about the green wheat sea,
But they promptly sent that back to me.

I sang about my aching heart—
And the pain I felt to have to part
From one I really loved so true,
That came back with a slip of blue.

And oh, that fatal slip of blue—
I can't believe that it is true,
I see one here, I see one there,
I find them round me everywhere.

Am I down-hearted? No, not quite,
I'll just sit down and start to write,
I'll write about fair, golden hair,
And eyes of blue and balmy air.

And now that I've sent that one off,
Another slip doth at me scoff—
I wear the nib near off my pen,
My efforts all come back again.

Out of the window shall I jump?
Or drown me 'neath the old wood pump?
Or in the gas-oven stick my head?
Or just give up and go to bed?

But, oh, dear me, where is my pen?
I feel I'm going to write again,
I'll tie this one to a railroad track,
And then I'll know it won't come back.

They always kept it on that shelf

Many a woman's memory of Fels-Naptha goes back to her pigtail days. She remembers the special place it occupied in the kitchen cupboard. She recalls helping to take in the family wash, sweet and fragrant from the sunny back yard.

So, naturally, when she started housekeeping herself, she used Fels-Naptha. Just as some day perhaps, her daughter, too, will become a Fels-Naptha user.

For one of the wonderful things about the big golden bar is the way it makes lasting friends. And the reason, we believe, lies in Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. For Fels-Naptha is more than "just soap." It is unusually good golden soap combined with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha—so much naptha you can smell it. Working briskly together, these two helpers wash the dirt from clothes—even stubborn, clinging dirt. The work is done quickly and easily. And it is done thoroughly.

Fels-Naptha gives this *extra* help in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil. Because no hard rubbing is needed, clothes last longer. Your hands, too, will be grateful for Fels-Naptha's kindly touch. For it contains soothing glycerine—and glycerine, you know, is an important ingredient in many hand-lotions.

Perhaps your own acquaintance with Fels-Naptha dates from your girlhood days. Or perhaps you have never tried it. If not, get some from your grocer and use it next washday. We believe it will be the beginning of a lasting friendship—that will mean *extra* help for you in every washing and cleaning task.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1932, FELS & CO.

EVERYWHERE women are talking

SUDS! SUDS! SUDS! 50% more of them

● Now comes a joyous relief for overworked women. The greatest soap makers in the world bring you a new soap discovery, Oxydol, that will lighten all your washing work because of its gift of richer suds. For suds, as experts have discovered, are the secret of a soap's washing power.

Oxydol is supercharged (with pure rich soap) for 50% more suds than other soaps in granulated form—livelier suds that *outwash* and *outlast* all others!

Richer suds mean less work for you

Because its richer suds do more of the hard work *for* you, Oxydol speeds your work and saves your strength.

As you know from experience, weak old-type suds quickly fizzle away to watery thinness—that's why they leave clothes gray and streaky.

When you buy a soap, consider how much suds you are getting for your money—for it's *suds* you're really buying.

If the suds fizzle away and fall back, the dirt falls also—back into your clothes. Rich Oxydol suds stand up—*outlast all others*—this is the real secret of Oxydol's success.

Now you can soak clothes snowy white

There's no back-tiring rubbing with Oxydol. Its thick, creamy suds *float* the dirt right out of things—quickly, easily.

Oxydol's suds *stand up—keep working—until the last particle of dirt is routed.*

Everything you wash in Oxydol comes out quicker, whiter, and sweet and fresh as a mountain breeze.

Oxydol likes hard water

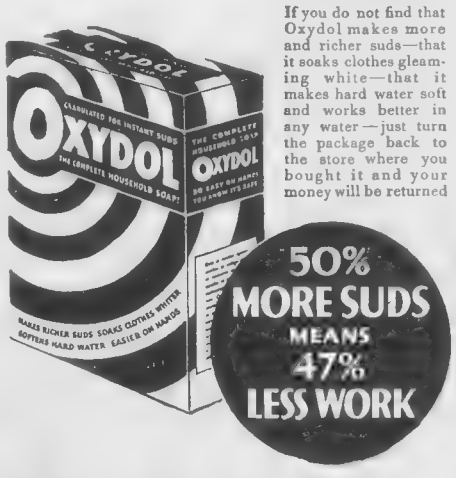
Oxydol makes *all* water soft. It gives 50% more suds in even the stubbornest hard water, or in soft water hardened by dirty clothes. It's wonderful for dishes too. Oxydol fairly whisks away each speck of grease from even the dirtiest dishes or pots and pans.

And your hands will tell you that Oxydol is safe for even your most delicate clothes.

For Oxydol is made from only the purest and finest of washing materials—as you would expect from the makers of Ivory Soap, who recommend it to you.

Ask your grocer today for the big-sized orange and blue package. Its rich, longer-lived suds will save your strength and ease the hardest task of housekeeping. Try it once and you'll thank the day you learned its name.

GUARANTEE
If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned



50% MORE SUDS
quicker, richer, longer-lasting suds—that's why Oxydol saves washday labor, makes dishwashing easier!

OXYDOL
Reg. Trade Mark
MADE IN CANADA

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

EVE DOES HER DURNDEST

Continued from page 15

"You'll have to find some easier way than that to settle the trouble Doc," I sez. "It sounds reasonable but we might hurt somebody's feelin's and I'm durned sure somebody 'ud hurt ours."

"Well, I've been thinking it over, and I've found an idea that may help. We'll breed that heifer and when her calf comes the chances are it'll show some throw-back to one of the grandmothers."

I chewed that over for a while, and as it couldn't do any harm I agreed.

"We'll use Gunter's scrub bull," he sez; "It's made up of every breed I know and that way the calf will most likely take after its mother's side. If it's black, Luke's black cow Lena was probably its grandmother; if it's yellow, Bob's yellow cow was."

We didn't let on what we'd done, but when the town got on to Eve being in calf it all leaked out, and there wuz more interest took in that heifer than if she'd been an Empress about to present her loving people with an heir to the throne. At that it didn't look as if anything would be settled becuz neither party would commit themselves to agreein' to Doc Moseley's judgment when the happy event came off. I could see 'em all getting ready to say that heredity wuz all blamed nonsense, or that it proved the case absolutely—according to the way things went.

When Eve was due to freshen the town didn't talk of nothing else, and Bob and Luke wuz really as keen as any, though they let on they didn't take no interest—jest in case. Doc Moseley took to posting bulletins in the Post Office, where Gunter had already had to put up his bull's pedigree—as far as he knew it—to prevent him from wasting half his time answering questions.

The night Eve calved, the news went round fast, and there must have been fifty people waitin' round my shed. The happy event came off about two in the morning with Doc Moseley in charge.

"Well," he sez to me, "it ain't easy to say for certain for an hour or two, seeing this calf is mostly red, but it sure looks to me as if it had considerable black on it too."

Some body outside heard him and told the others, and Luke's friends got to laughin' and shoutin' and joshing the others and Sam Hopper drove off to tell Luke like he'd promised. The bunch didn't go right away as they wuz waiting for something official from Doc, but he didn't come out, being puzzled with the way Eve acted.

"Things ain't going according to regulations," he tells me. "It's durned funny unless—unless—unless—no, it couldn't be that; it 'ud be too blamed foolish. It couldn't be—yet—yes, by the almighty hickory, it is!"

He puts his head down on Eve's side and his arms over her back and laughs and laughs like he wuz crazy. He chokes it back though and attends to business, while I sits on a bale of hay just about flabbergasted, and wond'ring where in heck things wuz leading to. When Doc had finished, he goes outside, climbs up on the old grindstone and waves his hand. He don't have to ask fer silence. As soon as the crowd sees him up there in the moonlight they jest holds their breaths.

"Gentlemen," sez Doc, very dignified, "I am pleased to be able to announce to you that Eve has been safely delivered of—"

"But what's the color, Doc?" someone shouts, impatient. Doc raises his hand reprovin' like, and goes on: "has been safely delivered of—*twins!* One's red with considerable black on it, and the other's reddish yellow all over. Chew that over, boys, and I hope you have a good time."

And he busts out laughin' again and staggers off'n the grindstone.

Well, you should have seen that bunch! At first Bob's pals had been so relieved they started cheerin', but both sides soon saw nothing wuz settled one way or the other and they all stood around silent and thinkin' hard. But at last the funny side struck 'em and they wuz so tickled with the whole affair that they got to talking and laughing and shouting the news to the folks in bed. In the end they all went home feeling friendly to each other, so that next morning, when Bob and Luke hits town, both lookin' fer trouble, most of the population dragged 'em up to my place and made 'em shake hands. They wouldn't have done it though, even then, if I hadn't promised that as soon as I'd weaned them calves I wuz goin' to deliver the black and red one to Luke and the yallerish one to Bob. They wuz still far from satisfied, as I didn't say nothin' about the proud parent, but they had the sense to let it pass for the present, and it wasn't till three months later when Ted and Lucy got hitched up that they got real friendly again.

Even at the wedding they weren't what you might call affectionate at first, but I wuz set on fixing things good and proper, so I drove out to the Turnberry place on the wedding day and found the bride and groom and a mob of guests just finishing supper. They calls me in and I listens to a lot of speeches and shoutin' and then I got up to make a speech.

"Ladies and gents," I sez, "I got to congratulate everybody for being here tonight fer a wedding instead of a funeral. I'm mighty glad things have turned out the way they have, owin' to the Hand o' Providence combining so friendly with the Principle of Heredity to make Eve do her durndest the way she did. Now you folks know I ain't no Solomon, and I ain't no Job neither; but I've tried the wisdom of the one, and the patience of t'other, and still got Eve on my hands. As I ain't goin' to be turned into no home fer decayed cows, I've determined to give you young married folks a wedding present, and if you look in your barn when you go home, you'll find that blamed red cow. Go thou and dc likewise, Amen,"—and I sits down.

THE HIGHWAY

By Bertha Alexander

On the highway of Life we meet
With stranger and with friend,
The empty life, the fuller life,
Each with a toy to mend,
And every one is stepping to
The tune of, "Let's pretend."

The jostler and the courteous,
Give all a kindly glance;
A fellow feeling lets us know
They have no choice but dance,
The broken hearts, the bleeding hearts,
To the piping tune of chance.

To hide from us their broken dreams,
They've painted faces made;
We would not change it if we could,
We're part of the parade,
The lonely souls, the eager souls,
The souls in masquerade.

Out of the Woods

Continued from page 13

the opening he sought. Once he got Mandell clean on the button, and drew blood; but Mandell came back twice to Clem's once, shut the bloody eye forever.

BY THIS time there wasn't a single fan in all that five thousand who wasn't hoarse from yelling and foot-weary with jumping up and down. It was the bloodiest fight the Club had ever staged, with mortal hatred in every murderous blow.

Clem was dizzy as he went back to his corner. He knew he couldn't stand that sort of punishment much longer, that if he didn't drop Mandell soon he was lost. He knew that Mandell was playing to blind him in both eyes, and then to hammer heart and stomach while he was defenseless. Moreover, there was no use trying to dodge and stall; for the Slugger always bored in. He was too wise to be fooled, too strong to be hurt.

Again he caught the sponge away from Nick the Greek's faint ministrations, and showered with water his dizzy head and his aching battered body. He looked again at Kitty Fallon, and for one brief second of his mental haze, thought he saw Nancy sitting there in her place. For Kitty had changed. She was cheering him on as Nancy would have done, cheering him till he could hear her voice above the bedlam.

But there was Quint beside her, Quint, sitting there with mouth watering to see him a flattened, bleeding mass. And even as Clem looked at him, Quint's lips curled back from his yellow teeth, and Quint's small eyes shot hatred at him. But Quint's voice said: "Kill 'im, Battler. Poleax him; put 'im to sleep."

That, from the thug whose eyes were looking murder at him. To Clem, it was like a plunge into icy water. It pulled him together, gave him new life and new strength. It was not Slugger Mandell, it was Quint Mangan he was fighting from now on.

Slugger rushed in for the next round with a swift feint and a lead for the sound eye. Clem covered and stood toe to toe with him. Before Slugger could back away, Clem got him one, two, three, in the wind, and he dropped. He shot up to his knees without waiting for the count, and lunged at Clem with a drive to the heart. Clem swerved, and the blow grazed his side. His eyes showed fear; the Slugger knew he was facing a new man now. The Slugger groped for a clinch, and as he was coming forward, Clem landed on the unguarded chin, right, left, right, like the tattoo of a machine-gun. And as his last right connected, to lift the Slugger up even as he was falling, Clem heard a crack, and felt agonizing needles run up his forearm from his thumb.

For the third time, the Slugger measured his length. The referee got to eight, and still no sign of movement by the Slugger. Playing fox, thought Clem, who stood in his corner, shaking the cobwebs out of his brain, preparing for the rush that was sure to come.

Now the crowds were shouting so that Clem could scarcely hear the count. And yet . . .

"Nine," and the Slugger did not stir.

"Ten." The great body still lay inert.

Clem shut his tired eyes. All the pain of the world seemed suddenly centered on his battered body. He felt his hand held aloft by the referee. He saw the Slugger's seconds drag him to the corner. He heard the acclaim of the crowd without seeing it.

Nick the Greek wasn't to be found anywhere. Jap the negro helped Clem to his corner, and steadied him into the chair. He sponged off the blood as he braced Clem back against the ropes. Clem turned his head wearily. The crowd was still howling; they would not leave. But of them all, Clem saw only two—Quint Mangan, with his lower jaw jutting out, and his eyes fairly hidden beneath his drooping brows; and Kitty, who had so far forgotten herself as to have jumped to the seat of her chair to cheer. Yet even then, Mangan managed to relax his face into a smile when Clem looked at him, and the fat hands clapped half-heartedly.

In a minute more, Clem was better, strong enough to stand on his own feet. He caught his negro second's ear close to his lips. "Jap, do you know Quint Mangan?"

"No, sah," said Jap, his eyes rolling.

Clem pointed Quint out. "There he is. Go tell him that I want to see him, and that girl who's with him, in my dressing-room right away. Go tell him now."

Jap nodded, crossed the ring, and crawled through the ropes. He saw Jap deliver the message, and saw Quint's smiling nod. Quint was disposed to bluff it through, was he? Well and good. All Clem wanted to do, was to make sure that he didn't get lost in the crowd with Kitty. For by now he must know that Kitty had sold him out, and if once Kitty got away from here, there'd be no finding her, no telling what might not happen to her. Clem took the only chance that was open to him.

He wrapped his bathrobe around him, and climbed through the ropes alone. He shook off the congratulations of the sporting writers, literally fought his way through the milling crowds to the dressing-room.

The Club doctor followed him into the dressing-room, all the way from the ringside, before he could catch up with him.

"Wait a minute, kid, and let me look you over. By rights you ought to be laid out dead by this time. Broken bones; I heard 'em snap."

Clem banged the dressing-room door behind him shut, and faced the young doctor.

"Maybe, but I'm busy. Thumb's broken, anyway. What about my ribs? Like a knife every time I breathe."

"You for the hospital, kid, he said. "Three ribs smashed. And let's see that thumb."

The doctor had whipped out a pen-knife and was cutting the glove lacings loose. The thumb was bent backward. Clem ground his teeth as the doctor straightened it up.

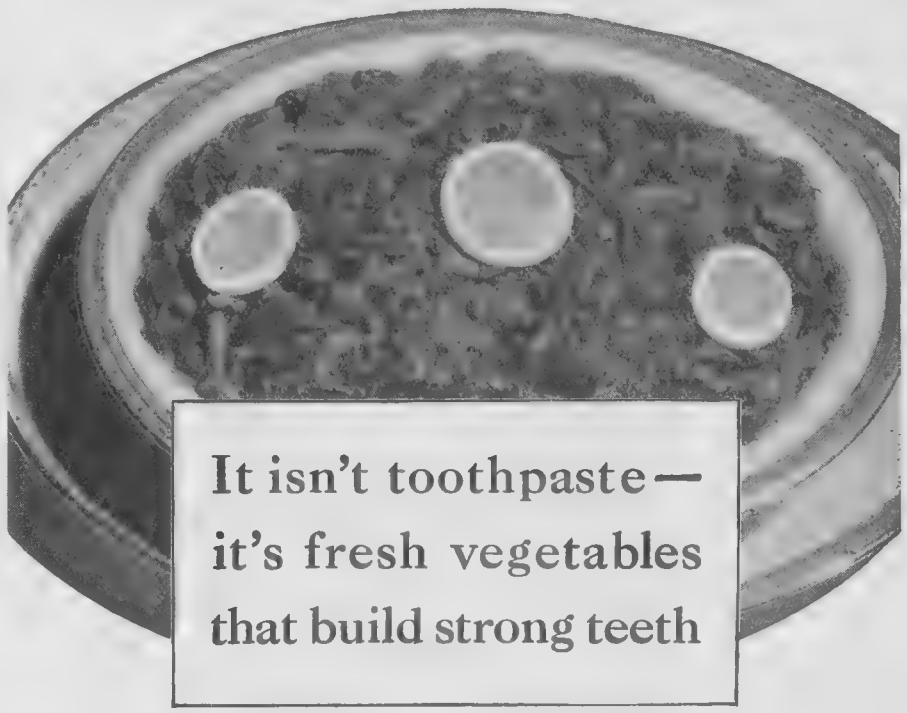
"Tie a splint on, and that's all you've got time for," Clem said. "I'm in a hurry."

While the doctor fumbled through his case for a splint, Clem drew trousers and coat over his boxing outfit. No time for proper dressing, no time to bathe his battered body and rest. He stood up while the doctor, bullied finally into strict if amazed obedience, set the thumb and wrapped it about with bandages. He hadn't yet finished the job, when Quint Mangan's heavy body thrust the door open. Clem saw Kitty's white cloak just back of him; and still further back stood Nick the Greek—as if he cowered behind the protection of Quint's powerful figure.

Quint stepped briskly up to Clem, his face a smile, his hand held out. "By gosh, Clem, you sure did put it over."

[Continued on page 30]

We say it's Spinach!



It isn't toothpaste—
it's fresh vegetables
that build strong teeth

. . . but Pepsodent helps *preserve* them with this modern safety factor

TO build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must *preserve* teeth too. That is done by removing destructive film each day. To *preserve* teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

Remove film from teeth

Film is the greatest single enemy of teeth. Film covers teeth with a gelatin-like coating. In it are germs glued against enamel . . . producing acids that dissolve the enamel, penetrate the tooth and finally reach the nerve.

Film absorbs the stain from food and smoking—and ruins the most charming smile. Film clings stubbornly to teeth—sticks so defiantly that toothpaste manufacturers have spent years in seeking the ideal material to remove it. Now Pepsodent has found it! A revolutionary cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different.

New safety for teeth

This new material removes film quickly and effectively. As it removes film-coats it polishes enamel to high brilliance. Above all, this cleansing and polishing material is *safe*—absolutely safe—and twice as *soft* as those in common use.

Eat the right foods. Use Pepsodent toothpaste. And one thing more: See your dentist periodically. For no toothpaste can truthfully guarantee immunity against diseases which only your dentist knows how to treat and overcome.

These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.

Amos 'n' Andy are brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Which star is 19... which is 39?

Joyce Compton
This 19-year-old screen star says: "I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now."

Billie Burke
"I am 39," says this radiantly lovely star. "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. I use Lux Toilet Soap."

Screen stars know the secret of *keeping* youthful charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19—the other radiantly beautiful at 39! Who could tell which is which? Years do not rob the stars. They *keep* youthful charm.

"I don't see why *any* woman should look her age," says Billie Burke. This radiantly youthful favourite has been dear to Broadway for many years, but who would guess it from this recent photograph! "One must be wise enough to *keep* the charm of youth right through the years," she says.

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But no matter what my age, I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. What a comfort to know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*—and have for years."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard complexion beauty with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios.

Gentle and so beautifully *white* that no other soap can rival it, Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for every type of skin. If you are not utterly satisfied with yours, why don't you try this fragrant white soap?

LUX TOILET SOAP—10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 29

Clem shook the doctor off and faced Quint.

"You're out, Quint," he said. "I put you out when I flattened the Slugger, and you know it. Lay a hand on me if you dare, with this crowd milling around. "It's you I wanted to see, Kitty, before Quint got you away. That letter of yours, Nick the Greek opened."

Quint ordered the doctor to leave the room; and he intimidated, obeyed. Then he took Kitty's arm.

"Showdown eh?" he snarled. "I had a hunch you'd been shooting your mouth, Kitty, even before I heard about the letter; and that's why I brought you here tonight."

There was blazing menace in his little eyes. Clem saw clearly now that no affection he might have had for the girl he had brought up in his own mob would weigh with him now. Kitty was a menace to his safety, and must be snuffed out like a red candle.

Kitty openly defied Quint. "And I'm not sorry for it, either. I'd do it again any time."

"I know it," Clem said, and touched the soft fur of her sleeve. "But this is not the sort of thing for you, Kitty—Quint and his mob of hired killers aren't your kind. And I'm going to take you out of it now, tonight."

Her face, against the white collar of her coat, was transfigured. "Oh, Clem," she cried happily.

And it hurt him to have to add, lest she mistake his intention: "Nancy'll be tickled to death to have you around. Are you ready, just as you are?"

She nodded, and he shouldered Quint aside.

But Quint broke his silence: "Do you think you two are stepping out as easy as all that?" he scoffed. "Why, man, I've got you both right here." He opened wide the fingers of his fat, cushy hand, and clutched them shut again as if he were cracking an almond in his palm. "You poor palooka, bucking Quint Mangan—"

Clem swung Kitty into the crook of his sound arm, and turned to Mangan: "I'm bucking Quint Mangan, and I'm going to smash Quint Mangan. I don't like thugs and murderers. And when I get through with some personal business, I'm going to see you where all murderers belong—in the dock." Half drunk with the pain in his side, and carried away by the elation of the second, Clem laughed: "Don't reach for your gun, Quint. You daren't use it in this mob. It's too open even for you."

Clem threw open the door, pushed Kitty into the milling crowd that was leaving the Club.

TO NANCY LEITH, awaiting that word from Clem which he had promised, the Saturday morning after the fight was as slow-paced and terrible as the day of doom. There came no word from him on the one morning mail. Every half hour she telephoned the telegraph station to see if a wire had come from him. No word came.

Perhaps he had failed them. She knew he had tried, but the task might have been too immense for even his broad shoulders. If so, Monday would see them homeless and penniless.

For she knew from inquiry that the bank could not wait. She had extracted from Pop a promise to sign no lease, so that no financial easement could be expected from that source. Yet she could not regret that last, except insofar as it had made Pop worry himself into the sick bed where he lay now. At any rate, following Clem's advice would keep them honest; and she knew an unde'eatable faith in Clem's sagacity. Moreover, failure to sign the lease would mean an end to Con's company.

For Con had disturbed her gravely of late. She was beginning to see through his shams; beginning to see murk and vagueness and worse, where Clem had always been crystal clear. Con was beginning to be fresh and even repulsive to her at times, where Clem had always met her moods with ideal understanding.

She was coming to ask herself how she could ever have been so far carried away by Con's novelty and amusing speech as to prefer his company to Clem's. She was coming to berate herself with a fear that she had maltreated Clem; that she had actually sent him away for sake of Con. She knew in sober fact that she had not; but she was so afraid now that he might have gone out of her life forever, repelled by her too plain preference for Con.

And again in fact, it was not so much the money that she prayed for this morning, as it was some word from him, even the sight of his rugged tanned face beaming at her, as he turned into their yard.

Nancy was overwhelmed with a depression she could not throw off. Pop was completely sunk, flat on his back for three days now, moaning to himself, attended by a doctor for a stomach trouble which the doctor said was nothing but nerves.

And Con! Con was still with them. He seemed to be with them forever. He must have hypnotized Pop. Two or three times lately, especially since Pop had promised not to sign the lease with Con, she had suggested to Pop that they send him away. But Pop would not hear of it. Pop liked to hear him talk, liked his company, liked *him;* he was too softhearted to turn out into the winter a man who was fleeing and hiding from some indefinite thing in his past.

Nancy distrusted Con with a rapidly mounting distrust. Con had bought himself a cheap car and every day went up to the woodlot on some strange and unexplained business.

"Just got to keep busy," he explained laughingly to Nancy. "Clearing away the mess up there—the ashes and the machinery, so it'll be easier to set up the new mill—if there ever is a new mill."

"There never will be a new mill now—not one that you're interested in anyway," she had told him.

Nevertheless he continued his solitary trips up. And even this morning, he had got away earlier than usual. "Get as much done as I can before the roads fill up again," he had explained. "Looks like snow today, girlie."

It did, to be sure. The sky was gray and heavy and a moan came out of the north now and then in the shape of the north wind's warning note.

Nancy paced the porch and the kitchen and the sitting-room. She ministered to Pop, and paced again. Again she called the railroad station in the village six miles east, which was the only telegraphic connection with the outside world.

"Just trying to get you, Nancy," Bob Greeley, the station agent, said over the 'phone. "Word just come through that Clem won his fight last night. Terrible battle. Broke three ribs and his thumb, and put one eye out, but he won."

"Is he hurt?" Nancy gasped. "Seriously? In danger?"

[Continued on page 31]

Out of the Woods

Continued from page 30

"No tellin'. Three ribs—"

"That's why we haven't heard from him," she cried. "He's hurt, and can't write."

"Clem'll let you know as soon as he can. You got to have patience."

"Yes, I know he will. Much obliged."

FOR an instant after she had hung up, Nancy felt as if she must faint. Clem was hurt—where and how bad? The suspense seemed to suffocate her. But what could she do? How could she find out?

She heard Pop cough uneasily in his room, and the homely sound pulled her together. She rushed to his room.

"Pop, Clem won last night."

Pop straightened up on one elbow, his weak eyes watering at her. "Clem won," he gasped. "Clem won—that money?"

"Yes, but he's hurt. In a hospital somewhere. I've got it. Con'll know where they'd likely take him. Pop, are you all right for a little while . . . I'm going to run up to the woodlot and ask Con what they'd do with Clem after he's hurt like that. Will you be all right for a little while?"

"Clem won—that money? My God!" was all Pop could say.

But Nancy knew he would be all right; he had had these attacks before when trouble crowded him too hard. She had to have Con's advice.

She put on Pop's bearskin coat against the cold north wind. Holding it up, she ran out to the farm, and after many crankings, managed to get the flivver started. The State road was cleared, fortunately, and she never made such time before. It hadn't drifted through the woods where the dirt road ran into the clearing, and Con's daily passage had beaten the foot of snow into a hard road. Nancy saw strange signs, too, that heavier wheels than Con's little car had crossed through here more than once. But she pushed on without giving the fact much attention, for her immediate aim was uppermost in her mind.

She coasted down the grade to the charred remains of the old sawmill. Con wasn't in sight, nor was his car. Yet there were signs of much strange activity about. Tracks of a large truck here and there, turning and twisting past the millsite, and a well worn path to the old house.

She got out to reconnoiter more carefully. She followed the path to the house, found the kitchen door unlocked and pushed it open. By the door that led down the cellar, she found a heap of a dozen or so of large square boxes. No lettering on the outside designated their contents. Wonderingly, she hefted the corner of one; it did not sorely tax her strength. There was definite but muffled movement inside.

The cellar door stood open. She took a match from the old stove, and, striking it to light her way, started down the stairs. She needed only to pass under the floor beams, to see that the cellar was stacked full of similar boxes.

A suspicion was born suddenly in her mind. She found a hammer, and pried one of the boxes open. The suspicion was justified. Each box held a dozen bottles, packed about with cardboard wrappers; and the gaudy labels on the bottle she examined proclaimed it to be "Heatherdew Scotch Whiskey—A Blend."

She recoiled from it. An overwhelming fear swept in upon her. What if she were found in this desolate place by the rum-runners, found to have discovered their secret cache? What could she not expect from them, even if Con Kelly was with them? Was he not one of them, as fearful of betrayal as the rest?

With a little cry, she turned and fled. She climbed into the flivver, started it, and turned its nose up the hill. No wonder the snow here had been beaten down by broad heavy wheels. What if they should meet her on this narrow road—another truckload coming in from Canada? She pushed the car to its utmost speed.

Fortune was with her. No sound of approaching truck, no sign of Con Kelly, before she reached the State road and straightened out for home. She was safe away, but her next step was yet to be decided upon. Pop could advise her. But was it wise for her to worry him more in his present state? How panicky he would be. No, she needn't bring him into it.

If only Clem were here now! But he soon would be. Meantime she laid her plans for dealing with Con and his gang. She rushed the car into the barn, and ran to the house, tripping over the length of Pop's bearskin as she ran. He heard her, and called querulously:

"Did you see Con, Nancy?"

"No, I didn't," she replied, striving not to let her panting be heard. "Has any message come from Clem?"

"Not as I know of . . . Queer about Con? Where can he be?"

"Playing guide, probably," she said with bitter irony. "How do you feel, Pop?" she asked standing by his bed.

"Terrible. Terrible."

"You'll be better now, soon as we hear from Clem; soon as we get that money."

"I'll never feel better," he complained drearily.

"I'll cook you something nice for dinner. What would you like?"

"Just anything."

She turned to leave. "I'll shut the door, Pop, so the rattle of dishes won't disturb you."

Pop made no protest. Now Nancy could telephone without Pop's hearing her. She called the sheriff at the county seat. His wife answered, in a flat, twangy tone:

"The sheriff and Deputy Cort have both gone down to Emmett Falls to get a crazy man. They ought to be back around three o'clock."

"Tell them to come straight here to Angus Leith's as soon as they get back," Nancy requested.

That was the best she could do for the present. There was but little chance of Con's gang getting away. They didn't even know that they were suspected.

MIND and ear alert, one minute for Sheriff Snyder and the next for news of Clem, Nancy got dinner and carried Pop's in on a tray. It came on to snow hard before she was finished, a heavy snow like a gray curtain before the window. The wind veered, and howled down from the north to carry the snow before it, pile it up high wherever it found obstruction. It banked little piles of snow up against the window panes, so that the kitchen was almost as dark as at evening. It pushed snow through the cracks beside and beneath the door.

Nancy moved her geraniums from the window-shelf to the table, so that they would not freeze. She rolled an old rug and laid it down by the door, to keep out the drifting snow. Then she sat down in front of the stove, her face glowing in the

[Continued on page 32]

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OUT OF THE WOODS

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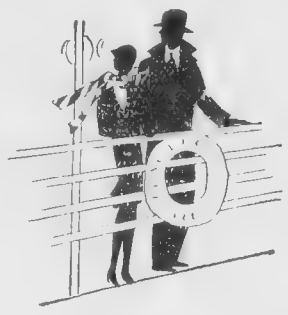
genial heat thrown out from the open grate, toasting her feet on the hearth.

At this rate, the roads must fast be drifting full. She began to doubt if even Sheriff Snyder could push his way through. But on the other hand, it worked as an equal bar to Con's escape. He would have to hole up in the old house until the roads were broken out. Her chief hope was that the telephone wires would not be carried down by the blizzard, and so cut her off from news of Clem.

The afternoon wore on slowly. Toward three she heard the sound of a little car puffing into the yard. The sheriff, that would be! She ran to the window, and scraped a hole in the frost on the pane, hesitating to open the door to the blizzard.

But it was Con Kelly whom she saw through the curtain of swirling snow, urging his steaming car in low against the drifts. How could he have made it all the way from the timber lot? Why could he not have stayed up there, she asked herself bitterly? For the thought of being shut up with him another day was detestable.



He made the shelter of the barn at last, and came to the house, beating his arms together, his eyes frozen almost shut.

"Made it just in time, girlie," he greeted Nancy. "It sure can snow and blow up here . . . Geez! Another four minutes of it, and I could double for a marble statue." He drew off his ulster, shaking the snow over the kitchen floor, and hung it up on the rack behind the stove.

Nancy could not trust herself to answer him. The very sight of him had become repellent. Con noticed it.

"Little shy on the sugar stuff, eh?" he said. "I can get you out of that, though. We've got a long afternoon before us."

But her anxiety about Clem overcame her distaste for talking with Con.

"I heard from Clem," she said. "He won the fight, but he's hurt. Con, where would they be likely to take him? Some hospital?"

Con, leaning over the stove to warm himself, looked down at her with a new interest.

"Hurt bad?" he asked.

"I don't know. I haven't heard direct."

Con was relieved. "You'll hear more. Forget about him."

"I can't. Don't you know how I could get in touch with him? Your friend Mangan might know."

He laughed at her. "What's it worth to you to find out?" he asked suddenly. "Be nice to Papa, and maybe he'll find out for you."

She made a grimace. Con laughed again, and came toward her.

"The blizzard's bad for you, girlie."

"More than the blizzard," she said.

The telephone rang. Con went to answer it. He listened, and suddenly turned back from the instrument, his hand over the transmitter.

"Who called the sheriff from here?" he demanded, his black eyes flashing. "Come clean there, Nancy . . . They said it was a woman."

Nancy sat up straight in her rocking chair, and gripped the arms of it. Why hadn't she guessed that this might happen, and run to answer the 'phone herself? What would Con do to her now if she told him? Yet she had to tell him.

"I called him," she defied Con.

"What for?" he demanded.

She turned on him. "For you . . . I was up at the clearing this morning. I found your stuff . . . Let me take that telephone . . . What does he want?"

Con pushed her away.

"You called the sheriff for me, eh? Well, you'd better tell him not to come."

"You think I'm afraid of you?" she asked, trembling with rage in front of him.

"No, maybe not you," Con said softly. "It's Pop who ought to be afraid. He signed that lease, girlie, and when the sheriff comes he'll take Pop too."

She backed away from him. "Con Kelly, he didn't," she gasped.

"Ask him."

She ran to Pop's room, and put the question.

"I did," Pop admitted. "I didn't dare not to . . . Nancy, don't think too bad of me . . . It'll be alright. Con's on the level."

"On the level," she repeated bitterly.

She heard Con through the closed door, speaking into the telephone: "Hold the wire just a minute longer."

She rushed back out. Con spoke to her:

"This bird on the telephone is gettin' all steamed up . . . Come here and tell him that he needn't come," he commanded her.

She took the instrument, put her lips to the transmitter.

"Hello," she said. "Mr. Snyder.'

"Yes . . . I had a call . . . most there now. But I had to leave the car on account of the blizzard."

"Tell him 'no'," Con commanded.

For an instant, Nancy wavered. Wait till the storm was over, and let Con and his cohorts get away scot free? Suborn a criminal's escape? She couldn't.

"Yes," she cried into the telephone. "Come through at any cost."

Con glared at her as she slammed the receiver up. "You damn fool . . . What can he get on me?"

"Plenty?'

Con went to the window, and looked out at the whirling snow. He started for his coat, but changed his mind. "Might better stay here and take a chance than freeze to death," he said. "After all, it's pop's funeral more than mine. Come here, girlie; you gave me a scare for a while, and now I'm going to take my pay."

There was real menace in Con's eyes as he came toward her.

"That sounds just like a movie, Con. Don't make me laugh."

She put the breadth of the table between them by going to kick the rug more tightly against the door, to keep out the drifting snow.

"You've stalled me long enough, Nancy," Con told her. "And now by ——"

But Nancy did not hear him. She looked through the panes in the door. Through the curtain of snow she saw a big blur resolve itself into a man carrying a woman in his arms, a man wearing a red lumber-jacket. Forgetting Con Kelly, she flung back the door and ran out to the windswept porch.

"Clem Bowditch," she cried, and plunged knee-deep through the drifts to meet him. For he was blinded, what with a white patch over one

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Out of the Woods

Continued from page 32

eye, and the snow freezing together the lashes of his other; and he was staggering, too, under the weight of his burden.

"Nancy, honey," Clem panted; and in his words there was release from all the longing he had known these weeks and months.

Nancy caught the inert burden he was carrying. "Let me take her, Clem . . . Couldn't she walk, and save your strength? No, no, I see." For now Nancy realized that the woman's satin-shod feet were coated with caked snow; and that the man's ulster she wore, covered an ermine cloak.

The woman's wan eyes opened. "He wouldn't let me walk. I wanted to—"

"Now I know you," Nancy broke in. "You're Kitty Fallon. Clem wrote me about you.' Nancy's strength was equal to the burden, though she had no heart for it.

She carried Kitty in, laid her on the big lounge by the stove, and began to tear off the frozen shoes and stockings. Clem's girl! He had brought her home here!

Nancy's eyes swam with tears so that she could scarcely see the pale face and the long black lashes that lay upon the frosted cheeks. How could she endure it, this that she had brought upon herself?

She looked at Clem. He was easing from his unwounded eye the sleet that held the lashes together. His first glance was at Kitty. "She all right, Nancy?" he asked, as he took off the old red jacket which in the old days Nancy had sometimes been so sick of seeing. Now she felt as if she could not keep from burying her face in it.

"I guess so, Clem," she said. "I'll get a quilt for her, and a hot iron for her feet . . . Oh, Clem."

"I'm all right, Clem," said Kitty faintly. "Come here. Let me touch you."

Clem came and leaned over her. Nancy caught her breath in a sob as she brought the tea kettle to the front of the stove.

Con Kelly spoke now: "Kitty, what the devil are you up here for?"

"Because I ditched Quint to save—"

"Kitty, be still," Clem cried his caution too late.

"You—ditched Quint," Con repeated thoughtfully.

Clem was watching him, on his guard; for there was no foretelling the reaction of this henchman of Quint's.

But Con merely continued staring at them. "You two got away from Quint Mangan, when he wanted you? My God. How?" Nancy paused in the act of pouring hot water on the coffee to look at Clem. He had sunk exhausted into a chair, though his eyes never left Con. It was Kitty Fallon who spoke:

"No one but Clem could have done it," she said. "He made Quint think we were coming straight up here. Then we taxied over the Queensboro Bridge, out to a flying field on Long Island. Clem bullied a pilot into bringing us North. It wasn't snowing in New York this morning. We made a landing on a lake somewhere near here, and walked the rest of the way. Or I walked until I couldn't stand up."

Nancy knew that to be a matter of three miles. She tucked a worn quilt about Kitty, and turned to Clem.

"Clem, you're hurt. I forgot. Con Kelly, you get away from the stove and let Clem sit there." She pushed Con away, but before she could budge Clem, they heard a man's voice come faintly to them above the wail of the north wind.

Con and Clem and Kitty jumped to attention. Then Kitty, with a moan, sank back to the lounge, and buried her blond head in fear.

"Quint Mangan," Clem snapped out.

"No one ever got away from *him*, when he wanted 'em," Con grinned in satisfaction.

Now the call from without became intelligible. It was weak, the cry of despair: "Help!"

Con sprang toward the door. He caught up Clem's red jacket which lay in a chair there, and threw it about him against the blizzard.

Clem shot up too, and stood against the outside door. his arms thrown out to prevent Con's passage.

"And bring him in here to shoot us at sight?" Clem said. "I guess not."

Con buttoned the red jacket. "And let the man freeze out there? Out of my way, you punch-drunk flat."

Clem didn't budge. They grappled savagely. But this time Clem, weak and battered, weary with his struggle through the blizzard, was no match for Con. Con flung him easily to one side, and tore the door open. Nancy and Clem reached the open door too late, only to see Con go plunging down past the stark elms and shrubbery of the front yard.

And then two pistol shots rang out in quick succession. They saw Con's leaping figure hang for a moment in air, and crumple down inertly to the cushion of the snow. Con's last scream came clearly to them. Quint Mangan's fur-coated figure towered up from behind a clump of small cedars, and ran toward Con.

"I knew it," Clem said softly. "An ambush—and Con wearing my red coat."

Pop Leith, half dressed, came up behind them, carrying a shotgun. "What's the fracas?" he asked.

Clem turned. "Good old Pop," he said, taking the gun from Pop's trembling hands.

Quint put his pistol in his pocket, and dropped to his knees beside Con. Only dimly could Clem see him, but his husky bellow came clear enough: "Con! My God, I thought it was Clem, in that red coat. The damn hicks—I'll get 'em."

He arose then, and looked toward the house. Clem herded Pop and Nancy behind him as Quint felt for his gun.

"Stay right where you are, Quint," he called.

But it wasn't Clem's voice or his lifted weapon that stopped the gangster. Two shadowy forms sprang at Quint from the roadside hedge.

"Up with 'em! No tricks, you killer. I saw you slug this feller."

It was Sheriff Snyder's voice. Quint Mangan reached for the sky, under the threat of pistols in the hands of

[Continued on page 41]

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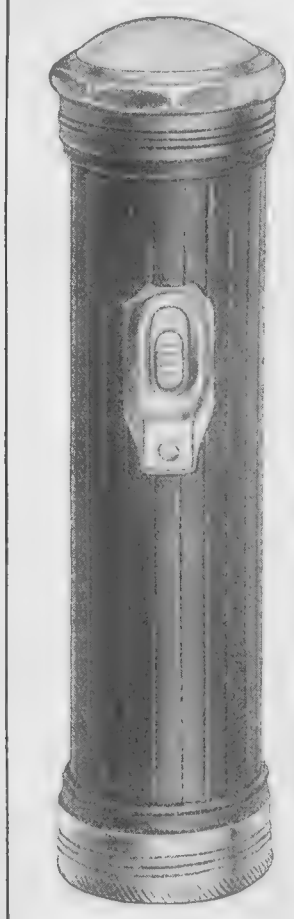

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Answers to Queries

Hazelton, B.C.

Q.—A, a guest, owes B, hotel proprietor, a small bill. A leaves hotel, leaving substantial security for bill with hotel proprietor B.

B obtains judgment in absence of A. Meantime hotel is destroyed by fire. Has A got to pay judgment and lose security as well?

A.—The usual rule is that if A leaves property in the custody of B as security for a debt then, in the absence of a special agreement to the contrary, the risk still remains with A. However, if B is negligent in caring for the security and the security is damaged or lost, there would be a claim against B for such negligence. Unless in some way A can establish that the management of the hotel was guilty of negligence, then A has no claim for the value of the security.

* * *

Kildonan, Man.

Q.—A friend of mine has burned the titles of his house accidentally. Can he get new ones, and how?—O.H.

A.—In your question you do not state whether the document burned was the Certificate of Title to the house, or the document which would transfer title to your friend. If it is the Certificate of Title issued by the Land Titles Office, the original is still on file in the Land Titles Office and shows the state of title. If your friend makes application to the Land Titles Office and pays the usual charge and satisfies them that the title has been burned and has not been hypothecated with someone else as security, then the Land Titles Office will issue what is known as a provisional Certificate of Title to replace the one which has been lost.

If the documents which have been lost are the deeds and conveyances of title it may be necessary to apply to the person who gave the documents to execute new ones. This would only be necessary if the documents had never been registered in the Land Titles Office.

* * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—A married woman entered a competition in her maiden name, and won a prize. Can she legally cash the cheque she received?—M.C.

A.—The woman can cash the cheque if she desires to do so but the bank or other persons interested might require evidence of identity.

* * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—Is there a law in Canada which says that after a wife has left her husband for a period of seven years or over the husband could be legally married again without taking a divorce from his first wife? If so, who should he consult about this?—Subscriber.

A.—The law is not exactly as you apparently understand it. There is a rule that if a person has disappeared and has not communicated for a period of at least seven years with his relatives and those with whom he would naturally be expected to communicate, and they have made reasonable efforts to trace him, which have proved unsuccessful, then thereafter that person can be presumed to be dead.

If the husband remarried then if the first wife could be presumed to be dead the husband would be relieved from any criminal consequences in case it should afterward appear that his first wife was not dead. If the first wife were not dead, then the second marriage would be bigamous and void, but until definite evidence was received to the contrary the second marriage would be presumed to be valid. If you are in any doubt as to your position, consult a solicitor.

* * *

Saginaw, Michigan.

Q.—In June, 1922, owing to being financially down and out, I adopted my daughter to a couple in Sarnia, Ontario. At the time I was a citizen of Canada and one paragraph in the agreement said: "Provided that the father shall have access to said child at all reasonable times."

I went to these people in 1925 and asked to see the child and they objected to it very much and would not let me see her. Can I see her or does above clause mislead me?

And as the party adopting child was supposed to pay a dollar to me at the time of taking child, which I never received.

Now I don't want to be unfair to these people, but they will not let her write to any one who knows me and I have written them asking to see my daughter and they ignore my letters.

If I was of a questionable character I would not bother you but I can furnish you references regarding my character and I feel I am not getting a square deal.—H.B.

A.—It seems that the adopting parents have failed to live up to the clause in the agreement which provides that you shall have access to the child at all reasonable times. If they have decided not to be bound by this term you would have a right to cancel the old contract and recover your child. It is questionable if the clause entitles you to carry on correspondence with your daughter, but certainly you should be able to visit her at frequent intervals.

* * *

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—A buys a farm and B holds a mortgage of $1,600 on it. A lives on farm a few years and then leaves it, B dies and his heirs allow the farm to be sold for taxes by municipality; C buys the farm at tax sale; and within the year after tax sale D, another man, plows 50 acres of said land rents it to E, who puts crop in on it. Has either A, B, C, or D any right to work said land, cut down bush, or cause destruction to any part of the property? Has C any authority to prevent anyone destroying any part of this property or trespassing thereon prior to A or B redeeming the farm through the Municipal Treasurer, or what action should he take to protect the property if it is not redeemed before the stated time in municipal sale?—L.G.

A.—We understand from your letter that neither D nor E have acquired any interest in this property under A or B. They are trespassers. Only A or B and their heirs and representatives have any right to work the land or use same.

C has no right in the property except that if it is not redeemed he can obtain title by making the proper application.

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

PREPARING FOR THE AUTUMN

DURING the summer months there is a tendency, no doubt pardonable, for our young people to put away their books and drop all thoughts of formal study. A wiser course perhaps, might be to read at least one or two useful books during the summer as a basis for a fall and winter programme. The space of this department this month is devoted completely to a list of books that experience has shown are valuable aids in securing standing and training in certain branches of work in which young men are interested.

It is not enough merely to read a book or to engage upon a course of study without a definite plan and therefore the first suggestion concerns a useful little manual which gives practical and inspirational information concerning objects and methods of studying.

* * * * *

HOW to Study: How to Study is the title of a pocket handbook which offers commonsense advice to students about to begin a serious programme of study. The author remarks that no great and enduring work will ever be done when the heart is not in it. In order to make a hearty effort you must think of all the good reasons for study that you can find and must control all inclination toward idleness and pleasure. Fortunately it requires only a little serious thought to make the average young man or woman realize the importance of study. Through the pages of this book the student is shown how to develop confidence, how to arrange fixed hours for study, how to practise recall, how to make a synopsis, how to read rapidly, and how to conserve energies.

Part two shows why various subjects should be studied and the last part of the book is devoted to a study of opportunities in various professions.

Our Mother Tongue: For those interested in an approach to the study of English there is a delightful little book called Chats about Our Mother Tongue. It contains some two hundred pages divided into four lectures. Part one deals with the growth and value of our English dictionary; part two, with words, images and idioms; part three, with everyday errors; and part four, with the work and style of some modern writers.

Public Speaking: For those interested in public speaking, one of the little handbooks of Everyman's Library should prove of great value. It contains a collection in 350 pages of British historical and political orations from the 12th to the 20th century. Some of the later orators represented are Edmund Burke, Lord Chatham, Lord Erskine, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, George Canning, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Macaulay, Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Benjamin Disraeli, W. E. Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, H. H. Asquith, D. Lloyd George, and John Redmond.

Salesmanship and Advertising: Students of salesmanship and advertising will find considerable help in a compact little manual under this title, part one being devoted to salesmanship and part two to advertising. Useful test questions follow each chapter and an appendix contains questions set by the Royal Society of Arts. These questions represent one of the best collections that has yet appeared in print in any text-book of this kind. The topics discussed include salesmanship and commerce, fundamentals of successful selling, preliminaries of a sale, the art of salesmanship, salesmanship and advertising, forms of advertising, and economic and legal aspects of selling and advertising.

Self-education in Business: Many young men in outlying points are unable to take advantage of the educational facilities available to those who are close to large centres. For such young men a very valuable help exists in the form of Pitman's Commercial Self-educator in three volumes. These volumes represent a most remarkable achievement in business education publishing. They are freely illustrated and clearly printed and contain upwards of twenty different courses. The work is so arranged that each section of a course is followed by test questions and the answers to these questions are provided later on. By this method the student is able to read the instruction chapters, test his knowledge by means of the questions and correct his answers by means of the solutions subsequently provided. The subjects of instruction in these volumes include advertising, arithmetic, auditing, banking, bookkeeping, filing, commercial law, complete secretarial work, business correspondence, English composition, French, German, Italian, Spanish, insurance, geography, journalism, history, finance, penmanship, leading industries, commercial travelling, the taking of minutes, business qualities, and shorthand.

Auditing: Students of accountancy who have been looking for a Canadian work on auditing will be interested in An Introduction to Auditing for Canadians, the chapter headings of which include discussions on necessity for auditing; difference between auditing and accounting; objects of an audit; method of auditing; reports of auditors; internal check; verification of assets; valuation of assets; verification of liabilities; limited companies; types of audits for bankers, trust companies, insurance companies, public utilities and municipalities; the companies acts; shares of no par value and case decisions.

The Art of Teaching English: Judging from the number of inquiries we receive, many teachers must be readers of this column and for their benefit mention is made of the Art of Teaching English, by J. H. Fowler, one of the authors of that admirable book, Modern English Usage. This pocket-size manual is interesting at whatever page it may be opened and should encourage and stimulate teachers of Composition and English Literature. The author holds vigorous opinions but he succeeds in the difficult art of expressing them with moderation.

Technical books: It is not possible within the two columns at our disposal to mention a great variety of books and the references that appear in this issue do not include any books on technical subjects such as aviation, the various branches of engineering, the trades and other occupations. There are many excellent technical books to be had but probably we could serve our readers to better advantage if they were to indicate the studies or occupations of most interest. Lists of recommended books can be supplied individually to such readers.

The books referred to in this or other issues may be ordered direct from the publishers or through local book-sellers; or correspondence directed to the Society of Secretaries, 255 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg, will bring the desired information as well as information about courses or studies in which readers have an interest.

***WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!*

Doctors, health officials, newspapers WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● *Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty*

IF THERE'S any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

You will note that this obnoxious germ finds its luckless prey in schools, among women in the home, men in business—in *every* walk of life.

And its victims are all the more luckless, because among the millions infected today, countless people have come to learn that even the slightest symptom* can lead to serious trouble and suffering.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, as it often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin. "Athlete's Foot" often causes deep skin cracks, open sores, through which blood poisoning, lockjaw, erysipelas and other virulent infections may pass into the blood stream.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

There is only one answer as to why 10 million people today have "Athlete's Foot"—and why millions more people on outings this summer will fall prey to this insidious disease.

And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health — on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

If you become infected, or if you are already a victim of "Athlete's Foot," you may have the first symptoms* without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

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Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's the wisest precaution against infection. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

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Rev. C. R. Carscallen, M.A., D.D., *Principal* 149

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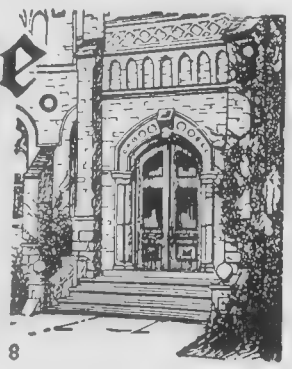
PRINCIPAL, REV. P. S. DOBSON, M.A., D.D. 8



TOGS FOR YOUNG VACATIONISTS

7516.—Suspender dresses are much in vogue this season. The model here portrayed has special attraction in the broad belt, which creates a high waistline effect. The Guimpe may be finished with wrist length sleeves as in the large view, or with short sleeves as in the small front view. Sheer woollen in a jacquard pattern in red was used for the skirt and suspenders; linen was used for the Guimpe.

Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 1-1/3 yard of 35-inch material for the Guimpe, and 1¼ yard for the skirt if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves the Guimpe will require 1 yard of 35-inch mateial.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7521.—Percale in red and blue figures on a white background is pictured here, with white pique for collar and belt. This is also a good model for pongee, gingham, and for the new seersuckers, which do not require ironing. Plait fulness is outstanding in this design; an especially good feature since it creates room and freedom in movement. The garment is made with a drop back that is fastened to the waist portion. The front is in one-piece. Short sleeves and short wide leg portions are also worthwhile features.

Designed in 3 sizes: 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require 1¼ yard of material 29 inches wide or wider. Collar and belt of contrasting material requiring 1/3 yard 29 inches wide. To finish with piping or with bias binding as in the large view will require 2½ yards 1½-inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7554.—Plait fulness below seams that run from the waistline to the shoulders make this style distinctive There is also a choice of sleeves. They may be in wrist length, as in the small view, or short as in the large view. Collar and cuffs of the short sleeves may be finished in scalloped outline. A tie belt holds the fulness of the dress at the waistline. Pique, dimity, gingham, and rep are suitable for this model. Seersucker, and cotton prints are also suggested.

Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 if made as in the large view will require 1⅞ yard of 29-inch material. If made with long sleeves 2⅛ yards will be required. The tie belt of ribbon will require 1¾ yard and the neck bow ⅝ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7520.—The plait fulness in the Blouse of this model is not only decorative but also practical, since it provides comfort and ease in movement. The sleeve is short and finished with shaped cuffs to match the novel collar. The trousers are cut on regulation lines, and are provided with inserted pockets at the side. Flannel, velveteen, madras, seersucker, pique or linen are suggested for this design. Collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material or color.

Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require 2 yards of 29-inch material. The blouse alone will require 1⅛ yard. The trousers alone will require ⅞ yard in size 4. Collar and cuffs in contrasting material will require 1/3 yard. The pockets of muslin will require ¼ yard 27 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

7518.—Designed in sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 1¼ yard of 32-inch material, if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves 1⅞ yard. Price 15c.

7540.—Ladies' Smock. Designed in sizes: Small 34-36, Medium 38-40, Large 42-44, Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4⅛ yards of 35-inch plain material and ½ yard of contrasting material. With puff sleeves as in the small view, it requires 4½ yards and ½ yard of contrasting material. Price 15c.

WHEN SENDING FOR PATTERNS DO NOT OMIT TO STATE THE SIZE REQUIRED

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE TRIPLE TRIUMPH

Continued from page 9

drama, heart-aches, thrills and stern character-testing, were wrapped up in the final result of that race.

Bud amazed his critics by his showing in his first heat. He broke the tape fifteen yards ahead of his nearest competitor!

Next day the youngster scored another impressive victory. Also, he looked on while the great South African quarter-miler led his field home. This South African, Smith, was rated as the probable winner of the event. Even the Canadian team conceded that.

Bud left the Stadium half resentful, half joyful. "So," he mused, "that's the great Smith! I can lick him, easy!" He resented the fact that everybody figured Smith a winner—knew he could beat the man. Well, he'd fool 'em all—show Smith a clean pair of heels, providing Smith weathered the prelims!

With his third straight win, Bud's self-confidence poured over. He began to "swank"—got quite "chesty"—and promptly wired to his father that he had the race "in the bag." Confidence simply oozed out of the words in his wire to his father. He ridiculed the idea that Smith—or anyone else—had even an outside chance to beat him.

The newspapers were now lauding Bud Silver and his great running in the quarter heats. They forecasted, now, a probable victory for the Maple Leaf in this event. Outside of Smith, they said, no runner seriously threatened Silver's chances.

Bud grinned, then snorted at that. "Smith!" he growled, "Huh—just watch my heels, Smitty!" He was feeling very pleased with, and very sure of. himself.

IT WAS the running of the semi-final of the four-forty that brought shocks in heaping measure to young Bud Silver. They came before, during and after the race!

Out on the track, mildly warming up, he started suddenly as a musical voice called his name. Whirling in his tracks, he jogged to the railing.

"Madeline!" he gasped. "So you did get here after all?"

Then he reddened in confusion. In his delighted surprise he hadn't noticed the people with Madeline in the box—her father, mother, and others.

They greeted him warmly. Madeline's parents seemed particularly proud as they introduced him to their friends as "one of our old home-town boys."

Bud's chest swelled not a little at this recognition by these distinguished looking people. Back home, they hadn't even noticed him.

Particularly was he proud of Madeline. She was unchanged, except as to appearance. A beauty and charm far beyond the early promise of her girlhood made Madeline a strikingly pretty picture.

Awaiting an opportunity, he whispered, "Remember your promise?" His heart tripped as he saw her hesitate before replying.

Then, coloring prettily, she whispered back, "Of course. But, Mister Sensation, you haven't proved up yet, you know!"

"Meaning?" he urged, taken aback somewhat.

"That you haven't shown, yet, that you can win like a sportsman."

"But I will!" he insisted. "I'm going to—Smith, and these other runners, won't stand a chan . . . "

He stopped — for Madeline had turned away slightly. Puzzled, he stared—then he turned, and, with a wave of his hand, jogged across to the starting place.

His mind was uneasy. Madeline, quite suddenly, had turned very cool. What did it mean?

THE semi-finals of the quarter brought together a classy field. Bud rubbed shoulders with some "big names" as he took his place. But he wore a confident grin, and felt sure of his ability to lead them all home.

He got a rude shock! Just barely qualifying for the final after a nip-and-tuck battle down the stretch with the swarthy British Guianan who matched him, stride for stride, in the fight for place. Both were yards behind Smith. The great South African, moving like a machine, won with ease. Only a terrific last-second effort put the Canadian in the final.

Some time after the race, panting still and sick with disappointment, Bud lounged near one of the huge cement pillars beneath the stands. His thoughts were a jumbled mass, as he strove to assemble some sort of order in his tumbled world. Smith must have got a break . . .

"I bin watchin' you, lad!"

Bud started. Swinging around, he stared, open-mouthed and resentfully, at the short, wizened-faced man who confronted him accusingly.

"Well," growled the youngster coldly, "what about it, hey? Who appointed *you* . . . "

"Now don't get shirty, young feller!" The stranger glared hard, then stepping close to Bud he thrust a forefinger in his face.

"Listen," he grated, "you're go'na throw away your chance to do some-p'n big, see? 'Cos why? 'Cos you're so dang swell-headed, that's why!"

Bud straightened, and the hot blood surged. He took a quick step backward, fists clenched as though to swing; in fact, one fist was on the way—when a growled word from the stranger brought him up sharp, to stand, as though hypnotized, gaping at the man.

That growled word was *"Salford!"* The stranger then turned back his coat lapel. "Ever see a button like that?" he grunted.

Bud blinked, slumped back against the pillar, then muttered, "You—you know Dad?"

"Used to be his side-kick, sonny. And I hate to see his kid making a blame fool of himself!" was the growled reply.

"Yeah? Too cock-sure, though, huh? Well, I hunted *you* up—and now, young feller, tell me this . . . how do you and the old man stand?"

"Stand?" muttered Bud, puzzled. "Meaning?"

"Meaning—d'you want to disgrace your dad—or win for him?"

"Bud winced—then straightened. "Gosh!" he said chokingly, "I *was* forgetting! Win for him? Say, I'm going to die rather than lose that race—Dad's heart is set on my coming through!"

"What I mean is, do you want to come through . . . for the old man . . . or just for the glory?"

"Glory?" almost shouted Bud, "Say, do you know my dad? . . . Glory—*huh!*"

"That's all, lad—I was wantin' to hear you say it that way!" The stranger took Bud by the arm and together they left the Stadium.

ALONE in his room Bud fought his battle over again. It had been all so puzzling . . . Until Tom Wayling—his father's old friend—had suddenly blurted, "Let me see that note!"

[Continued on page 38]

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Cuticura Soap

Who Values Her Children's Skin Health

Price 25c.

THE TRIPLE TRIUMPH

Continued from page 37

Bud watched him as he read. Saw him nod his head. Heard his low chuckle.

"I figured it that way. Wise old coon, Silver!" Tom had muttered. "Kid," he added, "your dad doped it right, in one way—in another, he flopped. What he shoulda done was write me direct about this—not just trust to luck me lookin' you up, and then havin' to wire me yestiddy to hunt you up, after you sent him that blame fool telegram about havin' the race cinched—*heh!* Well, you got it honestly, lad—that strain of swellhead. I knew your uncles on the mother's side—all of 'em. Born champions, those lads—but swellhead and boasting cut 'em down. Well—we got to win this title, now—for old Salford Silver!"

He left Bud then—with a lot of advice. He knew it would soak in, old Tom did! But the process was anything but pleasant for young Bud, particularly on the eve of the quarter-mile final.

MEMORY of the thrilling battle in the four-forty final at Amsterdam—thoughts of the stirring finishes of the sprints—recollection of other pulse-quickening feats at this huge gathering place of the Empire's best—all faded before the spectacle of the four-forty final at Hamilton, in which Smith, the great South African quarter-miler, Finn, of New Zealand, Bourque of Australia, Leigh of England, Tole of Bermuda, and Silver of Canada, fought abreast for supremacy, throughout almost every yard of the distance, before a roaring crowd of thrilled spectators.

Abreast, that is, with the exception of the Canadian.

Pale and nervous, dreading false starts, young Bud Silver was badly left at the start.

Just prior to the gun he had glanced toward the crowded stands—saw a flutter of color from a front box—saw a hand waving from a point close to that box—a hand waved by a short, sturdy, elderly man, standing outside the railing, tense with excitement. Bud got it all in one swift scene. He was rattled—for the first time fear clutched at his heart—fear that he would fail . . .

Smith took the lead by inches—Bud trailed the field by yards—as the runners hit the far turn. Then they were lost to view to many in the stands.

STANDING where Bud had last seen him, glued to the spot, quivering and shaking, his hands clenching and unclenching in an agony of suspense, old Tom Wayling's eyes were fixed on the track down by the turn. First Smith came, already in perfect stride. Crowding him close, the sturdy Bermudan; right behind him, Finn—then the others—all bunched. Wayling started, an agonized cry on his lips.

"Where's Silver's kid?" he mumbled anxiously, staring hard. No sign of him on the turn. What the . . .

Then old Tom sprang erect, waving his arms excitedly. Bud was rounding the corner . . . coming fast.

Up the stretch they flashed—Smith leading, the New Zealander right on his heels. And—still several strides behind—Bud came tearing . . .

"No use!" With a groan Wayling rubbed his smarting eyes. "He can't make it now . . . too fur back!"

Loud roars brought him erect, hands clutching, lips moving . . .

The figures on the track had disappeared. A section of the crowd surged up and hid the runners from Wayling's staring eyes.

With an exclamation of anger he ceased trying to peer through—turned and stared hard at the flagpole.

It should be over, now! And . . . which pennant would go up?

BUD SILVER'S heart was leaden, as, the race more than half over, he realized what his poor start had meant. Running with all he had, he could not cut down those yards. He was in third place, now . . . but, it was too late!

"Never too late—you're in the race until somebody busts the tape!"

Into Bud's dazed mind filtered the words so often uttered by his father—the words he had written in his letter. He saw, too, in a swift flash, his father's face: calm, serenely confident.

Then everything went black. Everything but the sense of tremendous weights attached to his aching legs—of the track flashing up and striking his face—of his knees pounding against his chin—of the deadly agony of superhuman but futile effort . . .

Suddenly Bud's head cleared slightly. The track in front was clear—now no broad backs and flashing heels loomed ahead.

Beside him—panting and grunting with grim effort—Smith! There—just ahead—the finish tape—fluttering, tantalizing . . .

Conscious only of agonizing protests from bursting lungs and lead-weighted limbs . . . of his father's face, anxious, now, and with a hurt, pleading look . . . of Madeline . . . of a fleeting memory of last-minute words of advice whispered in his ear by old Tom Wayling . . . Bud surged forward, and, with a mighty gathering leap, flung himself full at that mocking tape.

BUD came up out of the blackness and smothering waves, fathoms deep, to blink open his eyes and stare around stupidly.

He saw team-mates crowding and pushing toward him—heard yells and a confused roaring.

Suddenly he was unceremoniously grasped, hoisted on to sturdy shoulders, and marched up and down the track.

He glanced to the flagpole—was galvanized by the sight of the Canadian pennant, fluttering there.

"Say-y-y," he gasped incredulously, "did Canada *win?*"

They put Bud down. He recovered some poise, then slouched toward a certain box in the stands. Close beside it, on the track, a short, wizened-faced man got slowly to his feet from where he had been lying, stretched out as though exhausted, stuck out his hand and gripped Bud's, hard.

"Good lad!" was his sole comment. It spoke volumes to Bud.

The youngster strode to the box. Stared, amazed, as he saw that Madeline was alone in it.

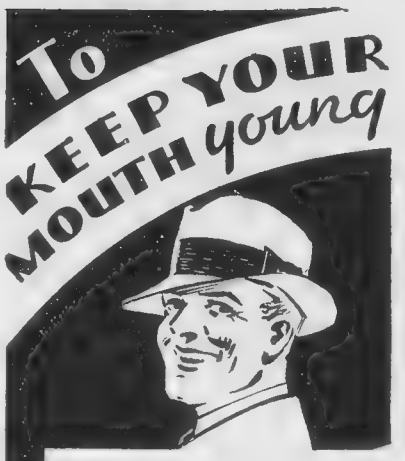
"They've all gone," she said. "Dad was nearly prostrated with excitement at that finish. They want me to take you around to the hotel—I told them I simply had to wait and see you . . . "

She paused, coloring prettily. "Buddy-boy," she whispered then, "you win!"

Later Bud Silver grinned happily as he filed a message at the telegraph office. Somehow, he knew that the sturdy, grim-faced man, back home in the Western city, would understand—

"*Dad, you won me a double,*" it read, "*the Four-forty—and Madeline.*"

But Bud himself had, in reality, scored a *Triple.*



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TROUBLE'S END

Continued from page 7

"Two — what's that — two peanuts?"

"Two, yes, sir. Just enough to make them look sort of plural in our contract." "Contract? Our contract?"

"Here, ready for your signature."

"This is plumb childish, young man, or—"

"Sharp practice? No, neither. You bind yourself to sell me 'peanuts,' and you complete the contract when you have sold me two."

But the stock of the buggy whip crashed down on the desk, so that contract, dust, and Miss Sommerfield jumped. "No!" roared the wielder of the whip. "You are trifling, sir! You are wasting my time!"

"Mr. Gatte," said Kit, his face drawn and earnest, "do you think I'd go to this trouble just to play? There's something serious here. It concerns you, sir, and in a way you won't like. Now you trust me and sign while I telephone Ed Cottrell."

Kit called up Ed Cottrell's boarding-house, and when he had finished, Beauregard Gatte was leaning over the desk, laboriously signing the contract. Bab's eyes lifted to Kit's from the completed signature. Her lips were parted in suspense, but there was also the look of comradeship.

"They said Cottrell is on his way," he announced, turning impatiently to the window. But the door burst open, and big Ed Cottrell lurched in like a sullen, angered bull.

"What's all that mob out there?"

"Business picking up, Ed," Kit Plummer answered him rather giddily; but then, Kit was up in the ozone. "And if you don't believe, look—a contract from Mr. Gatte!"

Ed Cottrell snatched the paper. Red-faced, breathing heavily he glowered at one clause and another. He sneered at Kit.

"There's something cockeyed, you poor sap. Gatte won't sell us his peas. He's a partner in the combine."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Gatte demanded.

"Yet you sent me to him," Kit added.

"As for this contract—" With a seething hatred grotesque in the circumstances, Cottrell tore the paper across.

"You might have waited, Ed, and found flaws." Kit reminded him. "That was your usual method."

"By heaven," ejaculated Mr. Gatte, growing interested, "looks like the man was scared o' business coming his way! And how does he know about me—unless—"

"Unless he's in with them himself," said Kit.

It was as dry and definite as a brick dropped off a chimney. Or as a red rag to a bull. From deep in Ed Cottrell's chest came a choking, sobbing sound as he tore open his collar. The skin of his face became a mottled purple. He labored for breath before he could speak.

Kit went on. "There's no other theory fits your case, Ed. I've been thinking a lot about this. You've been taking money from the combine."

Here Beauregard Gatte grew tense. Something had struck through the crust of temper to the core of the man. It touched his honor.

"If that's so," he cried, "if Sim Arbuthnot is in that dirty work, and me his partner, I'll prove it. I've got access to the books. I'll show him up. I'll quit the scalawags."

But Ed Cottrell's guilt was plain to see in his sullen inflamed eyes and in his gorilla-like ferocity. Blood had rushed thickly to the brain; his red face had become a splotched purple. "Doddering old fool!" It was a wheezy, broken snarl as he turned on his last attacker. He put out his hairy forearms, the fingers of both powerful hands sprung like talons, and slowly started moving toward Mr. Gatte.

"That's no use, Ed," Kit Plummer shouted. "I'm the one who—"

"Look out!" screamed Bab Sommerfield.

As Kit intended, Ed Cottrell had turned from Gatte to himself in that frenzy of a baited animal to rend the latest of his tormentors, but at Bab's warning scream some glimmer of human reasoning must have intervened. He could not reach both men, but he could hurt both in the girl. He swerved in his lurching rush. Kit Plummer darted between, and it was Kit that the monstrous arms enfolded. One of his own arms was pinioned at his side. With the other he could strike, and did, but there was no swing to the blow, no telling impact. And the next must be weaker. Ed Cottrell had the crushing embrace of a grizzly. But old Beauregard Gatte and his inevitable buggy whip are not to be forgotten. Gatte gripped it by the middle with both hands and was bringing the stock down on Ed Cottrell's head when Kit Plummer did a strange thing. "Stop!" Kit yelled, though not in time, and flung out his arm over Cottrell's head and caught the blow across his arm. At the same moment Ed Cottrell sank to the floor between them. Too much blood, too much venom—apoplexy!

"I felt him collapse. I couldn't let you hit him."

"I'd a killed him," said Gatte in slow horror.

"Kit—your arm!" cried Bab.

She forced him into a chair and began carefully drawing off his coat. "A doctor—and an ambulance for that," she nodded at the inert lump on the floor.

Mr. Gatte opened the door and called for help—six or seven men who bore Ed Cottrell out to the nearest automobile.

"But the raffle," said Kit. "The numbers are there in my hat. I'm sorry—"

"That'll be all right," said Gatte gruffly, taking up his hat. "And when threshin' starts again, you circulate around. I reckon—well, anyways, speaking for only myself, if you can match the combine's price—"

"I'll better it a shade, Mr. Gatte."

"Eh—oh, I see! Naturally you'll be manager here now."

"A partner," Kit amended that slightly. "Good old J.B. said so, if I swung this job."

"It's swinging, son!" Mr. Gatte paused in the doorway.

"And another thing, soon's you feel so's you can heft a spoon again, we want you out to tea."

The door closed. Kit set his teeth. That arm was hurting.

She was at the telephone. "You wait till I get a doctor."

"Or did he?" Kit persisted. "Remember what you said about your uncle's judgment?"

"Oh, Uncle's judgment!" she exclaimed in a tone that dismissed uncle judgment. "What's the matter with my own?"

"Bad—but suits me," Kit replied a moment later, when she had come to him.

She was on her knees over his bared broken arm.

"Why, Bab!" he said in no more than a whisper.

A tear had fallen where the arm hurt worst. Miss Barbara Sommerfield was crying.

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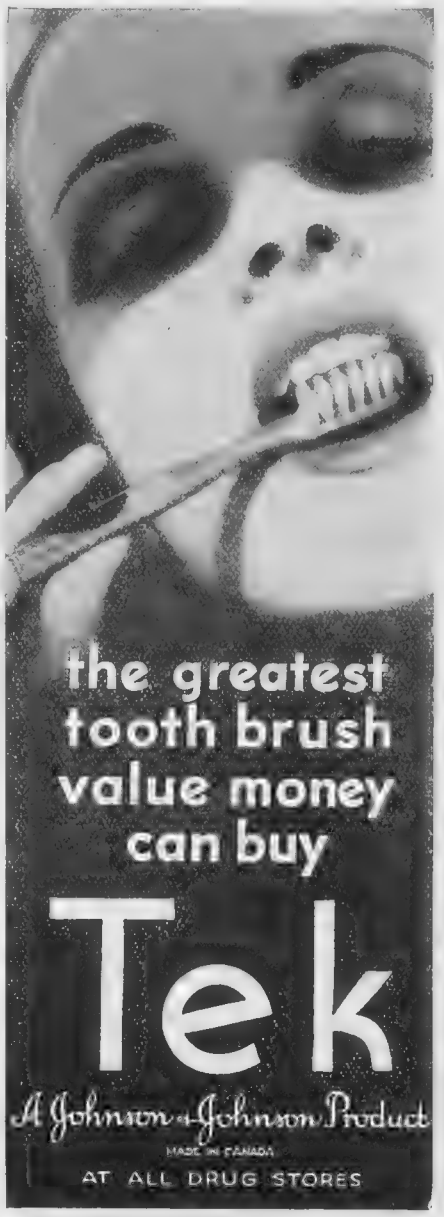

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over the top of the arm. Designed in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3½ yards of 35-inch material. Percale, linen, madras, or gingham is also suggested for this neat and pleasing style. The width at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7544. White pique with cotton print in blue with white dots for trimming is pictured here. The Dress comprises a waist slightly bloused above a wide belt, and cut with long shoulders that form short sleeve extensions over the top of the arms. A flare insert, with curved upper edges, gives style and added width to the skirt. Light-weight woolen or linen, plain or in mesh patterns is also suggested for this style.

Designed in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as in the large view will require 4 yards of 32-inch material with 3/8 yard of 35-inch contrasting material for tie trimming and belt. If made in monotone of one material 4 yards will be required in the 32-inch width. To finish with bias binding on sleeve edges will require 7/8 yard 1½ inch wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2 yards.

7539. Sheer woolen is here combined with plaid taffeta. One could use plaid or checked or striped gingham for the trimming either with the woolen or with pique or linen. The dress may be finished with long sleeves as shown in the small view, or it may have the sleeves short as in the large view. Shaped inserts create pleasing lines in the skirt, and in the waist. The jacket which may be omitted, is double breasted, its fronts are faced and turned over to form wide revers. The jacket sleeve is a short sleeve.

Designed in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 with corresponding bust measure, 34, 36 and 38. Size 18 will require 3 yards of plain 35-inch material, and 1¾ yard of plaid or other 35-inch material, if made as illustrated in the large view. To make the Dress in monotone as in the small front view, and with long sleeves, will require 3¾ yards of the 35-inch material. With short sleeves, it will require 3½ yards. For Dress and Bolero in monotone 4 and 7/8 yards will be required 35 inches wide. The Bolero alone without contrast will require 1 1/3 yard of 35-inch material. To line the bolero will require 1 1/3 yard. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 1½ yard.

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

7547. This model is especially designed for the Junior of slender proportions, who cannot be fitted in the regulation Misses' Sizes. The deep yoke and cowl neck are youthful and most becoming. Puff sleeve portions are cut in one with the yoke, and are finished in pull-up style, with elastic run casings. Flare sections of bias cut join the slightly shaped panels of the skirt. A deep crush girdle is attached to the skirt at the back in pointed outline, draped around the waist, and tied at the centre front. Rashanana crepe, sheer woolens or sheer silk as well as shantung or linen may be used for this style.

It is designed in 4 Sizes: 11, 13, 15 and 17, with corresponding bust measure, 29, 31, 33, and 35 inches. Size 13 will require 4¼ yards of 39-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge, with fulness extended, is 2 yards.

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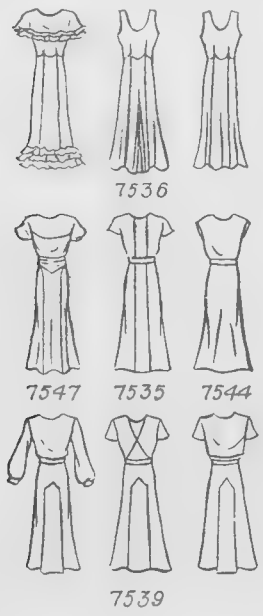
7536. For formal occasions this style may be made as pictured in the small views, with the neckline low and the waist held on the shoulders by straps. This style is smart in crepe satin or in chiffon. For late afternoon or for a summer evening dance frock, the dress with capelet and ruffles is very attractive in printed silk or chiffon or in organdy. The ruffles may be in self material or in contrast. Lace and net are also suggested.



Designed in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5¾ yards of 35-inch material if made with ruffles and capelet, as in the large view. Without capelet and ruffles as in the small views, it will require 3½ yards of 35-inch material. The capelet in contrasting material will require 2/3 yard in 35-inch material. The ruffles in contrasting material on the capelet require a strip 2 inches wide and 6¼ yards long. The ruffles on the skirt require 13 yards 4¼ inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7535. You will be cool and comfortable in this style of frock. It is pictured in striped seersucker, an old time favorite. The skirt portions extend in panels to the neck edge of the back, and to meet short yoke extensions of the waist in front. Low-placed plaits lend additional width to the straight-lined skirt. The shoulders are lengthened to form short sleeve portions

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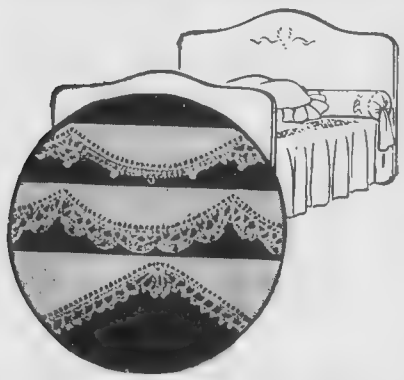

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OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 33

the Sheriff and his deputy. In the next instant they had snapped handcuffs on his great wrists.

Recovering himself, Quint protested against the indignity. "Take these bracelets off," he snarled. "Think you can hold me? There's no law made that can do that."

"You ain't tried murder in this county," the sheriff reminded him, with unmistakable meaning.

And Clem knew that was true. What irony of fate that Quint Mangan, gangster and murderer, who had metropolitan police bluffed to quiescence, should meet his Waterloo at the honest hands of a county sheriff.

Nancy was laughing hysterically. "I didn't send for you to take *him*," she cried to the sheriff, "but you came just right—" and brokenly she told her discovery of Con's activities.

Clem, his head on his hands, looking sick and white, fitted it all into his own story. Then the plump, red-faced little sheriff, eager to shut his glowering prisoner safe behind the bars, commandeered Pop's team and bobs.

After they had gone, it was Kitty who broke an awkward silence.

"You did what you promised, Clem," she said, stabbing Nancy with each word. I'm safe and can go back where I belong.

"Go—back?" Nancy echoed, as if the words were incredible to her.

Kitty grimaced. "Sure. If your dad'll take me to the station tomorrow morning." She swaggered just a bit, crossing her lovely legs. "This isn't my style; it's too far from the Big Stem, and anyway, I never did like playing gooseberry—" But her swaggering tone was changed as she looked at Clem's bowed head. "Clem, we've been pretty good friends . . . And I've let you talk 'Nancy' till I 'most lost an ear. Didn't I, big boy?"

Her eyes, bright with tears now, belied the airy quality of her voice.

And Nancy knew that the other girl, who loved Clem and knew he was lost to her, was game to the core.

"And now," Kitty went on, "I want some beauty sleep. Where can I pound a pillow, and not be disturbed by you two love birds?"

She pulled her coat about her slim hips, and followed Nancy.

Nancy was back in a few minutes. Clem held his good arm out to her. She flew to it and cradled herself against him.

"Clem, Oh, Clem, I was so afraid," she sobbed.

Clem laid his battered face against her hair. "Afraid?" he asked.

"That you stopped loving me."

"Me—stopped loving you?" he cried. "Gosh, Nancy, if you can still love me, knowing me to be the sucker Quint Mangan played me for, just a sucker out of the big woods—"

She bridled at that. "You—a sucker? Didn't you put it over on him from start to finish? Isn't he in jail now, thanks to you? Aren't we all out of the woods? Oh, Clem."

He leaned against her, smiling.

"Nancy, you make me forget these broken ribs of mine, and everything else. Now if you'll give me a real kiss, just to make the cure complete—"

She lifted her lips to his, and only the crackle of the fire, the ticking of the kitchen clock, broke the spell of silence.

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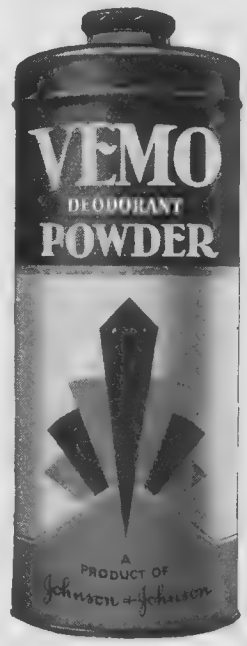

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Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

The Joy of Picnicking

Picnic sandwiches need not be cut thin, but avoid fillings that are too moist and apt to become sloppy.

Picnic kits containing all essentials may now be purchased at quite a low figure.

WHO does not think of picnics as soon as the hot days come? And few indeed are the people who do not enjoy eating out of doors whenever conditions permit. A little preparation early in the season will greatly increase the pleasures and lessen the disadvantages of this popular form of enjoyment. The type of picnic, whether prepared in advance, partly cooked or entirely cooked on the spot, depends upon whether one has a car (or a horse and buggy, possibly), to carry equipment, if the picnics are to be any distance from home. All pleasure is lost if a cumbersome supply of pans and kettles and bottles and dishes must be carried many yards. A delightful picnic may be enjoyed right in the back yard or in the garden, if it is not advisable to go farther afield. Early in the season, a certain space, in the pantry, or a cupboard, should be stocked for the easy preparation of these informal meals. There will be a good supply of waxed paper, folded pieces of wrapping paper, a pile of old newspapers, string, a few clean cloths (old table napkins, etc.), cups, plates, spoons, knives, forks, a covered pail or two, a small tin box of matches, a can opener and bottle opener, a sharp knife for slicing, paper napkins, tight containers for salt, pepper, sugar, and tea, a few convenient boxes or baskets for sandwiches, etc. A supply of sandwich fillings and other hastily prepared foods, such as canned goods, jars of cookies, packages of biscuits will help considerably when there is an emergency call for them. There are a few other articles which will add much to everybody's pleasure as they are accumulated. A gasoline stove with shields on the back and sides, which folds up in a compact, easily carried way, costs about eight dollars. Most of them have two burners, and are quite satisfactory for other hot-weather cooking. If a wood fire is used, there are available, grids with legs which fold up for easy carrying. They may be had for a dollar or less, according to the size. The larger ones have plenty of room for two or three vessels to sit on top of them. Being an open rack, toast may be made on them, or meat, fish, etc., broiled over the coals, in addition to the advantage of having a steady surface on which to set such things as the coffee pot. If there is a favorite spot to which the picnickers go repeatedly, it would be worth while to build a little fireplace of stones or bricks and lay a grate across the top, to leave there throughout the season. A frying pan to which a long handle has been attached, will save many burned fingers and faces. Long forks (about a yard in length) may sometimes be found in a ten-cent store. They are fine for toasting bread, bacon, and such things. Oilcloth-covered cushions make good seats. A fancy oilcloth table cloth will last all summer, and is not expensive. A thermos jar with a wide mouth, holding three or four quarts, costs about two to three dollars, and is splendid for keeping foods or liquids either hot or cold for several hours. Smaller thermos bottles may be used for beverages. Dishes and "silverware" are to be had in plain or decorated paper, which may be burned, and has the advantage of being very light to carry, but has its shortcomings, too, as any one who tries to drink hot coffee from a paper cup, very well knows. Tin spoons or those with a single plating of silver, cost but a few cents. Tin cups need considerable care to keep them from rusting, and are rather uncomfortably hot when filled with a hot drink. Granite ware is excellent if not chipped. Some of them are made with handles not attached at the bottom, so that several of them may be nested in a compact parcel.

PICNIC menus are often apt to be a little elaborate. Everybody is hungry, so that sufficient quantities should be provided, but a big variety is not needed. Sandwiches are usually the main item. It is easier to make them at home in a comfortable kitchen, wrapped in waxed paper or put in a tin box, that they may not dry out. For hot sandwiches, the bread or rolls may be cut and buttered at home, then the hot meat, etc., put in them when ready to serve. Not all salads are suitable for carrying. Some of them, such as cabbage or tomato become too moist and sloppy if allowed to stand after preparing. Cabbage may be shredded, crisped in ice water, then wrapped in a piece of cheese cloth, then in waxed paper, and moistened with the dressing just before serving. Lettuce wilts shortly after the dressing is added. Certain other salads such as potato or chicken, will keep for some hours in a jar or similar container. If the jar is wrapped in a wet cloth, then in several layers of paper, its contents will stay cold for some time. Lettuce may be washed wrapped in damp cheesecloth then in waxed paper, and will remain crisp for several hours. It is not pleasant to spend a long time preparing the ingredients for a salad, at the picnic. but there are a number which

[Continued on page 43]

A hot dish of baked beans carried from home is always welcome.

Small cakes and cookies are easy to carry and serve.

A can of sandwich chicken mixed with some mayonnaise and chopped olives makes delicious sandwiches, while a can of turkey breast proves an excellent base for a variety of salads.

may be assembled quickly, if the vegetables, etc., are prepared in advance, and the dressing carried in a jar to be added at the last minute.

A HOT dish is always welcome, whether carried from home, ready to eat, or cooked at the picnic. A savory stew or goulash, baked beans, fried chicken, Swiss or Spanish steak, scalloped potatoes, a macaroni dish, meat balls, may all be carried in closely-covered dishes with several wrappings of newspaper and heavy cloth, or in large thermos jars, and will remain hot for some time. It is better to cook only the foods which are done quickly, at the picnic, such as ham, bacon, eggs, green corn, Hamburg cakes, fish, etc. Gelatine dishes, either salads or desserts, are not as a rule desirable, as they melt and become unappetizing in a very short time. If there are children in the party, milk desserts are very good, such as tapioca and rice puddings which may be served in little paper cups. Small cakes may also be baked in the paper cases, which make them so easy to carry and to serve. Ice-box cookies are very easy to slice and bake, when impromptu picnics are planned. Most men like pies, but they are not easy to carry, particularly if they are juicy. Tarts, turnovers and rollovers are easier to manage, and may be eaten in the fingers, avoiding the necessity for plates and forks. Fruit is always good for dessert. Oranges, peeled and sliced, pineapple or pears or other canned fruit, mixed with a little coconut, and put in a glass jar, make a delicious fruit cup, to serve with cookies or plain cake. Bananas are perhaps the most convenient of all fruits for the purpose. Candy bars make a very good dessert occasionally. Milk should be provided for the smaller children. It will stay cold for several hours in thermos jars or bottles. Coffee or tea will be wanted by most adults, and may be either carried from home or made in a pot or pail over the fire. Little cotton bags of tea or coffee made up in advance to put in the boiling water, will be found convenient. Lemons may be squeezed and mixed with sugar, to be carried in a jar to add to water when needed.

Sandwich Suggestions

MEAT sandwiches appeal to men more strongly than those with any other filling, whether the meat is sliced cold beef, pork, chicken, tongue, etc., a minced meat moistened with salad dressing, or a hot meat cooked on the spot, such as bacon, thin steak, thin slices of ham, flat Hamburg cakes, put between slices of buttered bread, or split rolls. If wieners or frankfurters are used, it is well to boil them, then if wished they may be toasted on forks or long green sticks. If they are not boiled, there is considerable danger of not cooking them sufficiently. Canned sausages, heated, make most delicious "hot dogs." Beef, on the other hand does no harm if somewhat under-done.

Picnic sandwiches do not as a rule have the crusts removed, and are not quite so thin as for some other occasions. It is well to use fillings which are not too moist, and apt to become sloppy.

On buttered slices of bread, put thin slices of cooked ham, spread with mustard, then lay on it a thin slice of Swiss cheese, and cover with a second slice of bread.

Mash together a can of salmon from which the skin and bone have been removed, two or three hard-cooked eggs, two or three chopped pickles and a little finely-minced celery. Moisten with vinegar or salad dressing, and spread between slices of buttered bread.

Buttered brown bread with crisp lettuce sprinkled with salt and pepper, is delicious. If salad dressing is used, it is liable to make the bread soggy unless used in a very short time. Sliced tomatoes and cucumbers should also be used very soon after being put between slices of bread and butter.

Chopped dates and chopped peanuts moistened with cream or salad dressing.

To one pound of finely chopped or grated cheese add ½ c. chopped walnuts, salt, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoon of grated onion, and moisten with salad dressing.

Minced cooked beef and pork or ham, minced cucumber or mustard pickle, salt and pepper, and enough salad dressing to moisten.

Hard-cooked eggs, mashed, sardines, salt and pepper, and salad dressing to moisten. Spread on buttered slices of bread, sprinkle with grated cheese and cover with second slices of bread.

Finely chopped cooked ham, seasoned with salt and pepper, and moistened with tart currant jelly.

Minced stewed prunes, drained, chopped walnut meats, moistened with lemon juice.

Spread raisin bread with peanut butter. Cover with a slice of the raisin bread, buttered.

Mix together walnut meats, chopped and granulated honey, minced cooked ham, mashed hard-cooked eggs, minced mustard pickle, moistened with salad dressing.

Chopped cooked bacon, put in a frying pan with slightly-beaten eggs and stirred till the eggs are firm. These may be used as hot or as cold sandwiches. A little grated onion may be cooked with the bacon if wished.

Cook eggs with shredded dried beef, soaked a few minutes in hot water, in place of the chopped cooked bacon.

Flaked salmon with a little grated onion, moistened with tomato catsup or Chili sauce.

Cook shredded dried beef in a little canned tomato, or cut ripe tomato, till most of the liquid is evaporated, stir in one or two slightly-beaten eggs, and cook till the eggs are set, stirring constantly.

Shredded tuna, chopped mustard pickle, chopped parsley, and salad dressing to moisten.

Peanut butter mixed with chopped sweet pickle, such as piccalilli, or India relish.

Thin slices of corned beef, covered with very thin slices of mild Spanish onion, crisped in cold water, then dried with cheesecloth, salt and pepper to taste.

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PURITY SALT

Mash baked beans, season with mustard and a little horseradish, spread on slices of buttered bread, cover with slices of cooked bacon then with second slices of bread.

Minced hard-cooked eggs, finely-minced celery, a little grated onion, chopped pimento, salt and pepper and salad dressing to moisten.

Mashed sardines, salt, pepper, horseradish, and lemon juice or vinegar to moisten.

Thin slices of brick cheese covered with very thin slices of Burmuda onion, between slices of buttered bread.

Fish Salad

Mix together shredded cabbage which has been crisped in cold water, canned tuna or salmon, and moisten with well-seasoned boiled salad dressing, season with salt and pepper if needed. Shredded celery may be used in place of cabbage if wished.

Bean Tomato Salad

Use either cooked or canned beans; navy, lima or kidney beans are all suitable. Drain and moisten with boiled salad dressing, highly seasoned with mustard, and when ready to serve, combine with it sliced or quartered ripe tomatoes. Finely-chopped onion may be added to the beans.

Kidney Bean Salad

Kidney beans, 1 can	Hard-boiled eggs, 2
Small sweet pickles, 6–8	Cooked salad dressing

Drain the beans, chop the pickles and the eggs, and combine with the dressing.

Potato Salad

Diced cooked potatoes	Sliced hard-cooked eggs
Sliced red radishes	Grated onion to season
Diced cucumber if wished	Cooked salad dressing

Toss together lightly till mixed well with the dressing.

Corned Beef Salad

Mix lightly together diced cooked corned beef, diced cold cooked potatoes, with cooked salad dressing to moisten. Chopped pickle or finely-chopped onion may be added if wished.

Meat Salad

Combine diced cooked lean meat, such as beef, pork, veal, or tongue, or chicken with diced celery, and cooked dressing or mayonnaise. Season well.

Shrimp Salad

To 1 can of shrimp add 3 cups of shredded cabbage. Remove the black vein from the shrimps and break them in pieces. Mix with a cooked dressing to which a little whipped cream has been added.

Ham and Vegetable Salad

Combine coarsely - chopped cold cooked ham, chopped sweet pickle, cooked drained green peas, diced celery, and cooked salad dressing to moisten.

"Dogs in Blankets"

Cook wieners or sausages, spread with mustard, wrap a thin slice of bacon around each, fasten with a toothpick, and cook over the fire till the bacon is done.

Broiled Meat Cakes

Chop lean raw beef quite finely, season with salt and pepper, and if wished a little grated onion, form into small flat cakes. A slightly-beaten egg will hold the meat in shape. Cook in a frying-pan or on a greased broiler or grill, and serve between slices of buttered bread or split and buttered rolls. When forming the cakes, handle as lightly as possible, to prevent packing the meat in a solid mass. Turn the cakes very often during the first minute or two of cooking, to retain the juice.

Veal Cutlets

Use slices of veal cut half an inch thick, wipe and shape them, fastening with toothpicks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in flour, slightly-beaten egg mixed with 1 tb. of cold water, and then in fine bread crumbs, brown well in dripping, butter or pork fat. Carefully remove to a covered kettle and cover with brown sauce or tomato sauce and simmer till tender, which will require about 45 minutes. Or they may be cooked in a closely-covered dish in the oven. Either put in a heated thermos jar to take to the picnic, or wrap the covered kettle so that the meat will remain hot till needed.

Veal Birds

Pound thin slices of veal or beef steak till about ¼ inch thick, and cut in small oblongs. Cover each with bread stuffing, well-seasoned with salt, pepper, onion, and poultry seasoning, roll and fasten with toothpicks or string, dredge with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown in a frying-pan. Place in a kettle or sauce pan, add thin white sauce to nearly cover the meat, cover closely, and simmer till tender, about half an hour. Keep hot till ready to serve.

Swiss Steak

Cut beef steak into servings. Lay each piece on a board and pound in as much seasoned flour as possible, using a meat pounder or the edge of a heavy saucer, brown in dripping or pork fat, in the frying-pan, put in a covered kettle or roasting pan, cover with thin brown sauce, and cook slowly till tender. Chopped onions may be put in alternate layers with the meat. Keep hot till ready to be eaten.

Vegetables

Not all vegetables are suitable for picnics. Many of them take too long to cook at the picnic, but are overcooked if taken hot from home. Cold cooked potatoes may be chopped or sliced, then browned in some of the fat after bacon and eggs or ham have been cooked, and do taste remarkably good out-of-doors. Or potato cakes may be made at home, packed with pieces of waxed paper to keep them separate, then browned at the picnic. A dish of scalloped potatoes may be brought hot from home, as may baked beans. Canned baked beans are quickly heated at the picnic and are usually popular. Ears of corn cook in eight or ten minutes in a kettle of boiling salted water over the picnic fire. Potatoes, carrots, onions, and turnip may be added to a meat stew before leaving home and continue cooking till wanted. Radishes, cucumbers and tomatoes taste better than ever when eaten with sandwiches.

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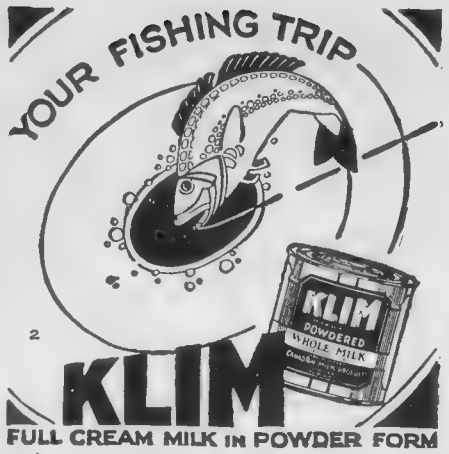

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FLUSHO

Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

Continued from page 20

of a lawyer with a most unsavory practice who suddenly switches from a criminal defence lawyer to assistant district attorney and sends a particularly villainous ex-client of his to the noose. The scene in which he confesses his own questionable past and announces his retirement from office with this grand gesture is very thrilling. It is not a picture suitable for children, nor would it amuse them in the least.

After a series of character parts, Svengalis, Whaling Captains, Don Juans, and Beau Brummells, it is interesting to see John Barrymore in a "straight" part. He gives a fine performance, as does Helen Twelvetrees in the leading feminine role. A minor part is excellently played by Jill Esmond, a young and attractive English actress, who was brought over to America by Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence to play in Coward's comedy "Private Lives."

"South of the Rio Grande"

AS ITS title suggests, "South of the Rio Grande," is a story of cowboys, horses, Mexicans and Indians in the southwest. It is a lively picture of its kind, full of action and well cast.

"The Strange Case of Clara Deane"

THE old story about "going to scoff and staying to pray" does not apply to this picture. The producers evidently intended you to go and weep, but you are more likely to stay and giggle. "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" is pretty awful. Apparently the directors, producers, authors and cast got into a huddle and decided to make a picture that would stir the emotions of the audience. But stirring the motions was not enough, they wanted tugs at the heart-strings, lumps in the throat, tears in the eyes, in fact tears and sobs and more tears ad infinitum. They were not content to make one picture, but they thought of all the famous tear-jerkers of the past and they decided to combine them all. "East Lynne," "Stella Dallas," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Madame X"—they are all here—and then some! The result is the worst conglomeration of would-be tear-jerking scenes that has appeared in many a long day. A poor mother wrongfully convicted of a crime she did not commit, parting from child in orphan asylum, surrendering the child to a couple who will bring it up well, fifteen years in prison, return of mother, father about to blackmail and ruin chances of daughter's happiness, mother murders father, policeman takes the blame, and then they all live (except father) happily ever after. And about time, too.

The photography is good, but who cares?

"Vanity Fair"

THIS modern dress version of Thackeray's famous novel misses being a distinguished picture, but it has many good points. Myrna Loy is charming as the mercenary heroine, Becky Sharp, and there are many interesting scenes in the film. The photography, however, is not first-rate, and the dialogue is stilted and artificial.

Probably the producers modernized the story to give it a general appeal. It does not seem likely that it will have a great popular appeal and the modernization will not help it with those who go to see the film because it is Thackeray's story. The long novel is, of necessity, shortened in the picture adaptation which sometimes seems rather sketchy and hurried. Still, if you like Thackeray, you would probably be interested in this picture. Conway Tearle and Barbara Kent are also in the cast.

"The Strange Love of Molly Louvain"

THERE is nothing very strange about this film. It has an unpleasant story that fails to convince. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracey are good in the leading roles, although they are very much hampered by a poor plot. Tracey's part is similar to the one he played on the stage in "Front Page:" a breezy, snappy reporter. Miss Dvorak is lovely to look at and has a flair for wisecrack comedy. It is too bad this picture did not give her a better chance to show her talents.

"The Midnight Patrol"

THE plot of this film is quite illogical, but it is so neatly directed and acted, and moves at so swift a pace, that it makes good entertainment—a melodrama with plenty of thrills and suspense. Regis Toomey, Betty Bronson, Edwina Booth, and Mary Nolan are in the competent cast.

"The World and the Flesh"

STARRING George Bancroft and featuring Miriam Hopkins, this picture promised good entertainment. It is a disappointment. Both players are badly miscast and a very pretentious treatment is too heavy for the poor and over-complicated plot.

"Sin's Payday"

ANOTHER story that deals with lawyers of the underworld. The plot is rather obvious and not too well handled in the direction, although the acting is competent. It does not nearly measure up to the three other law and crime stories mentioned above.

"Young America"

THIS month there seems to be a particular shortage of pictures suitable for children or young people in general. The hard-riding and out-of-door settings of "South of the Rio Grande" should appeal to boys, but the other pictures are either very unpleasant as to theme or too adult in plot to interest younger moviegoers.

I had hoped that "Young America" would fill the bill, but it is disappointing. It is intended to be heavy propaganda for the special treatment of juvenile delinquents. The propaganda is there, to be sure, but it is overdone and the film loses its entertainment value. The dialogue is as artificial and overdrawn as the plot and a good cast struggles in vain to add conviction and sincerity to poor material.

"Good Night, Vienna"

IF YOU like unusual films, keep an eye open for "Good Night, Vienna," a new British picture. It is a lively musical comedy set in Vienna. The earlier sequences show that gay capitol of waltz time as it was before the debacle of the war. The last part of the film is in the same city after the war. The play is merry and light throughout, and has some very engaging music written by a young Englishman named George Ponsford. The atmosphere of gay Vienna is well caught and makes an attractive background for the delightful personality of Jack Buchanan, who alone is worth going to see.

Evelyn Knapp,
Warner Bros. Picture Star

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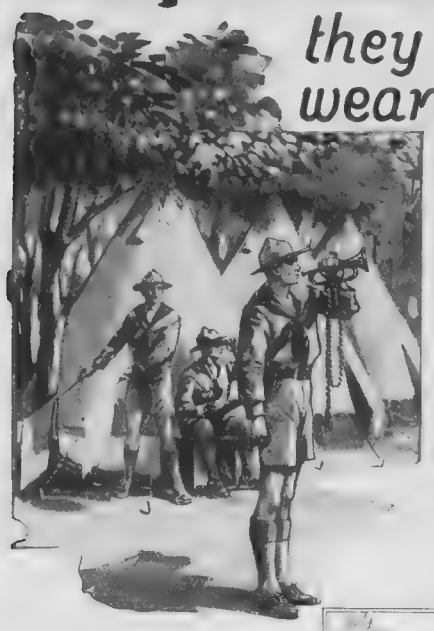

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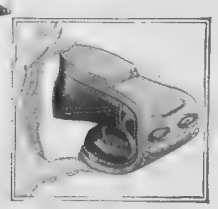

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The Tenth Olympiad

Continued from page 11

new and sensational material might yet be discovered, although, in a purely materialistic sense, we have a consensus of opinion from Canadian sports writers and athletic authorities that indicates a 1932 Canadian contingent not up to 1928 standards—a contingent which meets competition even stronger than that of previous Olympic Games

Art Dingman, authoritative sports writer with the Southam newspapers, points out that in a sense we can look upon these facts as advantageous. Old Man Psychology is with us. Canada enters the Olympics determined to put up a truly great, a truly Canadian fight, knowing that the odds are not with us. In track events especially much of the strongest competition is coming from American runners who are taking their wins for granted.

Things might happen that will give the lie to the pessimistic outlook of most Canadian sports authorities. The individuals who comprised the little band of Canadian athletes who startled the world by their successes at Amsterdam, four years ago, have not been making athletic history since. They have not even been making sports page news with their results in training. And yet—upsets are a feature of every Olympiad.

NO MENTION of Canada's Olympic prospects can be made without bringing to mind the name of Percy Williams of Vancouver. Williams stepped from the ranks of the unknown to beat the world's best sprinters at Amsterdam. He won the hundred meters in 10.6 and the 200 meters in 21.3 He has since set a world mark of 10.3 for the 100 meters. His after-Olympic appearances on United States tracks netted him a collection of startling wins and at a Vancouver track meet he beat Frank Wykoff and the great Eddie Tolan. And then these gentlemen both turned round to hand the Vancouver boy later defeats.

Williams carries much Canadian hope with him to Los Angeles, and yet, he is now suffering a strained leg muscle. He meets not only world-famous performers like Wykoff and Tolan, but a bespectacled young Californian, Ben Eastman.

That perhaps is a new name to most of us. Ben Eastman. In training this Stanford University student has been breaking world marks with carefree ease. He runs the quarter-mile in 47.1. He is to be heard from at the Tenth Olympiad.

In speaking of Williams' prospects we reflect an opinion that is general with the boys that know, the sport scribes from Halifax to Victoria. The Williams of 1932 is not the Williams of 1928, they say.

Out Vancouver way we talked with Bob Granger, the man who trained Percy Williams and piloted him to his Olympic successes of 1928. Granger, a gentleman of singularly likable qualities, has opinions that are different from the sport writers.

After quoting various authorities who predict an absence from the picture for Williams, in competition with such stars as Wykoff, Tolan and Simpson (—and we suggest that Eastman is better than these famous flashes), Mr. Granger, who never actually scoffed at anyone, seemed to think that those who consider Williams an also-ran for 1932 are possibly in error.

AND aside from Percy Williams? Well, Canada can point with pride to Johnny Fitzpatrick, Leigh Miller and Bert Pearson, all first string sprinters and certain starters at Los Angeles where they will meet the world's fastest humans.

As to the 200 meters, there's Ralph Adams and Fitzpatrick again. Jimmy Ball, Winnipeg's ace 400-meter man who finished second at Amsterdam is improving fast and the Los Angeles track is due to prove more to his liking than that of 1928. The Manitoba winter somewhat handicapped Ball, having delayed his outdoor training too long. But Dean Cromwell, Olympic coach at Los Angeles, points to Jimmy Ball as competition to be reckoned with.

If we seem to have been running to what look like alibis, it is possibly because we have picked up some of that lack of cocksureness which marks Canada's 1932 Olympic contenders.

Ball, in reality, needs no alibi, and that goes for Alex Wilson as well, another crack 400-meter runner who will represent Canada in Los Angeles. Wilson's 1928 Olympic timing was 48.8 for the 400.

Wilson should also figure in the 800-meter line-up where his Canadian running mates should include Phil Edwards, Fred Shaver and very likely Brant Little.

So much for the middle distances where Canada meets opposition that has turned in some startling times in training. At the longer distances things seem to be pretty much of a toss-up with Canada standing as good a chance as any in the 1500 meters with a team on which we can count on finding Eddie King, Jack Walter, Earl Moor and Earl McMahon—all notable gallopers at this distance. Their main competition will be from the United States although recent Helsingfors timings indicate strength on the Finnish team and rumor has it that Japan is apt to provide upsets in any or all of the distance events.

Canadians can look back with pride and regret to the Amsterdam marathon and the performance of Canadian Clifford Bricker. This Canadian burned down the gruelling course leading an imposing field at twenty-one miles. Twenty-one searing miles, and then his feet gave out. Bricker was in excellent condition save for those fatal "dogs." He could have gone on to win—and at Los Angeles he will go on—and to win, we hope.

And then there's Hank Cieman—a fighter who is as likely as any to bring Canada a first place in the 50,000-meter walk. Hank set a world record of 4.47, and one of his strongest competitors will be John Mahan, another Canuck.

As to the pole vault, we look to the Olympic favorites and find such names as Korejs of Czecho-Slovakia with 13 ft. 2 in. to his credit; Castro of Brazil with 13 ft. 6 in.; Bill Graber and Ted Lee, Americans; Nakazawa of Japan and his teammate the sensational Nishida who has soared 13 ft. 7½ in. There's Remadier of France, Biro of Roumania, Culi of Spain, Anderson of Sweden, Tamman the Esthonian and Andreopoulus the Greek. In a form sheet list of names in this event—names purporting to represent the forty best pole vaulters, we find one Canadian: Victor Pickard who took fourth place for Canada in 1928.

In the high jump we have Malcolm McNaughton whose training results at the University of British Columbia give real promise.

THE hub of Olympic activities will be the Olympic Stadium, an amphitheatre erected at a cost of $1,700,000.00 and seating 125,000 people. This will be the scene of track

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THE TENTH OLYMPIAD

Continued from page 46

and field athletics, gymnastics, finals of the equestrian sports and the field hockey finals.

Swimming, diving and water-polo competition will be staged in the new long-course swimming stadium. With seats mounting high into the California sky, this unique structure is adjacent to the Olympic Stadium in what has been renamed Olympic Park.

A beautiful fencing pavilion is a feature of the Olympic group, while not far distant is the Olympic Auditorium where thousands will witness boxing and wrestling and weight-lifting.

Rowing races are being held at the Long Beach Marine Stadium, and at Los Angeles harbor will be held the yachting events.

The famous Pasadena Rose Bowl will be the scene of the track cycling events, while preliminary equestrian contests will be held amid the colorful surroundings of the Riviera Country Club, near Santa Monica, one of the beach cities close to Los Angeles.

Preparations for this tenth modern Olympiad began more than ten years ago. From the beginning it was planned to make this the greatest modern revival of the ancient Greek athletic festival. One reason for this determination might be that on the only other occasion the Games were held in America, in St. Louis in 1904, the Olympiad was not a success. The St. Louis meet was a miserable affair compared with the games as staged at Athens, Paris, London, Stockholm, Antwerp and Amsterdam. Los Angeles long ago determined to demonstrate the way in which an Olympiad could be staged and how athletes from other countries should be received.

As 1932 grew near doubts began to be felt. Various European countries expressed fear that the heavy costs involved would prevent them sending representative teams. Most of them estimated that from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars would be required for each athlete. Germany's contingent of athletes and officials, for example, numbers about one hundred and fifty, so it may be seen that quite an expenditure would be necessary.

A few months later, however, William May Garland of Los Angeles, president of the organizing committee, was able to inform the European and other countries that athletes could be sent to Los Angeles for approximately five hundred dollars. The response was enthusiastic and the success of the Tenth Olympiad was practically assured. A tremendous advance ticket sale still further promises success.

The methods used by the committee in reducing the costs of participating mark an important detail in the history of the modern Olympics. Negotiations with steamship companies resulted in drastically reduced rates to Olympic Games contestants, but it was not this alone that so increased the facility of entering fully representative teams.

Not since the ancient Greeks pitched their tents on the Plains of Elis have Olympic Games contestants been housed in a single group. But a modern Babel has arisen in Los Angeles. It is known as Olympic Village and consists of about eight hundred two-room cottages, a "town hall" or administration building, twelve hundred feet of dining-halls and a huge open-air theatre. The Village, with electric lights, running water, sanitary facilities and telephone service is complete in every detail.

Our Canadian athletes will hear the tongues of many other countries as they walk up and down the streets of this miniature city in which they will be so comfortably housed.

The unique community occupies three hundred and thirty-one acres of land, a part of the historic Rancho La Cienega O'Paso de la Tijiera, and is a portion of the once vast holdings of the fabled E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin. The Village is only ten minutes drive from the Olympic Stadium. Living conditions promise to be excellent, and the flat rate of two dollars a day includes everything from soap and meals to entertainment and transportation.

The entire Olympic Village is fenced in and is under the control of the committee at all times. There are five miles of road—eight miles of water mains.

The dining-hall group is divided into forty kitchens and dining-rooms, giving each country's team private facilities in which their chefs will prepare the food. Each team carries a culinary staff although food will be supplied by the committee, as ordered by the chefs.

The reason for these separate dining-rooms is not only that Mexico's athletes will train on tamales and frijoles while the Dutchmen will go for Cheddar cheese and liverwurst. Another reason is that a meeting place for each contending stable of athletes is a necessary facility.

The impressive array of stadiums, nine in all; the colorful panorama of Olympic Village, must be in marked contrast to the scene that presented itself to the onlooker at that first Olympiad when the athletes of a forgotten age raised high the banner of sportsmanship which has been followed by athletes down through the ages.

Three thousand years and more have elapsed since the young manhood of Hellas met in that first sportive combat, but an influence was exerted that is felt to this day.

THE real origin of the Olympic Games is buried in obscurity. We know only that they were celebrated quadrennially, a four-year period becoming known as an Olympiad, at Olympia, in Elis, a small plain west of Pisa, between the confluence of the rivers Alpheus and Cladeus, and the mountains Croniun and Olympus.

The first historical fact connected with the Games is their revival by Iphitus, King of Elis, assisted by Lycurgus, King of Sparta, and Cleothenes of Pisa. It is possible that during the Dorian invasion the celebration of the festival was discontinued, and it is said that Iphitus was commanded by the Delphic oracle to revive the Games as a remedy for the internal difficulties then besetting Greece and also to drive out the plague.

Different dates are assigned by ancient writers, some placing the revival at 885 B.C., and others at 828 B.C. The name Olympiad is strictly speaking misused when applied to the athletic festival, although common usage is changing this fact. The term donates a chronological era and has so been used since 776 B.C.

Following their revival, the Olympic Games continued to be celebrated with much splendor under the Roman Emperors until the festival was finally abolished in 394 A.D., in the sixteenth year of the reign of the Emperor Theodosius.

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Care of the Skin and Make-up

Madge Evans, well-known film star, makes up between scenes.

NORMAL SKIN

FORTUNATE indeed are the persons blessed with a normal skin because a little simple care ensures them a beautiful complexion. The primal requisite is cleanliness. After removing make-up with a cold cream, wash the face thoroughly before retiring, in warm water. Use a mild soap and a clean wash cloth. Rub the face gently until you feel the blood circulating, then in clean warm water wash every vestige of soap from the face, and rinse in cold or rub the face with a piece of ice. Never put ice directly on the skin as the shock is often too great for the sensitive nerves. Wrap it in a hand towel or a piece of linen. After the face is thoroughly dry and just before retiring pat into the skin a good skin food.

In the morning rinse with cold water before applying make-up.

OILY SKIN

Use the same treatment as above, except that the water should be quite hot instead of merely warm and soap used plentifully. A good astringent lotion after washing is helpful in treating an oily skin. If you find it difficult to use very hot water substitute hot towels as these open the pores and the excess oil can then easily be removed. Before retiring pat in a little lemon cream, this is cleansing and has slight astringent qualities. In the morning use hot water instead of cold; cold water seals the pores so that the oil cannot escape.

DRY SKIN

Avoid hot or warm water and all soap except super-fatted. Never rub your face vigorously or use any friction of any kind. To remove make-up use a good cleansing cream, use also at night before retiring and always after severe out-of-door exposure. Do not wash the face too frequently and then always with cold water and a super fatted soap. At night remove make-up with the cleansing cream, wash gently but thoroughly and then soften a little cream in the palm of the hand and pat into the skin.

MAKE-UP

THE chief object of make-up is to enhance your good points and mitigate your defects. It is impossible for me here to tell you the shade of rouge, lipstick or powder which you should use. Your local beautician will help you in selecting the right shades for your type and colouring. If you are not thoroughly satisfied keep on experimenting until you find the shades which suit you.

In applying make-up remember that you are above all going to be natural. The true artist works for results, the observer sees only the finished article. The first step is to apply a thin coating of vanishing cream, that is, if you have a normal or oily skin; for a dry skin use the smallest possible quantity of cold cream and then a special vanishing cream, or a thin coating of cold cream alone. Be sure that it goes well down into the neck and behind the jaw bone below the lobes of the ears.

The second step is the application of rouge. Here is where many people make the biggest mistake by placing a dab of rouge in the centre of the cheeks and not properly blending it at the edges. If your face is of normal contour place a tiny spot of rouge in the upper centre of the cheek, then carefully blend up towards the ear. Be sure there are no sharp lines anywhere and that the rouge is evenly distributed and carefully blended at the edges.

If the face is long and narrow place the primary rouge spot just below the cheek bone, blending upward and outward. By placing the rouge spots wider apart it gives the impression of a wider face. An additional aid to shortening a long face is to place a faint carefully blended rouge spot in the centre of the chin.

If on the other hand your face is too wide bring the rouge spots closer together, this will make your face look narrower.

To lengthen a round face place the rouge low on the cheeks.

Courtesy of The Murine Company.

Clear sparkling eyes are an indication of good health.

Courtesy of Palmers Limited.

In applying make-up remember that you are above all going to endeavor to be natural. Don't use too bright a lipstick, as this looks unnatural and consequently disfigures rather than beautifies.

APPLYING LIPSTICK

ALMOST as many mistakes are made in the application of lipstick as in the application of rouge. Generally speaking, the technique of applying lipstick is the same whatever kind of a mouth you may have. There are however two serious don'ts to begin with. First, don't use too bright a lipstick as this looks unnatural and anything unnatural disfigures rather than beautifies. Secondly, never cover the full lip area with lipstick because it emphasises that particular feature too much. Begin by starting at the very centre of the mouth on the upper lip. Work in two little spots of rouge on either side of the exact centre, then with your little finger blend the lipstick along the lip, taking care to go in and down as you approach the corner of the mouth. If you have a too generous upper lip blend the rouge in and down before you get to the corners as this will tend to make it look smaller. Do not place any rouge directly on the lower lip. After you have finished the upper lip close your lips tightly together, you will see a definite line of rouge on the lower—no rouge should ever be placed below this line—with your little finger blend the rouge inwards towards the corners of the mouth.

THE EYES

MANY people use mascara for their eyelashes. If you do, it is best to use it very [Continued on page 49]

ROMANCE COMES TO THE GIRL WHO HAS

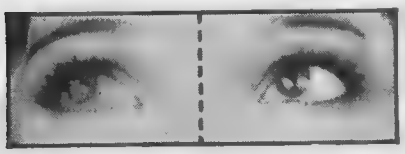
Clear, Sparkling Eyes!

Read how the stars of stage and screen keep their eyes alluringly clear and bright

When you know that men are enchanted by clear, sparkling eyes, why let dull, lifeless ones ruin your appearance and rob you of romance? It's so unnecessary when all you need do is adopt the method used by stage and screen stars to beautify their eyes.

That method is nothing more nor less than the regular use of *Murine*. It almost instantly gives the eyes new life and luster, and by its gentle astringent action reduces unsightly bloodshot veins. Apply this famous eye brightener night and morning as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No wasteful, insanitary eye cup is needed to use *Murine*. It is economically and hygienically applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stop. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug stores everywhere. Get your first bottle *today*! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care secrets, write Murine Co., Dept. C, 9E. Ohio St., Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! ***Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!***

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

"NO GRAY HAIR"

Don't endure the unfairness of age-telling gray, faded, or streaked hair. Tint it instantly to its natural youthful shade and lustre—any desired color from lightest blond to midnight black. Just comb thru clean, harmless, odorless, Brownatone. No fuss, no muss. Immediate, guaranteed results. All dealers, 50c, or send 10c for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-40, Windsor, Ontario

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

CARE OF THE SKIN AND MAKE-UP

Continued from page 48

sparingly, otherwise lumps form on the lashes and this is very unbecoming. A good plan in applying mascara is to wait until after you have powdered so that any powder which adheres to the lashes will be removed.

Plucking eyebrows and removing superfluous hair should be left to a skilled operator.

There is a wax-like depilatory on the market which is probably the most satisfactory as it really does eradicate the hair, or in other words bring it out from the roots.

In the case of dark hairs on the face, if you do not wish to use a depilatory a little peroxide is helpful as it will turn the hairs almost white and make them less noticeable.

Powdering

THE next step in milady's make-up is the application of powder. Take a clean puff and pat it all over your face, then take a baby's hair brush and using it with an outward and upward movement brush off all the surplus powder. This will leave an even coating on the face and is a fundamental rule for good make-up. You will notice that by powdering over the rouge on the cheeks and lips you have a natural appearance.

Here are a few general rules for choosing powder:

Even if you are a dazzling blonde you should never use a pure white powder except in the evening. Instead use a light flesh or natural shade.

Red-heads or those with auburn hair may use the same shades as the blondes, unless their skin is not correspondingly fair, when they should use a slightly darker shade.

For the ordinary brunette, that is the person with brown eyes and brown hair, the rachel shades are best.

If you are the Spanish type with so-called black hair and very dark eyes, you should use a dark rachel.

General Hints

FOR Sallow Skins stir a little liquid rouge into your vanishing cream until it is flushed with pink. You will find that this simple treatment will give the skin a natural healthy look.

To Rejuvenate a Tired Skin dissolve three level tablespoons of Epsom salts in hot water. After having thoroughly cleansed your skin with cold cream in the usual way dip a towel in the Epsom salt solution and hold it against the face. Repeat these hot applications several times, then rinse the face with cold water and apply a good astringent. This treatment has a tremendously revivifying effect.

A Few Words About Manicure. Nails should be thoroughly manicured at least once a week and about three minutes spent on them each day will keep them really nice. The first step is to soak the finger tips in a bowl of warm suds, then with a scrubbing brush remove all dirt from underneath the nail. (Nothing except the bristles of the brush should ever go underneath the nail. Otherwise the tender flesh may become lacerated and allow the entrance of grime.)

When filing the nails use the natural roundness of the finger tip as your guide. By using it as a lever you get a beautifully rounded finger nail. If you like your nails pointed in the centre file from the sides towards the centre of the nail.

An orange stick wrapped in cotton wool and dipped in peroxide makes an excellent cuticle remover. A little cuticle cream will serve the purpose also, as you are working with this

[Continued on page 50]

ROBERTA ROBINSON

Glamour fades with "DIRTY FACE"

About one woman in 100 is lucky—born with charm. The charm that lies in a radiant skin, clear, transparent, youthful. The other 99 are handicapped by dirt accumulations in the skin, unconsciously gathered over a period of years. Specialists call such a condition 'Dirty Face.' When it comes, glamour fades.

Keep your charm, and your good looks, with the regular aid of Daggett & Ramsdell's two wonderful creams. They cost much less than other creams in their class, and there are none better at any price.

● EVERY NIGHT use Perfect Cold Cream liberally to get rid of below-the-surface dirt. This marvelous cream provides the essentials every skin must have—lubrication, moisture, protection. Three groups of special ingredients supply them, all balanced properly of course. Famous for more than 40 years.

● DURING THE DAY whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Daggett & Ramsdell (Canada) Limited

X-Bazin is the safe and simple way to remove unwanted hair. Cream or powder of the highest quality . . . kind to the skin . . . discourages re-growth of hair.

Get genuine X-Bazin. The least costly depilatory obtainable.

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

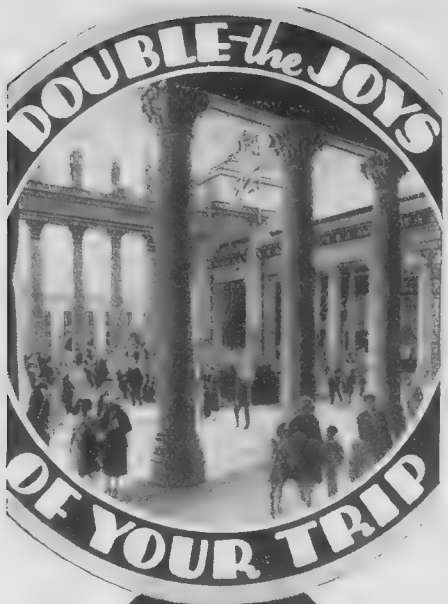
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
965 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Coty

Necessities to Summer Loveliness

Powders of velvety coolness, beautifying, enfragrancing the basis of exquiteness—COTY POWDERS and Rouges in the smartest shades of the season, to glorify the vogue of outdoor beauty or sheltered charm.

Coty's Talc Powder and Dusting Powder, to keep the body like a flower bed, fresh, smooth and perfumed.



THIS YEAR

Come to TORONTO at CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION time

A trip to Toronto this summer—Mecca of about two million people during the fourteen days and evenings of the world's largest annual exposition.

This renowned event fascinates visitors with its diverse and colossal attractions. Great permanent buildings are filled with natural and manufactured products from far-off lands. Music of the world's best bands, including Besses-o'-the-Barn from Great Britain, the Exhibition 2000-Voice Chorus: Sat., Aug. 27, Thurs., Sept. 1, Tues., Sept. 6, and Sat., Sept. 10; the nightly pageant commencing Mon., Aug. 29; Kaye Don with "Miss England III;" British Schneider Cup Plane (388.67 m.p.h.); Seventh Marathon Swim (Fri., Aug. 26, women, Wed., Aug. 31, men), and other land and water sports programmes of Olympic proportions. The Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, provides for all the family, the happiest combination of recreational and educational features to be found anywhere.

Send a postcard for free descriptive folders.

AUG. 26 to SEPT. 10 1932

FIFTY-FOURTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR — WORLD'S largest ANNUAL EXPOSITION

William Inglis, President — H. W. Waters, General Manager

To avoid disappointment and inconvenience, the management have arranged to accept advance Reservations for Grandstand Pageant and for any of the four 2000-Voice Exhibition Chorus concerts.

GRANDSTAND RESERVED SEATS:

50c and $1.00. Box Seats $1.50 ea. (*5 chairs in each box*)

2000-VOICE EXHIBITION CHORUS:

Ground floor reserved 75c—Box chairs $1.00.

Send cheque or money order without delay to Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Care of the Skin and Make-up

Continued from page 49

gradually push the cuticle back with your orange stick.

If you use nail white be sure to spread it evenly with the orange stick and take care not to press too deeply.

To tint the nails apply the tiniest quantity of nail polish on each nail and then use your buffer briskly.

To Remove Stains from the Hands use pumice stone or half a lemon dipped in sugar and rubbed on vigorously. Peroxide is also useful for removing stains, especially tobacco stains.

For Softening and Whitening the Hands glycerine and lemon, or glycerine and rosewater is excellent.

Care of the Hair

THE secret of beautiful hair is scalp massage and there is nothing which can take its place. To keep the scalp in condition it requires treatment which will keep it loose, invigorate and increase the circulation, and free it from the accumulation of extraneous matter that clogs the roots of the hair and so prevents nourishment from reaching it. Massage will do all these things.

Place the tips of your fingers at the edge of the scalp and rotate them gently so that the scalp moves visibly when you look in a mirror. No vigorous movement is necessary. Continue this for three or four minutes and then with the two first fingers of each hand go all over the scalp in a rotary movement until you feel it glowing. This treatment may be inclined to make your hair a little greasy at first, but if persevered with it will bring the most lifeless hair back to condition and keep it lustrous and luxuriant. BUT it must be done consistently and followed by brushing. All the odd times you miss make just so much difference, the difference between perfection and mediocrity.

If your hair is dry use an egg shampoo. First wash the hair with super-fatted soap dissolved in hot water, then rinse well with lukewarm water. Beat up the yolk and the white of an egg separately, add half a cup of lukewarm water (on no account must hot water be used here) and rub the mixture well into the scalp. Rinse again thoroughly and dry with a Turkish towel.

If you have frequent permanent waves, or wish to get your hair in condition for one, use the above shampoo and a hot oil treatment before it. Heat a small quantity of castor or olive oil and rub well into the scalp and on the ends of the hair. Apply hot towels or leave on overnight and then shampoo. To make easier the removal of the oil, before wetting the hair, pour on to it the soap which has been dissolved in hot water.

Will Canadian Oarsmen Win at the Olympiad?

Continued from page 10

Canada this century, took a terrific beating from a double that they outweighed over twenty-five pounds per man. Their styles were slightly different and having been rowing together only one season they had not attained the co-ordination that would have given them a speed comparable with their individual prowess.

Canada has had one great double in recent years, Elswood Bole and Bob Richards of Winnipeg. Being cousins and having grown up together they developed perfect timing and similarity in style. They easily won the British Empire title at Hamilton in 1930 and likewise disposed of Garrett Gilmore and his partner of Philadelphia who for three years had ruled double sculling on this continent.

It is to be regretted that Bole's retirement has broken up this pair, but Canada is fortunate in having an equally good combination, in my opinion, to take their place. Pratt and de Mille are like Siamese Twins in a shell, have had the finest coaching possible to get and have been climatically fortunate in being able to row winter and summer for years.

In the past Olympic regattas the United States have been foremost in double sculling; the little genius, Paul Costello, having won the past three titles. At the moment of writing it looks as though Ken Myers and Garrett Gilmore will be America's leading prospect, but can these two great champions adjust their individual pecularities and be any more than just a good double? It is doubtful, as it must be remembered that Gilmore is well into his thirties and that age eventually takes its toll.

Victories in rowing are dependent on the length of the run between strokes. A double shell is a very light craft and the slightest difference in timing will check this run. The importance of this fact is easily explained: Let us take for example two doubles racing over a course that takes seven minutes to cover and let them both average thirty-two strokes to the minute. One double has perfect timing but in the other the bow man is a fraction of a split second behind the pace-setter in getting his sculls clear of the water at the end of each stroke. Let us say that the slight dragging of the bow man's sculls checks the run between strokes only half an inch per stroke. All other things being equal the double with perfect timing would win by a little over nine feet.

BOTH Pratt and deMille have been fortunate in having the coaching of R. N. "Bob" Johnston. Bob, as he is popularly known in rowing circles, has studied the rowing game since boyhood and not only was he runner-up for the professional championship of the world but he also built boats and oars for a living. Having been always a keen student he has acquired a knowledge of the sport that is second to none and he competed at a time when the greatest figures the game has known were in their heyday. He is a master of rigging, the science of making a man comfortable so that he can apply his strength with a minimum of waste, and possesses the gift of instilling confidence and enthusiasm into his proteges. It is an interesting fact that in the annual North Pacific Rowing Championships seven of the ten events are sculling races and three sweep-oar. Since Mr. Johnston in 1923 commenced to take an active interest in rowing again, after a lapse of many years, by taking over the coaching of the scullers, the Vancouver Rowing Club has only once failed to win the Grand Aggregate, and that was in 1927 when he was absent in the East. In 1923 sculling was at a low ebb on the Pacific Coast and the Vancouver

[Continued on page 51]

STUPENDOUS $500.00 CASH ROYAL CROWN SOAP POWDER FREE CONTEST

Only a FEW DAYS LEFT!

Rush in your entries! No time to lose! Here's the question: WHAT WILL BE THE TOTAL ATTENDANCE AT THE CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE THIS YEAR? Send in your estimate, name and address on an ordinary post card or Royal Crown Soap Powder Coupon. The correct or nearest correct answer will win $20. If you send it in on the back of a Royal Crown Soap Powder Coupon — TEN TIMES THIS AMOUNT, or $200. Look at this PRIZE LIST:

PRIZES	Sent in on Post card	Sent in on Coupon
First	$20.	$200.
Second	10.	100.
Third	5.	50.
4th and 5th	2.50 ea.	25.00 ea.
6th to 15th	1.00 ea.	10.00 ea.

No strings attached to this contest. Costs you nothing. Send as many estimates as you like—but only one on each card or coupon. Your grocer has Royal Crown Soap Powder. Try a package today. Send in your estimate. Print your name and address plainly and mail to Contest Department.

THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LTD. WINNIPEG

See previous announcement in this paper for fuller details and rules—or ask your grocer.

CONTEST CLOSES JULY 9TH 1932

Low Cost

Vacation trips—WEST

Banff
Canadian Rockies
Vancouver Island
Alaska

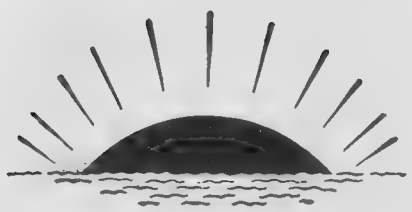
Fish, Swim, Golf, Ride Mountain Trails. Enjoy the thrill of a trip on the Pacific Ocean. Sail up the coast to Alaska, a land of weird Northern sights. Make your holiday a worth while one this year.—GO WEST

6½ day Vancouver Island Cruise $42.50. 10 day cruise to Alaska $90. (Berth and Meals Included)

Glorious 6½ day tour in the Canadian Rockies starting from Banff or Field, all-expense $60.

All information and planning literature from any Canadian Pacific Agent, or H. R. MATHEWSON General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

Canadian Pacific



Why Worry?

The old dress is faded, and besides you have worn it too many times to feel comfortable in it—but never mind!

SUNSET Soap DYES

FOR FAST DYEING

will change the colour and make it look like new. Your most intimate friends will not suspect that the beautiful "new" dress has been made over from old material.

"IT'S THRIFTY AND WISE-TO USE SUNSET SOAP DYES"

Sunset uses the finest anilines money can buy. And perfect results are sure because of the *soap* in Sunset. This fine soap softens and opens up the fabric, allowing the deep penetration and even distribution of colour absolutely essential to produce first class results, which are impossible to achieve without the *soap*.

Sunset is easy to use. It's clean, too, does not stain the hands or spoil utensils. Dyes wool, silk, cotton, linen and mixed goods the same shade in the one dyebath. Each of the 22 colours is 15c a cake.

Pink	Orange	Black
Old Rose	Light Brown	Gray
Scarlet	Dark Brown	Taupe
Cardinal	Light Blue	Heliotrope
Wine	Bright Blue	Purple
Sand	Old Blue	Light Green
Khaki	Navy Blue	Dark Green
	Yellow	

Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Colour Card. If he does not stock Sunset, write to us for colours wanted. We will also send you latest Colour News, free,

Made in Canada

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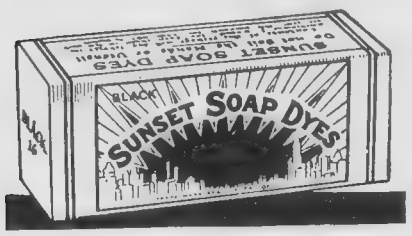


Stops Summer Odors—

The heavy smell which warm weather brings to many people is largely prevented by regular bathing with a free lather of Baby's Own Soap.

The delicate aroma dispels all unpleasantness and the skin feels so refreshed, cool & sweet.

Baby's Owns sells at 10c. a cake at dealers everywhere.

"Best for you and Baby too" 39-28

Will Canadian Oarsmen Win at the Olympiad?

Continued from page 50

club boasted one single shell, but now there are over twenty slim racing shells in the Coal Harbour clubhouse.

Both deMille and Pratt possess the characteristics so necessary if an athlete wishes to reach the championship class. They have confidence in their own ability to reach the charmed circle and fully appreciate the fact that they have to deny themselves many things to do so. When the average oarsmen are laying aside their oars or sculls until the next spring these two ambitious scullers are just commencing their winter build-up. Individually they could not meet standouts like Joe Wright or Jack Guest on an even basis and hope to win. They have not as yet the weight and strength, but they are both very close to that class and would show up well at any of the leading regattas.

Noel deMille is exceptional in his consistent preparation for the future that he is confident awaits him. Like so many champions he has known what it means not to have strength and consequently takes very good care of the healthy body he has worked so hard to acquire. He first came down to the local club in the spring of 1925, a small-boned youngster of fifteen summers tipping the scales at 110 pounds. From the very first he was determined to be a champion and although most people laughed at his ambitions Bob Johnston, correctly gauging his spirit, took him under his wing. He pointed out to the lad that his strength would not permit him to row in competition for years and laid out a schedule to which deMille rigidly adhered.

Then for four long years this youngster sculled winter and summer. With no successes to spur him on he perfected his style and by long daily rows built up his heart and muscles until sculling was as natural to him as walking. In 1929 he entered the junior singles at the North Pacific Championships and swept the field. The following day to the amazement of the spectators he defeated Des-Brisay of Portland, three times senior champion, with a remarkable display of watermanship on a wind-swept course.

Knowing that his 142 pounds were not enough he immediately set about building up his weight. Through the long winter months he would row after nightfall by the lights from the city in an old, uncomfortable workboat and finish off the workout with a plunge in the harbour. The following season he tipped 148 pounds when he successfully defended his senior title and added the quarter-mile crown to his collection. This year he weighed in at 151 pounds before winning the senior North Pacific Championship for the third successive time. He stands an even six feet in his socks and had his twenty-second birthday in November.

Ned Pratt is a year younger than deMille and has been sculling since the spring of 1927. Starting while a student at Brentwood College he gravitated naturally to sculling rather than four rowing, and received his first coaching from Mr. Hope, a former Leander cox. At first he had to be content with a practise skiff, but at Christmas 1928 he bought his first shell. After rowing all spring on Brentwood Bay he represented his school at the North Pacific Championships, losing to deMille in the junior singles. In that race he caught Mr. Johnston's eye. Having no knowledge of rigging and dependent upon himself, Pratt was fighting poor equipment all the way, and his courageous performance won the old sculler's heart. When he came to Vancouver for his summer holidays deMille's mentor took him in hand and the two young scullers became very good friends. Being just as ambitious as deMille, Pratt worked all winter and was rewarded when he took the junior singles in 1930. Last summer he lost to his pal in the senior championship race, but got part of his own back when he defeated deMille in the Fall Regatta for the Lipton Trophy.

They are so evenly matched at the present time that it is just a question of who has the slight edge in condition when they meet. Pratt weighs a little more than deMille, averaging about 160 for his races, and stands one inch taller.

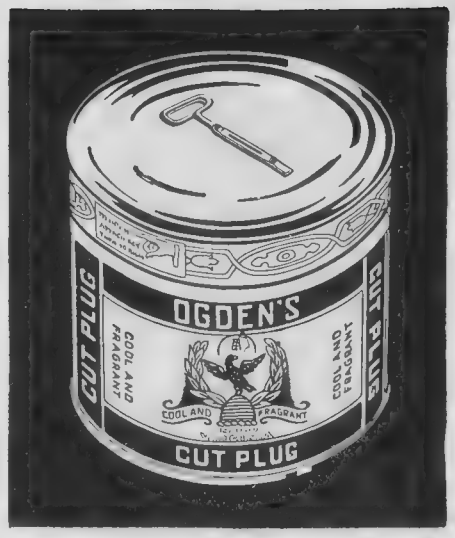
They commenced their double activities last spring, and from the first it was obvious that here was a great crew. Like a jeweller matching gems the old master, Bob Johnston, has brought them along until their style is so similar that they function together like a well-oiled machine. When pressed for an answer Mr. Johnston says, "I have never seen in either professional or amateur ranks better stylists than Pratt and deMille," a great compliment from a man who has always preferred to let his pupils' performance do the talking.

Pratt and deMille easily defeated the local club's senior double in the Spring Regatta and at the Jubilee Regatta in Victoria walked away from the J.B.A.A. double, although the Vancouver pair were sculling five strokes less a minute; and it must not be forgotten that the J.B.A.A. pair has held the North Pacific senior double title for six consecutive years and that Pratt and deMille were rowing in a strange shell.

It is an understood thing that rowing times vary according to wind and water conditions and that too much importance can not be given to them. Yet we do know that good fours have been averaging around seven minutes and twenty seconds for the Henley distance of one mile 500 yards in Vancouver in the past few years. The average time for this double over the identical course in numerous time trials this summer was approximately seven minutes, which gives some idea of how fast this pair really is.

They have already started to concentrate seriously on the double. Judging by their average increase in the past few years Pratt will weigh about 165 and deMille about 155 in racing condition this summer; an ideal weight for a double, light enough to have dash and heavy enough to have power. It is also worth mentioning that Pratt's extra inch is in his legs and that their backs are exactly the same length, giving an identical body swing and explains the matchless symmetry of their blade work in action.

It will take a great double to beat them, and my guess is that when the finishing gun sounds for the Olympic doubles the Maple Leaf will wave from the flagpole of Victory.



This sealed vacuum tin is your assurance of freshness. The fine tobacco flavour is fully protected from the attack of air (oxygen).

MEN LIKE THIS BETTER PIPE TOBACCO!

So many men have taken up Ogden's cut plug as their steady pipe smoke that there must be something about it that is better and more satisfying.

Here's the reason—it's a cooler, sweeter, richer smoke—the tobacco that pipe-smokers have been looking for. Buy it in the half-pound vacuum tin which brings this better pipe tobacco to you as fresh and in as perfect condition as if you had filled your favourite pipe right off the blending table at the factory.

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG

If you "roll your own," use ***Ogden's fine cut*** *cigarette tobacco*

(Today we are giving you a "poem with a story." It is not a beautiful poem, although it has some fine thoughts in it, but it was sent by a girl of thirteen who has spent over a year in a Sanitorium, and as it seemed to cheer her, it must be good! We want all the Cosy Corner members to write to this Cornerite, who longs for letters. Her name and address you will find at the end of the verses. Her age is thirteen.)

THE LILT OF A LAUGH

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who've failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
As I've toiled with the men who've wailed;
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar,
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
Oh they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide
And they harkened to that instead.
Its tones were as sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard at all my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note;
Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

(Sent in by Maxine Grubb, Sanitorium, Saskatoon, Sask. A gold button goes to Maxine.)

THE SUMMER COMPETITION

Don't forget "Our Wonderful World" one entry a week, for July and August. Something that is wonderful that you yourself know about. There are of course the "eight wonders of the world" that anyone can read about in books. We don't want that eight, we want your own wonders that are in your own district. There are strange lakes, queer fish, odd mountain peaks that take different forms, caves, rare birds, all sorts of things that are "different." Put them all in your diary and send it along before August 30th.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH BOBBY BURKE

Dear Cornerites:—

This summer Bobby Burke hopes to visit some of the interesting places on the other side of the sea. Perhaps over there we can collect for you some stories or pictures of strange things and places, and you may be sure that we will do so. Old countries are full of stories for those of us who belong to a new country.

We hope you'll have wonderful holidays this year, "bigger and better" than ever. Elections come and go, governments change, there is unemployment, hard times, or good times; but every summer the streams run full of fish, the trees are laden with fruit, the gardens teem with vegetables, the swaying branches of trees shade us; the flowers cover the fields and prairies for us; the birds nest and sing, and are busy about their own affairs; the insect life goes on; the wheat ripples in the wind; the apples plop to the ground; "God's in His Heaven" and summer runs her beautiful course. Fill your minds and hearts with her beauty, and have HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

BY BOBBY BURKE

THE FRENCH PICTURE

Enterprising Merchants

EVERY country has its own methods of advertising. French towns do not make use of the local press to the extent that most of the merchants in our big cities do. Perhaps they realize that Madame is so thrifty that she will not go out to the stores until she is obliged to do so and even then she will examine goods very closely before she makes a purchase. She will not buy a thing merely because it is cheap, it must be of the quality that she considers necessary for her purpose. Old-fashioned stores are often poorly arranged for the display of goods and the windows are rarely very large. Merchants therefore put up stands outside their stores so that the passer-by may be attracted by their wares. They do not display the most valuable goods in this way but all the bargains are to be found outside instead of in the basement. An examination of the picture will show you that large quantities of goods are to be found outside the store. The small amount of traffic prevents the things from becoming too dusty in summer, while an awning protects them from showers of rain. This practice is more frequent in summer than in winter, but the mild winters in some parts make it possible all the year.

Victor Jordahl, of Brownfield, Alta. sends in a verse on Maple Sugar, for which Victor wins a gold button.

MAPLE SUGAR

The sons of Eastern Canada may wander
far and wide,
May cross the burning desert, or ride the
ocean's tide.
But the spring days bring a longing, which
distance cannot check,
When they're making maple sugar back
home in old Quebec.

They fain would hear the music faint whose
charm can never fail,
Of the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, of sap into the pail.
In memory they live again the days of long
ago,
When springtime brought full many a feast
of maplewax on snow. M. G. Pellerin.

Agnes Swanson, Ross Spur, B.C., found this pretty little poem in a book, for which she receives a gold button.

A MILLION LITTLE DIAMONDS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

"I'M TAKING part in a real battle of wits tonight."

"How brave of you, Gerald, to go unarmed!"

Teddy O'Grady, Calgary, Winner of the March Contest

This is the lovely Fountain of St. Francis, in the city of Milan. It is built of stone, and the figure of St. Francis is in bronze. St. Francis was known as the Little Brother of the Birds, and he once preached a sermon to them.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUPPY
By Elizabeth McKenzie

THERE is a soft feeling in the air to-day and a sweet moist smell. Mother says it is going to rain. I don't know what rain is but I guess it is not very bad. Mother doesn't seem to think so.

Mother is away all day now, she says she has to watch the cattle and keep them in their own pasture. Mrs. Burns brings us a pan of bread and milk for our dinner every day and sometimes the Clucking Hen steals pieces of bread out of our dish and gives it to her family. Brother runs away and hides in our house but I bark and bark at her till she goes away. She is not going to have my dinner if I can help it.

I was rolling about in front of our house kicking up my legs and having a good time when SPLASH! something hit me on the nose and rolled off, then more splashes hit me on the forehead and back. This must be the rain, I thought, so rar inside. By this time the rain was coming down quite fast.

Bell ran into the barn, the Clucking Hen ran into her coop calling her family after her. The other fowl ran into the henhouse, all but the turkey hen; she could not reach her coop so she spread her wings out to cover her family. Mrs. Burns ran out with a tub, turned it upside down over her, propped up one side on a small stick, and ran back to the house as fast as she could.

It rained for a long time; then all at once the sun came out, a gentle breeze began to blow, the grass was soon dry and everyone came out again to play and work, and Oh Well! the rain is not so bad after all.

I am lonesome to-day. They have taken my brother away. Joe Mason, who lives on the next farm, asked Peggy for one of us. Peggy said she could not part with her own darling puppy so he got the other one. I feel glad that Peggy wants me and calls me her darling puppy, but I miss my brother.

I chewed his button for company but it did not help much so I wandered off into the yard where Bell was lying. "Hello! what is the matter," she said. "They have taken my brother away and I have no one to play with," I replied. "Come and play with me," she said; and off she ran kicking up her heels. I chased her all about the yard, scattering the hens, ducks and turkeys, who set up such a noise and chatter that Mrs. Burns came out to see what was the trouble. "This is great fun," said Bell when at last I caught up with her, "Come and play with me again."

At noon the sun was very hot, the fowl were standing listlessly about the yard. Mrs. Duck looked very sad and although she scolds me sometimes there is something about her which I like, so I walked over to her saying gently, "Are you sick, Mrs. Duck?" "It is not that," she replied, "but Mrs. Burns told me this morning that she would not let me sit unless she sets me on hens' eggs." "Hens' eggs, indeed?" she said with anger, "I will run away rather than sit on hens' eggs."

"Oh! don't do that," I pleaded, "Mrs. Burns would not like it and we should miss you, for Mother says although you are a great gossip there is something about you that she likes and I like you too," I added. She looked at me strangely for a moment and then said, "You are a saucy little puppy but you are a dear little fellow for all that." I went home feeling that somehow I had made a fine mess of things, so I did not tell Mother about it.

A man passes our house every morning with Mr. Burns. Mother says it is Bob, the hired man. He is alright, Mother says, as long as you do just what he tells you, but if you don't he hits you with his whip. I don't think I shall like the hired man. I saw him kick Bess the other day when she tried to slip into the field with the horses, and yesterday when he passed me in the yard he clapped his hands at me making me jump, then laughed at me and said, "You are a queer little chap alright."

It rained a bit last night and when I was over near the barn this morning the Clucking Hen was picking squirmy pink things out of a puddle and feeding them to her family. They seemed to like them, I wonder what they taste like. I saw her feeding her family bugs the other day and I tried one, but it felt so creepy and crawly on my tongue that I had to let it go.

I looked into every hole about the yard but could not find anything to eat so I went home and chewed my buttons for a while.

New, Quick-Starting Ink

Cleans Your Pen

As It Writes

Secret Solvent Prevents Clogging!

Here is a new discovery in ink-making — called Quink. It dries by rapid penetration—dries on paper 31% faster than other inks—yet resists evaporation—HENCE DOES NOT DRY IN A PEN!

More than that, it contains a peculiar solvent which dissolves the sediment left in your pen by other inks. This ends pen-clogging—makes any pen a self-cleaner—it cleans as it writes.

You don't have to shake or coax to make Quink flow. Your pen starts quickly—starts every time. Simple, isn't it? But it cost The Parker Pen Company $68,000 to produce the first bottle. Parker developed Quink to guard their guaranteed Parker Duofold Pens from inks that clog and gum.

While protecting users of Parker pens, Quink benefits users of ALL pens—steel pens or fountain pens. Any dealer can supply you—two types (1) Permanent, (2) Washable—both without sediment. Get a bottle today. See if it doesn't make your pen work like a charm.

If you want to try before you buy, send 10c for posting and packing large trial bottle. Address the Parker Fountain Pen Company, Ltd., Dept. A, Toronto, Ontario.

Parker Quink

On sale everywhere at same prices as old-type, pen-clogging inks.

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited

"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for all Purposes.

Write for price list or further information

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
378 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

How Does She Do It On Her Salary?

The answer to this oft heard query is merely:— Buy a copy of the Summer Edition of The Western Home Monthly Fashion Book and for the small sum of 25c learn the secret of keeping cool this vacation at an infinitesimal cost.

THE WORLD TRADE PARADE

Continued from page 17

of the agencies of dissemination has been this mammoth annual festival.

AMERICAN attendance has been increasing at an enormous rate since motor car pilgrimages began to assume the proportions of migrations. Many of the visiting neighbours from over the border come, naturally, from small centres and rural areas. Not all of them are prepared to find life flourishing in metropolitan fashion after they have crossed the international line. It is not to be wondered that they discount tales about this Canadian success as smacking of ballyhoo, that they raise eyebrows when told that it is the largest in existence, that its greatest building has 24½ acres under one roof, that the Horse Palace is a magnificent structure which cost over a million dollars to erect, and the nightly pageant requires 1,200 performers. But when they have paid a visit to the spectacle in its full glory and seen for themselves that the statements are solid fact and the tales of the magnificence up in Canada, no exaggeration, then they seem to become, invariably, free-lance agents assiduously engaged in spreading tales of its attractions.

Thousands of Americans write chatty, friendly letters to the Exhibition every year, relating in detail how much they enjoyed a visit, asking if it is possible to secure photographs to back up the stories they have related to sceptical friends, requesting literature so that they may boost the event with others and outlining plans to organize parties for return visits. One North Carolina man went out and promoted a series of direct airline excursions from his home town, which was not a large one, to Toronto for the exposition.

Altogether, the cumulative effect of these multitudes of individual trips of discovery on the American mind must be of fair proportions. Certainly, in this exposition, the touring sightseer from the United States witnessed a birdseye view of a country which was vigorous and energetic, boasted a huge array of basic resources and a large variety of endeavours.

American business men have not been slow to note its potentialities. They saw, for instance, that Canadian manufacturers by checking carefully on the public reception accorded a show of their products, by observing the reactions of their callers and tabulating inquiries painstakingly, were able to furnish themselves with an excellent sales guide. The exposition not only offered a pictorial presentation of conditions but also provided specific data which could be applied intelligently to their own operations. A retail grocer from the Maritimes, for example, made his first visit a season or so ago. He intended to stay a day but he remained in the Pure Food Building alone for four full days' showings. When he left, he wrote a frank and very interesting letter in which he stated that he had been finding the going no rose-bordered path in his own business location and felt himself sorely in need of improved merchandising methods. He had turned the vast show into a personal course of education and believed that he had gathered more valuable instruction by prying into everything he saw and asking myriads of questions than he could have secured out of six months of correspondence training and bales of sales helps. He was returning to apply what he had learned. Months later, he wrote that the results indicated that he must have graduated from his self-made short course with honours.

Canada's institution has now become sufficiently international to act as an accurate barometer for the American as well as the Canadian. Scores of outstanding executives make it a point to see each succeeding celebration. It was Vincent Bendix, for instance, who said on making his first visit in 1931, that he would never miss another while his health permitted it. Mr. Bendix, a leading figure in both the automotive and aviation industries, was speaking as President of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

THESE international and trade aspects of the great undertaking constitute only one side of the affair but it is the side with which many are least familiar. Its carnival atmosphere, its sport and entertainment features, spectacles, huge choruses, enormous agricultural arrays and competitions, the art galleries and the mile of midway are parts of the Canadian National Exhibition with which everyone is familiar.

It has now grown to be a species of colossus among the fairs and expositions of all types and all nations. But it always remains a thoroughly Canadian demonstration. Geography has made it almost essential for the Dominion to have a common meeting-ground of this sort. It is only when one sets out to travel the Dominion from end to end and to see it properly in the process that one begins to realize what an enormous area this country does occupy. There appears to be no practical system which will enable all Canadians to see all Canada. Yet in the interests of proper appreciation of each other, it would be well worth doing. Anything which is as large as the Dominion of Canada is certain to be made up of a number of distinct parts and quite distinct and individual they are apt to be. Next best thing to a first-hand study, as far as mutual understanding is concerned, is to dramatize the highlights and major activities of each and place them all together in an attractive setting. There, they should be seen by as many as possible. This is the first aim, the chief aim and the objective which overtops all others at the Canadian National Exhibition.

IN LIFE'S AFTERGLOW

By Fred Scott Shepard

As flow the tides—now swift, now slow,
So seem the hours of life to go:
We look ahead in days of youth
And say, "How long they seem, forsooth!"
But in life's afterglow we cry,
"How swiftly have the years passed by!"

Though long or short may be life's span,
Or swift or slow may be its pace,
If we have sought to know God's plan,
If we have trusted in his grace,
The fruitage of our lives will yield
A harvest blest, in every field.

When then shall come the close of day,
Our sun descend into the west,
May this be ours to hear Christ say,
"You served men well; you served Me best!"
If we have thus his plaudit won,
Then may we count life's course well run

IT'S FUN *for you both!*

IT AFFORDS you real pleasure to watch the children enjoy their meals. And of course it's fun for *them* to eat Kellogg's Rice Krispies—to hear those crunchy rice bubbles actually snap, crackle and pop!

Of course, you worry when they don't want to eat. And that's why we are writing to tell you about a cereal so different, that children can't resist it.

Give your child a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in the milk or cream. The snapping and popping fascinates youngsters . . . just watch *them* eat!

Dietitians say that crisp cereals can be an important part of your child's diet. In fact, they advise serving two cereals daily—a different one at supper-time.

And Kellogg's Rice Krispies are one of the *best* cereals for children ever made. Tempting. Nourishing. Yet so easy to digest, they do not overtax. They invite restful sleep when served for the nursery supper.

You'll appreciate the care used in making Rice Krispies. No hands ever touch this cereal. Gleaming machinery, spotless ovens, sunlit kitchens. And Rice Krispies are *sealed* in a WAXTITE bag which is placed inside the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Quality guaranteed.

FOR THE CHILDREN: *Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at* 5.30 *Eastern Time, over* WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA. *WBZ, *WBZA, *WGAR, WJR. *Songs and stories children love. *When available.*

What No Wise Man Argues About

IF THERE is possible in this world a waste more foolish and futile than the waste of breath in arguing about religion, The Philosopher would like to know what it is. What we believe (that is to say, what we really believe, not what we accept as part of a family tradition and do not think of questioning, or, indeed, think much about at all) is so much a matter of temperament, of feeling, of private inner need that it is buried too deep in us and is too much the foundation and substructure of our minds and characters to be disturbed by any arguing. As a matter of fact, except in the cases of very few, if any, individuals, our convictions are not built on pure, cold logic and reasoning. We believe what we feel the need to believe. To each individual of us his religion is what it is, without regard to what the religion of other people is to them. It functions in the spirit, and expresses itself in the way we live our lives. It is what we are.

On Being Intelligent and Agreeable

THERE is a homely old proverb that "fine words butter no parsnips." But they can be a wonderful lubricant of the wheels of life. The Philosopher, whose philosophy does not always save him from the unwisdom of being impatient, was waiting his turn to be served in a busy store. His impatience was agreeably dispelled by a pleasant smile from the competent young woman behind the counter, who while serving somebody else said to him that she hoped to be able to attend to him in a few moments. He could not help saying to himself: "There is an intelligent and agreeable young woman." The truth is that anybody who is truly intelligent is also agreeable. There is a saying that it costs nothing to be polite. It costs no more to add to politeness that extra touch of good will, which, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. All the pleasures and all the pains in life are, more largely than we usually realize, the sum of the pleasures and the pains in little things.

In Regard to the Pioneers

THE pioneer conditions in older Canada and in the Red River colony have receded so far back into the past that a glamor of romance shines around them. True, there was much that was beautiful in the lives of those makers of the beginnings of Canada. There was also much that was hard. The Philosopher remembers talking with an old man whose memory went back to the log house in which he was born on a pioneer farm. He used to say that with all the neighborly helpfulness among those first settlers in the Western Canada of a century ago, in a district which is in the eastern Ontario of today, there were among them money-lenders who took advantage of their neighbors' needs and distress. Neither selfishness and injustice nor kindness and heroism was invented yesterday or the day before. The Philosopher has been reminded of that old man in reading the book "The Backwoodswoman," by Mrs. Skelton, of Ottawa, wife of the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. In writing that book, Mrs. Skelton's main concern was for the truth, as she got it from the records of actual experiences. She does not dwell at all unduly on the ugly features, but she does not ignore them in order to make an artificial, sentimentally pretty picture of pioneer life. On one page, for example, she writes:

"Few, indeed, are the sections of Ontario today in which an inquirer will not be told: 'This was a terrible district in which to bring up a family seventy or eighty years ago. There was a tavern on every corner of that two hundred acres!' . . . Yet, when all is said, it points only to a certain wildness and roughness -evils generated by isolation and too much cheap whisky—that is all. There was nothing fundamentally wrong with the hearts of the people."

Mrs. Skelton's words about the hearts of the people are unquestionably the right comment.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR $2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS $1.50 A YEAR

Mysteries

REFERRING to the mention made in this column, in the April number, of the wild geese winging northward, with that haunting cry of theirs, a reader sends The Philosopher an article clipped from a magazine, in which a scientific writer says that the belief in the weather-wisdom of the wild geese is unfounded and that no animals or birds are able to know what the weather will be more than about twelve hours in advance. The belief in the wisdom of the wild geese, of which there are several varieties in the old world and in the new, is ancient. A Greek poet who lived centuries before Christ wrote lines which The Philosopher has translated into these rhymes:

There is wisdom in their cry
From on high,
Telling us in fields below
When to sow.

Weather bureaus, when they were first established, used to pay attention to the migration of birds, but they found that migrations northward sometimes were too early, and that the activity of squirrels in laying in their winter stores is not always followed by a severe and long winter. But that there is in these activities of animals and birds something profoundly in accord with the actualities of nature who can deny? The Canada goose is one of the most intelligent and wonderful of all wild creatures. The Philosopher has always said that it should be the emblem of our country. There are those who assert that living beings outside humanity have only the intelligence of mere instinct. But who can pretend to know the mysteries of reason and instinct?

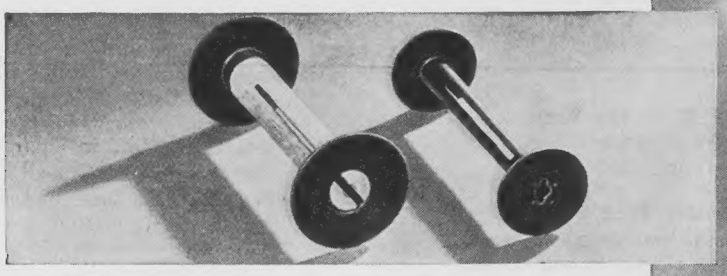
Habits

THE PHILOSOPHER, having given up smoking for three months, has taken to his pipe again, and is quite unphilosophically pleased with himself. It is a good thing to break one's habits occasionally, to see that it can be done. To maintain even the best of habits too rigorously tends to narrowing and cramping and ossification. It is better to get some knocks in trying experiments than to travel in a deepening rut of habit until freedom ends. The surest way of putting an end to development is to become a slave to habit, especially in thought and ideas. Nothing is more deadening to mental freedom and growth than fixed, settled, unchanging ways of thinking.

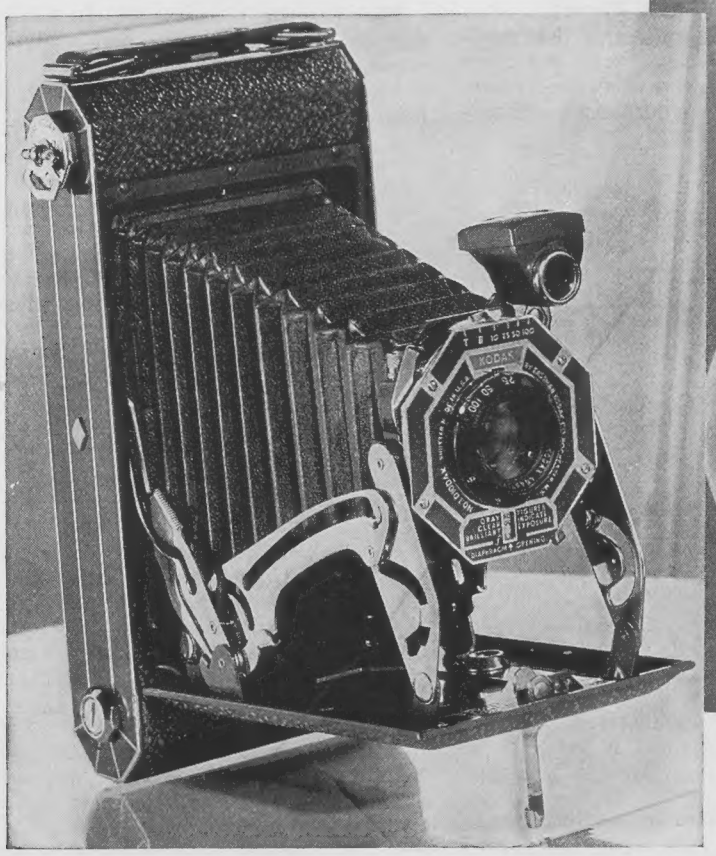
"A SMALLER CAMERA...PLEASE"

YOU SAID—

so we began with the film spool . . .



and designed a more compact Kodak



THE NEW KODAK IS SIMPLER THROUGHOUT . . .

One motion opens it for use. And the hinged back and hinged spool sockets make it easier to load. A camera you'd like to own . . . and an ideal gift.

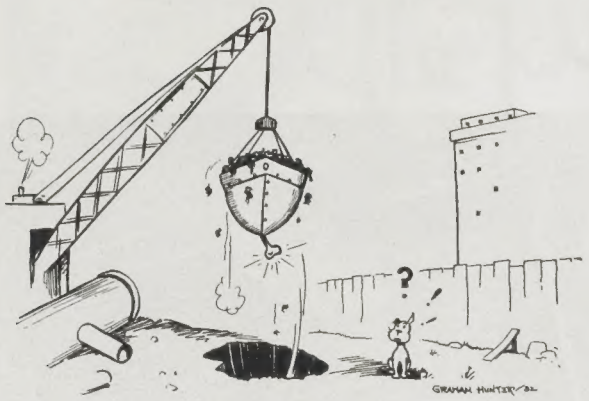
Here is the smallest roll film camera for 2½ x 4¼ pictures

INSIDE and out it is a wholly new picture-taking instrument. Since the men who designed it make film as well as cameras, they could begin at the beginning. They started with the film spool and made it of metal . . . made it so much smaller than the ordinary spool that the result is a Kodak surprisingly compact. And the new film spool, though smaller, carries eight exposures, which you get at the price of six.

Kodak Six-16 is for pictures 2½″ x 4¼″ and is hardly larger than former cameras for 2¼″ x 3¼″. Its unusual ease of loading, smoothness of operation, and smart modern design are positively intriguing. The price, with a true Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.6.3, and a shutter that splits seconds to one one-hundredth, is $17.50. The Kodak Six-16 is also furnished at even lower prices with a single or a doublet lens, and there is a Kodak Six-20 of the same design for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. The Six-20 with Kodak Anastigmat equipment is $15.50, and with single lens as low as $10.25. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

WHAT *the* WORLD *is* SAYING



"Yuh big bully! Why don'tcha dig up yer own bones?"

Crooners Raise Ours

Singing raises the blood pressure.—British Medical Journal.

They Exercise Not Thought But Prejudice

Some people only think they think.—Vancouver Province.

A Case To Rush Anti-tocsin To At Once

Tocsin of War Sounds in Macedonia.—News headline in Toronto Globe.

But They've Always Time To Go To A Picnic

Ants were models of industry in prehistoric times, and they are so yet and will probably be as industrious as ever millions of years from now.—London Spectator.

Much Better, Considered As An "Ism"

And perhaps rheumatism isn't as bad as pessimism.—Niagara Falls Review.

It Isn't An Irish Free State For Bachelors

At the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa maybe some of our statesmen, Dominion or Provincial, will ask the representatives of the Irish Free State about the workings of the tax on bachelors, with a view to introducing it in this country.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

From Minnesota, Perhaps

No doubt a circus visits Borneo sometimes. Did you ever stop to consider where "the Wild Man from Borneo" in the sideshow would be announced in Borneo as coming from?—Minneapolis Journal.

This Makes The Crooners Less Dangerous

We heard one of those crooning heart-breakers trying to send a kiss over the air the other night. That simply can't be done with any success whatever.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Quite So. Far Too Many Of Them Do

As the old saying has it, too many cooks spoil the broth.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

This Will Be No News To Politicians

Fog, according to a scientific publication, can now be made to order.—Victoria Colonist.

And Yet It Increases The Principal

Dean Inge says that "worry is interest paid on trouble before it is due."—London Daily Express.

More Like Mother Hubbard's Cupboard Now

Twenty-five years ago ladies who went in bathing used to dress like Mother Hubbard.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Far Fewer Things Are Unmentionable Now

The word "unmentionables," for trousers, or pantaloons, or breeches, or as we say, pants, was in everyday use in the Victorian age.—Ottawa Journal.

If He Has A Good Horse

Royal Mounted Police may take over the work of policing Prince Edward Island. One constable ought to be able to do it.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

We Should Have More Of This Kind

There are musical notes which are inaudible by the human ear, but are heard by certain animals and certain insects.—Popular Science Monthly.

You Can Get Them Now By Radio

Two generations ago people got their symptoms out of the patent medicine calendars.—Brantford Expositor.

And Wants It Back, When Rain Arrives

A banker is a man who is glad to lend you an umbrella when the sun is shining.—Galt Reporter.

Worse Than In Blowing A Saxophone?

The worst waste of breath is that which occurs in giving advice.—Kitchener Record.

We'd Prefer The Gold To The Bees In Our Pockets

With every year that passes, the beekeeper on the prairies finds more and more reason for regarding his bees as worth their weight in gold.—Portage la Prairie Graphic.

And Often By A Lack Of It In The Bank

Melancholy, writes a doctor, is sometimes caused by a lack of balance in the diet.—Hamilton Spectator.

True. Auctions Speak Louder Than Words

"The only way to ascertain the value of such articles as pieces of old furniture, old silver, old books, paintings and antiques," says a dealer, "is to bring them under the hammer."—London Daily Mail.

We've Never Seen Them Doing Anything Else

Red deer are reported to be disappearing fast.—Ingolf news item in Winnipeg Tribune.

"Imagine, girls! He remembers when Lindbergh flew to Paris!!"

Many Of Them Are Very Easily Pleased

A critic declares that modern novelists write for their own pleasure in the first place.—New Westminster British-Columbian.

That Is, If It Happens At All

It does not do to forget that the worst can happen only once.—Calgary Herald.

Due To A Glut Of Prohibition?

According to a news despatch, New York is experiencing a shortage of beer.—Toronto Telegram.

How About The New Shades In Stockings?

There is truth, indeed, in the old saying that there's nothing new under the sun.—Quebec Telegraph.

And A Lie Will Sometimes Crop Up Again, Too

We must not forget the old proverb which tells us that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."—Kamloops Sentinel.

Well, At Least, Some Do

Dr. Sandiford has been telling a meeting in Ottawa that the Orientals rank high in intelligence. So do the people of this continent.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

Ye Ed Makes A Memo

"Jewellery should be dried in jeweller's sawdust after cleaning," we read in a London paper. We must remember this, in case we ever get any jewellery.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

They're Still E-motion Pictures

The publicity men at Hollywood used to be very particular about saying and writing "motion pictures," instead of "movies." Now nobody says anything else than "talkies."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

It Has Reason To Howl, Sometimes

We do not mind it so much when our radio only rumbles, or squeals a little, but what we do not like is when it howls.—The Pas Herald.

The Rest Of The Pedestrian Must Have Got Away

A set of false teeth was reported found on the front bumper of an automobile which had travelled from Toronto to Peterboro.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Reply Is The Chinese Of "Oh, Yeah?"

The head of the University of Tokio asserts that the soldiers of Japan have always been the servants of civilization.—Manchester Guardian.

Perhaps The Gatepost May Believe This

"Between you and me and the gatepost," Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton told an interviewer recently, "I hate publicity."—Winnipeg Free Press.

An Often Useful Gift In Public Life

A man who can umpire a baseball game so as to please both sides has in him some of the qualifications that go to make a successful politician.—Medicine Hat News.

Sometimes The Results Aren't So Fine

"Fine results from having liquor in possession elsewhere than in the home," explains an article in the Winnipeg Free Press about the Manitoba system of government control and sale of liquor.—Fargo Tribune.

He Must Have Known Only Sixty-five Women

The English novelist, W. L. George, who died recently, averred that he had analyzed women and catalogued them, and found sixty-five distinct kinds. If he had lived longer, he would have found more.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

You See Some Of Them On The Movie Screen

California produces virtually all the lemons on this continent.—Journal of Commerce.

Where Will They Pin It On Him?

A church in New York has voted a bronze medal to Gandhi.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

One Sex Has Achieved Good Sense About Clothes

It seems a long time since we read last in a newspaper account of a boating accident that "rescue of the woman from the lake was difficult on account of the weight of her water-soaked clothing."—Ottawa Citizen.

So Why Blame The Poor Dog?

A worker in the biological laboratories of McGill University has discovered that some of the microscopic germs have parasites. As the old rhyme says, fleas have little fleas upon their legs to bite 'em, and those little fleas have smaller fleas, and so ad infinitum.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Mainly, Of Course, For Divers Reasons

The authorities at Sydney, Australia, have had to take measures to cope with the danger created by sharks off one of the celebrated bathing beaches of Sydney harbor.—London Observer.

Was Sarcasm, Like So Much Else, Invented in China?

In view of all the famines and other afflictions of China, it is strange that the Chinese used to call their country the Celestial Land.—Quebec Evenement.

"Aw! Snap out of it, Harry—y' gotta expect a lotta baloney in dis business!!"

here's *New* enticement for drowsy appetites

. . . new twice-crisped Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice★

Cool...dainty...twice as crisp as ever before!
Here's the way to tempt lazy summer appetites

THEY turn to energy so quickly! They're so dainty...cool...*refreshing!* Yet so wholesomely nourishing. No wonder child experts recommend Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice as the ideal hot weather cereals.

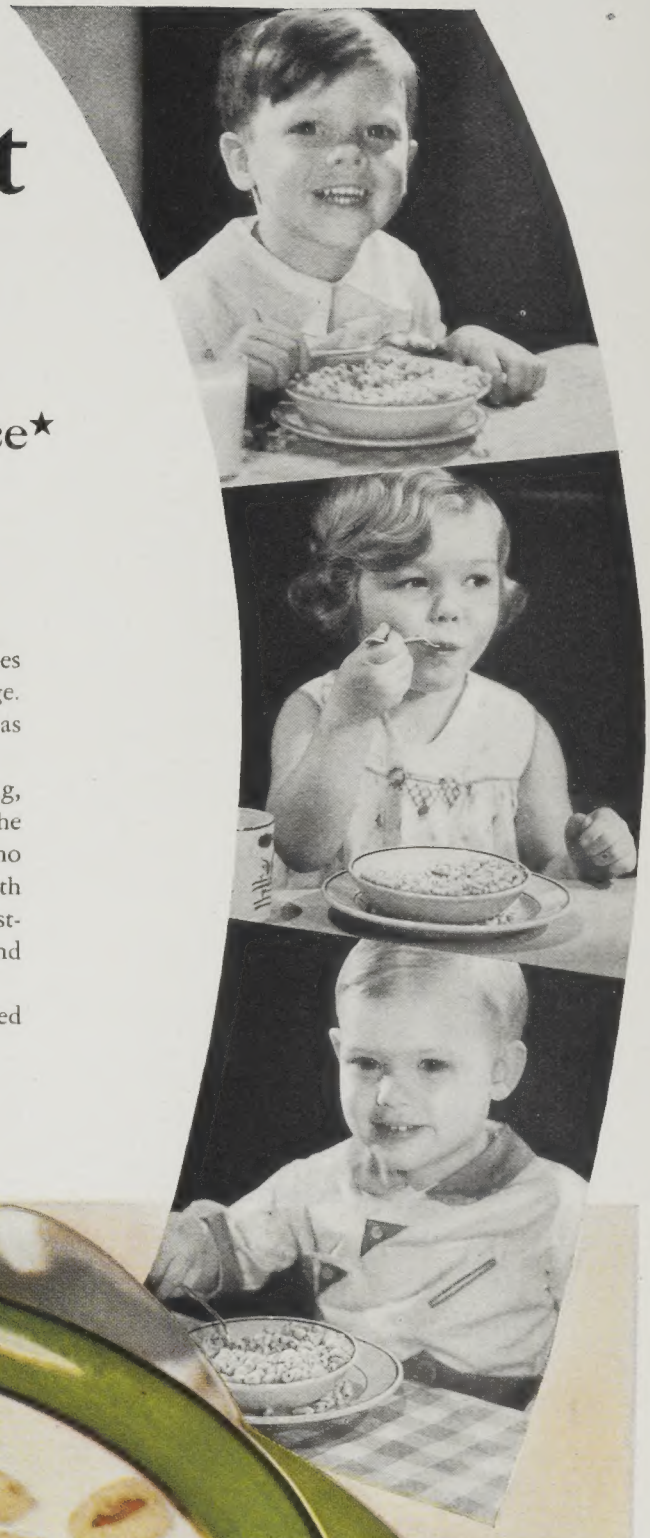
And no matter how hot the weather...no child has to be coaxed to eat Puffed Grains. Always, these are the cereals they prefer. Children everywhere given their choice of 11 leading ready-to-eat cereals, chose Puffed Grains as "the ones we like best of all."

Now these enticing grains have been made even more delicious. Now a special twice-crisping process crisps them. Crisps them again. Then hustles them piping hot into a new Seal-Krisp package. And so they come to your cereal dish as fresh as the moment they were shot from guns.

Heap cereal dishes high with these new, rustling, extra-crisp Puffed Grains. Tempt children to eat the cereal nourishment they *must* have. Remember, no other cereal provides Nature's health grains with every food cell steam-exploded to complete digestibility. No other cereal brings nourishing rice and wheat grains in such cool, dainty form.

Get the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer tomorrow.

Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company



Amazingly rich in nourishment★

In spite of their crisp daintiness, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are amazingly rich in nourishment. A generous dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, with milk or cream and sugar, is greater in energy value than 4 or 5 slices of bacon, a baked potato, or a lamb chop. Serve Puffed Grains for breakfast, lunch or supper—whenever you want substantial nourishment at an economical price.

Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice

'I pick my cigarettes for delicacy of flavour and fragrance and find that the blend of Winchesters gives me just what I want."

There *is* something in *knowing how* to make cigarettes.

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Blended Right !